Chatterbox

EDITED BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.

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Chatterbox.

"Now you better go away, pecos I vill be gedding angry very soon."

IN THE BIGHT OF BENIN.

AT the time I am speaking of, I was a midshipman on board H.M. steamship, *Swiftsure*, and we had been cruising about in the Bight of Benin for several months, only going ashore at rare intervals, on the island of St. Helena. The almost constant presence of the coast fever made it too risky, as a general rule, for our captain to let us land anywhere on the African shore, but he was a right good fellow, and made things so pleasant for us on board, that I don't think any one much minded. If anybody grumbled, he soon got laughed at for his pains, and the thought that within a short space of time we should be relieved, and find ourselves back on Plymouth Hoe again, cheered us up wonderfully. That hot wind off the land, every day, does take the steel out of you, and none of us would have been sorry for a bit of a change.

One day, we saw a native boat, with a superior-looking black fellow—I suppose he would not thank me for calling him a nigger—in the stern sheets, making signals that he wished to come aboard. We soon had him up on deck, and the captain said that he would see him, at once, in his cabin. Down went the nigger, looking as though he was just bubbling over with something important on his mind. In a quarter of an hour's time up he comes again, more important than ever, bounces over the side, and away he starts for the shore.

Soon afterwards the captain came up, and told us that the black had offered to put him in the way of capturing a slave ship in return for a sum of money. I don't remember now how much he asked; the captain beat him down a little in price, and then closed with him at 'so much' if we took her, but nothing if we did not. Then he said that she was a long, low, dirty-looking schooner, going under the name of the *Anna Holbein*, though her registered one was the *Loanda*, which she had had painted out. He said that she had only just reached the coast, and had not yet taken her cargo on board. She sailed under the Yankee flag, but whether she really was an American or not he did not know.

Within a very short space of time, we got up steam and dropped down from Lagos, where we had been lying, to Ambrizette. There, sure enough, was the craft we wanted, and flying the American flag. The captain ordered a boat to be lowered, and, accompanied by one officer, he went on board to have a talk with the suspected vessel's skipper. As I was not even in the boat, I don't know what took place between them, but, when our officers returned on board, the captain looked puzzled and annoyed, and retired below at once, after telling the officer of the watch to keep an eye on the *Anna Holbein* for the present.

For the following week we did nothing but cruise about within reach of the supposed slaver, but keeping out of her sight, hoping that, if our suspicions of her were well founded, she would get her live cargo aboard as soon as possible. Of course they could not do this till the slave-dealer had sent the gang down from Dahomey to the coast to be shipped. When the poor creatures arrive, the 'slave deck,' made out of loose planks, is quickly run up, and they are hustled into the ship without the least regard to humanity or even decency; just air enough given them to breathe; just food enough to enable them to support their wretched existence.

On the eighth day we sighted the *Anna Holbein* standing over, evidently, for St. Thomas. Here she remained about forty-eight hours, probably to take in water. We did not wish to frighten her, so we kept a long distance off. Then, back she went for Ambrizette again.

Well, we kept playing about for another four days, and then, one evening, we saw her quietly slipping off in the opposite direction to that in which we were lying. We kept quite quiet, not getting up steam until the darkness came to hide our smoke, and our friend, the *Anna Holbein*, should have got well on her way. Then we went after her.

'He is off to Cuba, I'll lay a new hat,'—a new hat was always our captain's proffered bet, but I never heard of anybody accepting it—said our chief, as he lowered his binoculars, after a look for the dirty schooner, when the first streak of light relieved the surrounding waters of their gloom. We had gone rather wide of her in the night, but we now closed on her rapidly. The wind had dropped light, and the schooner seemed hardly moving through the water.

Of course she could make no attempt at escape. Our boat was lowered, and this time I was ordered away with her, to accompany the captain. As we went up the *Anna Holbein's* ladder, the German skipper met us with an impudent stare, merely taking his pipe out of his mouth to drawl out:

'So, you vas come on my sheep, vunce more. You are not sadisfied mit der egsplanations dot I gif you?'

'Not quite, captain. Will you let me go below?'

'Nein, I vas sail under der Amerikan vlag, and dey doand allow no rights of search, unless you dake der consequences.'

'And suppose I am still suspicious?'

'Bud what you are zoospicious apout? You tink becos I got dese vater cask on deck, dat dere vas schlaves pelow? Oh, no, nodings of de kind. Now you better go avay, pecos I vill be gedding angry very soon, and, ven I'm like dot, I'm a treadful man, and I might hurd you, you know!' And the fat German skipper glared so fiercely at our captain that the latter quite forgot his official dignity, and roared with laughter.

The German waxed wroth.

'I'se doand know nodings apout no schlaves. Now be off to you own sheep at vunce I vish to broceed on my shurney.'

'Not till I've had your hatches off, old Sausages,' I heard the captain mutter below his breath, as he leaned over the side and beckoned to the marines to come on board. In another minute off went the hatches and up came the niggers!

Our good old captain, who at the first burst of his

righteous indignation, told 'Sausages' that he should very much like to hang him in his own rigging, put a crew on board the schooner, under command of the second lieutenant, and then accompanied her, in the *Swiftsure*, up to Sierra Leone, where the slaves were all landed and the officers and crew of the captured vessel handed over to the proper authorities to be dealt with with according to law.

We got our relief ship out a fortnight before we expected her, and our rejoicings at the prospect of going home were none the less hearty at the announcement that the captured slaver had been sold, and that our prize money would amount to something substantial for every one on board.

FOX RUSSELL.

THE GIPSY'S BONNET.

WILLIE MARSHAL, the 'Gipsy King,' was one hundred and twenty years old when he died. In the days of his youth he had done many bold deeds; perhaps one of the boldest was the robbery of the Laird of Bargally. This laird was returning home in the twilight of the evening, when he was stopped by Willie Marshal, who demanded his purse. The owner of the purse objected to parting with it, and a severe struggle followed between himself and the gipsy, in which the gipsy lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next wayfarer, and, seeing the bonnet, he took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instant the laird came up with some assistants; he recognised the bonnet which the farmer was wearing as that worn by the gipsy, and, charging the farmer with having robbed him, he took him into custody.

On the day of trial it seemed of little use that the farmer's friends rallied round him, and declared that he was a respectable man. There lay, upon the Court table, the accusing bonnet, and the laird swore that it was the very one worn by the man who robbed him. He and other witnesses declared that they had found the prisoner on the spot where the crime was committed, with the bonnet on his head.

The Judge looked grave, and the case looked bad for the farmer. But there was a person in Court who knew well both who did, and who did not, commit the crime.

This man thrust himself up to the bar where the laird was standing, he seized on the bonnet, and put it on his head. Then he looked the laird full in the face and said to him, 'Look at me, sir, and tell me, by the oath you have sworn—am not *I* the man who robbed you?'

The laird replied, in great astonishment, 'You are the very man!'

'You see what sort of memory this gentleman has,' said Marshal, for he, indeed, it was; 'he swears to the bonnet, whatever features are under it. If you yourself, my Lord,' turning to the judge, 'will put it on your head, he will be willing to swear that *your Lordship* was the man who robbed him.'

Willie Marshal's ingenuity saved the innocent man, for he was at once acquitted.

While the 'Gipsy King' was occupied with the judge, his wife, Flora, contrived to steal the hood from the judge's gown. For this she is said to have been banished to New England, whence she never returned.

The legend, if legend it be, suggests that the Gipsy King might have turned his intelligence to better account—lived and died an honest man—if he had stuck to his work and learnt his trade; but, as a youth, he ran away three times from the naval service, and, although he enlisted seven times, he deserted as often.

JAMES CASSIDY.

THE FROZEN BROOK.

COLD winter now has come,
The snow lies on the hill, and in the farmer's happy home
The rosy little children gather round the glowing hearth,
While mother, as she bakes her cakes, smiles at their happy mirth.

The ground is white with snow,
The bees are sleeping in their hive, the swallows long ago
Have spread their wings, and to a warmer clime have flown away;
But, children, wait!—they will come again to welcome sunny May.

The merry little brook,
Which used to sing, as through the grassy mead its way it took,
Now silent lies, asleep or dead. But stay! the boys will run
To skate and slide, and make the echoes sound with mirth and fun.

The sheep look sadly round,
For not a blade of grass is seen upon the frozen ground.
But are they left to starve? Oh, no, that would be sad indeed!
The farmer brings them food and gives them everything they need.

'Who sends the pretty snow?'
Thus spoke the farmer's baby girl. She was too young to know
That God our Father, He Whose home is up in Heaven above,
He sends the sunshine, rain, and snow, and sends them all in love.

M.

The Frozen Brook.

THE GAZELLE AND EAGLE.

THE gazelle, a kind of antelope of a very light and graceful form, is a native of Northern Africa, where it frequents the borders of the Sahara or great desert. It is a lovely little creature of a light tawny colour, the under parts of the body being white. The hair is short and smooth, the ears long, narrow and pointed, the eyes very large and dark, with a gentle and innocent expression. The limbs are remarkably long and slender, the speed of the gazelle being such that it cannot with success be hunted by any dog. Both the male and female have horns, those of the former being about ten inches long, bending first outward, then inward like the sides of a lyre, and tapering at the point; the horns of the female are smaller. Gazelles wander about in herds, keeping close together for mutual protection from the assaults of the lion and the panther, these ferocious animals being always on the watch in order to secure one of the gentle little creatures as food for themselves. When we look at the picture before us, and take note of the slender limbs and the graceful form of the gazelle, our first thought must

The Gazelle and Eagle.

be: How can any of these little creatures escape from such foes? how is it that they are not exterminated altogether? The answer to this is that gazelles are wonderfully wary, and knowing their own weakness and the power of their cruel and crafty foes, when a lion or panther appears on the scene, they quickly gather into a circle, the females and young ones in the centre, and stand at bay, the males presenting their horns on every side, and in this manner they actually do in some cases contrive to drive off the enemy. Still, notwithstanding this desperate courage, it is well-known that both the lion and the panther destroy very many of them. Nor are they without other enemies.

The great golden eagle which inhabits most parts of Africa is also a cruel and determined foe to the pretty gazelle, and we can scarcely imagine a single animal which has perhaps wandered a little way from the herd even attempting to resist its assaults; but in such a case, what will a mother's love not do? Without hesitation, she pushes her little one behind her, and lowering her head, she presents her horns, in the hope (too often a vain hope) that she may succeed in driving away the cruel foe.

But most certainly, not only does the pretty fawn become a victim to the eagle, but the brave and devoted little mother also becomes its prey.

B. M.

BIDDING FOR A PAIR OF CRUTCHES.

AMONGST the lots put up at an auction was one. 'A pretty pair of crutches.' In the crowd was a poor cripple boy, and the crutches were just the thing for him. He was the first to bid for them. An elderly well-dressed man bid against him. There were cries of 'Shame, shame!' in the crowd. The boy bid again; and so did the old gentleman. The boy bid all he had, but the old gentleman outbid him once more, and the poor little lad turned away with tears in his eyes. The crutches were knocked down to the elderly man, who, to the great surprise of all, took them to the poor little cripple, and made him a present of them. The crowd were now as loud in their praise as they had just been with their abuse, but the old gentleman heard nothing of it; he had disappeared even before the little boy could thank him. To judge by a part is often to misjudge the whole.

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

By Fox Russell.

STANDING by itself some little distance back from the dreary road which leads from Rochester to Gravesend, was a forlorn and neglected house. Its whitewashed walls showed patches in many places, where damp and the ravages of time had worked their will upon its wind-swept sides. The White House, as it was named, looked dingy and desolate. In times long since past, the house had been built by an eccentric retired Indian officer, who had resided in it for some six years, and only left it when removed to the mad-house in which he died. Chalk hills and stunted trees, with, here and there, a cottage—here and there, a tumble-down out-building—made the chance wayfarer wonder what could lead any one to live in so melancholy a place. Few wayfarers and still fewer vehicles passed along the road; the carrier, once a week, a post-chaise now and then, sometimes a tramp, or, in the late summer season, a band of hop-pickers seeking work—these were the chief travellers on the bleak and lonely road.

Within the walls of the White House, things were as wretched as the outside was depressing. Fifteen years before our story opens, a retired naval captain, Cornelius Westbury, who had served his country in four or five hard-fought battles, was living here with his son by a former marriage, and with his second wife and her baby boy. Within two years from the latter's birth, the young wife had passed away, and, aided only by an aged house-keeper, Captain Westbury had brought up his two sons to the best of his ability, until, when the younger was twelve years old (the other being nearly twenty years his senior), the good old man died, leaving all the few worldly possessions he had, including the White House, to Cornelius, the elder, with a strict charge that he should look after, and be a second father to his young step-brother. The White House and the small farm attached to it formed about half of their—or, to speak more correctly, of Cornelius's—property.

There had never been 'any love lost,' as the saying goes, between the half-brothers. Difference in age, doubtless, had something to do with this, but Cornelius's sullen temper had a great deal more. The younger boy, Paul, was blessed with a genial, sunny disposition, which few things could ruffle; but in spite of this, and a genuine desire on his part to be affectionate to his elder brother, the two had never been really friendly—the fault resting entirely with Cornelius.

Busying themselves upon the small and somewhat barren farm for most part of their day, and with books for their only company in the evenings, the years passed slowly on. Friends they had none. Captain Westbury had outlived nearly all his old companions, and, as he got on in years, he had no chance of making fresh ones in the dreary and then thinly populated tract of country in which he had settled. By the time that Paul had reached the age of eighteen, he felt keenly the loneliness of their position and the need of some companions.

In vain he tried to break down the reserve of his step-brother, and equally in vain was it for him to urge him to seek such small chances of companionship as the neighbourhood afforded them. And it was not long before a further difficulty arose between them—the question of money.

Paul, as we have already mentioned, had been left without anything which he could call his own, the old naval officer intrusting all he had to his first-born son in the belief that he would do all that was right, and act fairly by his younger brother. Unfortunately, he had entirely mis-read the young man's character, for, Cornelius being legally entitled to the property, he had very soon made up his mind that not a shilling of it should ever go to benefit Paul if he could help it.

At nineteen Paul determined to make an attempt to get enough money from his brother to enable him to either learn a profession, or to qualify himself for entering into some business a little later in life, and one night he spoke to Cornelius about it.

'What do you want money for?' the elder had asked, with a sneer. 'To throw away, I suppose, in trying to make a successful man out of a fool.'

Paul flushed at the coarseness of the other's speech, but his temper was always well in hand, and there was no sign of its being even ruffled as he answered, 'Come, I'm not as bad as that, you know! I may not be clever, but I am big and strong, and I am not quite a fool.'

'Very nearly, then.'

Paul was silent for a few moments. Then he spoke again, and said: 'Surely you don't expect me to do nothing in the world?—not to make the attempt, anyhow, to earn an honest living? I might learn to be a surgeon, a lawyer, a merchant——'

A rude interruption came from the elder man. 'Don't plague me with your fancies. I have nothing to waste on giving you a training for professions. I have quite enough to do with my money, as it is.'

'But is not our father's money meant to support and educate me, as well as yourself, Cornelius?'

'No, it isn't. The money, as you know perfectly well, is mine, and nothing to do with you,' growled out the latter fiercely.

Paul looked down at the floor; then stared hard at the fire. When he resumed speaking, he said: 'What object can you have in wanting me to stay here on the farm all my life? There is not enough work for both of us on it, and I should much prefer to go out into the world to seek a living.'

'Yes, and fritter away my money while you are learning to enter a profession which will, as likely as not, never pay you a penny in return. You are only fit for what you are doing now, the work of a labourer on a farm. You are too big and clumsy for anything else.'

Paul looked down at his big limbs and laughed good-humouredly. He was a magnificent specimen of young manhood, and bade fair to be a very giant. But although standing nearly six feet four in height, he was well built, square of shoulder, broad and deep of chest. His face was one in which honesty and gentleness were 'writ large' and plain to see. The gentleness, however, could, when occasion arose, give rapid place to a look of fearless courage which might well give pause to any one who thought to fasten a quarrel upon him. His brother's accusation of clumsiness was born of sheer malice, for the young fellow was singularly active, and had a natural grace of movement which many a man half his inches might envy. As a matter of fact, his step-brother hated him from motives of jealousy chiefly, and the feeling that in all matters Paul was greatly his superior. The elder man was miserly in the extreme, and had fully made up his mind not to part with any money for Paul's benefit further than he was actually obliged to do. A haunting fear was ever present, also, to his mind, that, given a fair chance in life, Paul would be pretty sure to succeed, and thus, in a way, throw him (Cornelius) still further into the shade. No, Paul could remain on the farm, thought he, and do the work of the country clods around him. He would give no money to help him to a career.

'Do I understand, Cornelius, that you refuse to give me any of our father's money for my purpose?'

'Yes, you are to understand it, once and for all. And I wish you would just drop the subject, and kindly let me go on with my book,' snarled the other.

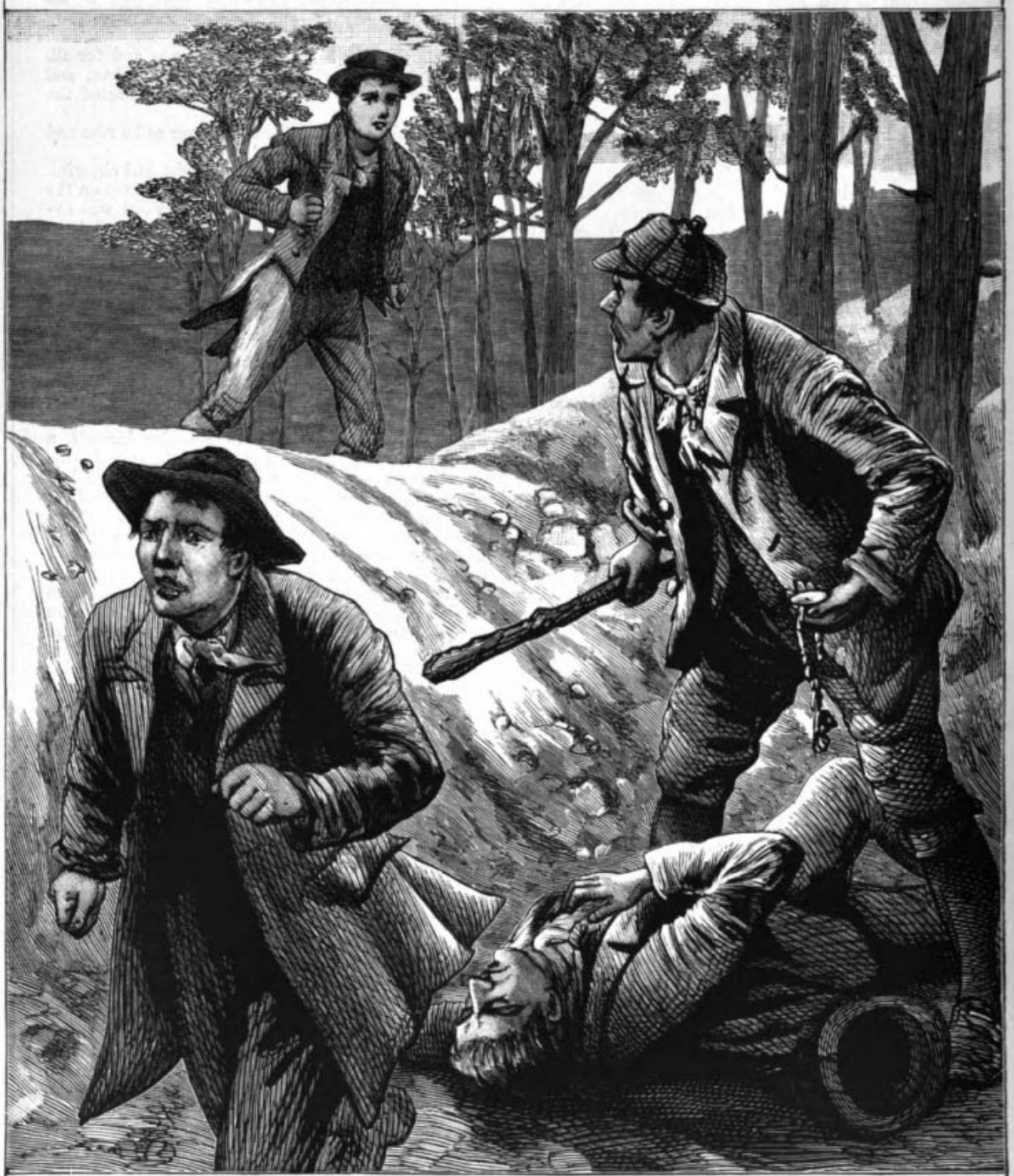
A deep sigh was Paul's only answer as he rose and slowly left the room.

The following morning broke bright and cheerful. Both men went about their ordinary business on the farm, and during the day hardly a word was exchanged between them. After their tea had been taken in silence together, Cornelius took his book in hand, and threw himself into an easy chair. Paul picked up his hat and started out for a long walk along the dull country road.

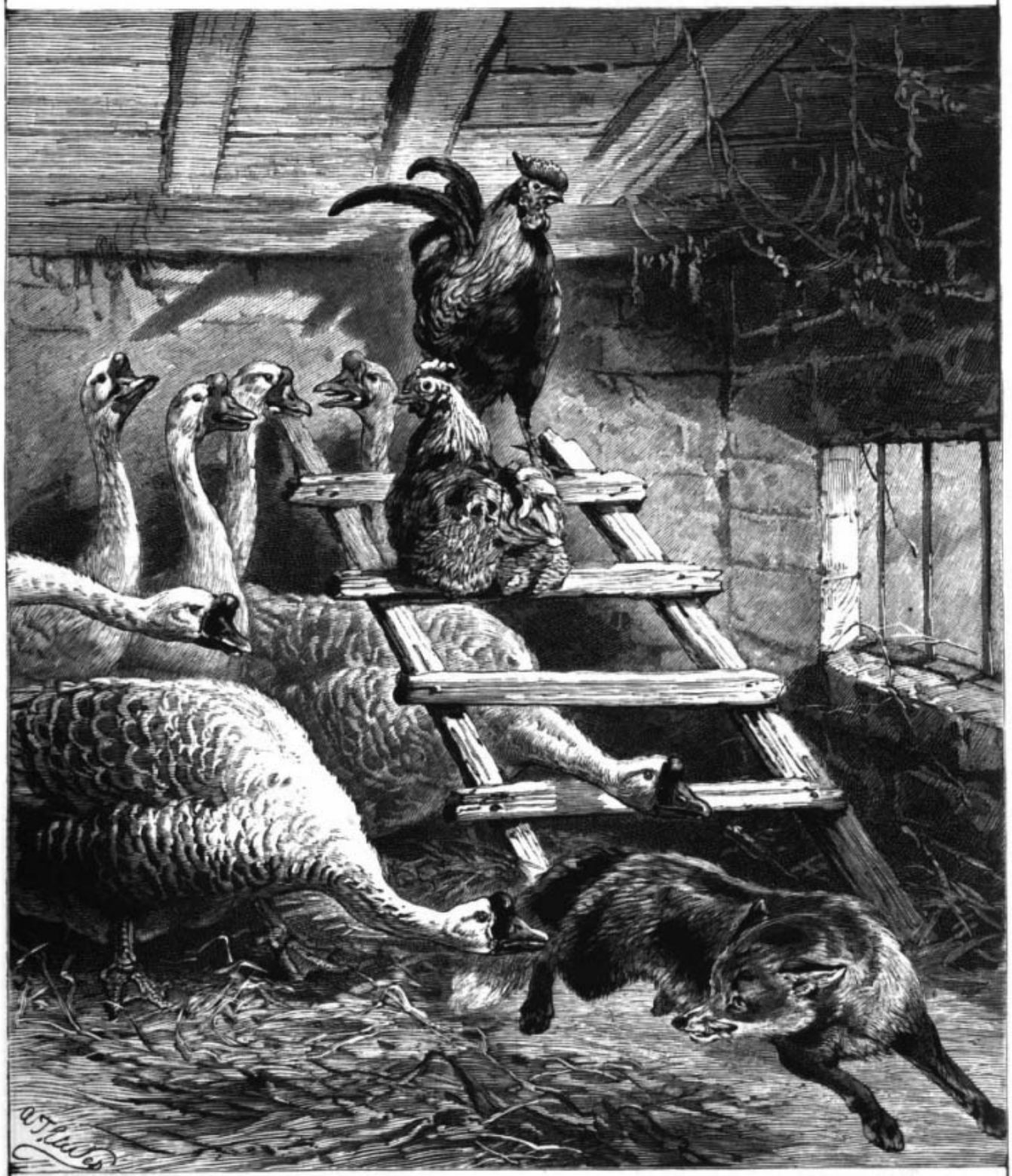
Many painful thoughts crowded into that young brain, as the gentle-minded giant strode along at a pace few men would have attempted to keep up with. What was he to do? What was to be his future like? Was he to remain a miserable dependant on his churlish step-brother for ever? It was hard indeed, that he was even to consider himself a dependant at all, for he was perfectly sure in his own mind (as the fact was) that their father had always intended he should be properly provided for and equally benefited with his brother. Alas! however, for the way in which Captain Westbury's will had been worded: it left everything absolutely to Cornelius, and Cornelius, it was very evident, did not intend to carry out what he well knew were his dead father's wishes, namely, to share with Paul as soon as the latter was of an age to properly require money.

Revolving these and many similar thoughts in his mind, the young fellow walked on and on, heeding nothing until, in the evening stillness, a sharp cry broke upon his ear. This was quickly followed by another and yet another. The cries evidently came from beyond a bend in the road along which he was walking, and Paul started at a sharp run for the spot. As he rounded a curve in the road, dashing forward at a spirited pace, a sight met his eyes which fairly made the blood boil in his veins. Two ruffianly-looking men in corduroys were stooping over a prostrate form on the dusty road before them, rifling the pockets. Unable, in the excitement of the moment, to repress a cry, Paul unwittingly gave them notice of his approach, and they looked sharply up to see whence the voice came. The rascals desisted in their task, and the shorter of the two sprang to his feet and immediately made off. The other, a burly ruffian, rose to his feet and turned with a savage glare upon the young man running towards him. He wavered somewhat as his eye took in his opponent's splendid proportions, but, nevertheless, he stood his ground and made a fierce blow at him as he got within arm's length. But hitting Paul was very like hitting a brick wall; it hurt the striker more than the struck, unless the blow were carefully planted! With one stroke, the young giant had laid out his opponent in the dusty road on his back, the watch and chain belonging to the prostrate man flying out of the thief's grasp as he fell.

(*Continued at page* 12.)



"A sharp cry broke upon his ear, quickly followed by another and yet another."



"Oh, how they hissed, and how they cackled,
And how that poor young fox was tackled!"

CHANTICLEER AND THE GEESE.

'COME, wife,' our Chanticleer had said,
'Tis time that we were off to bed.
The sun has gone, you see;
Though where he goes when night draws near,
Who knows? Nor does it matter, dear,
To either you or me.

'Why, here are half-a-dozen geese;
They'll give us not a moment's peace
If they remain in here:
I'd better turn them out at once.'
But said his wife, 'Don't be a dunce;
Of them I feel no fear

'So long as they are left alone;
But stir them up, and then, I own,
You'd have enough to do;
They'd hiss and cackle half the night.
Just wait, my dear, till morning light;
I'm tired, and so are you.'

This wise advice prevailed—each bird
Soon settled down—no more was heard
Until—what did they see?
The door had creaked—two cunning eyes
Were looking round. Oh, what a prize
A good, fat hen would be!

But, Master Fox, you did not know
That in that house was many a foe,
A gander, too, as well.
Oh, how they hissed, and how they cackled,
And how that poor young fox was tackled,
It passes me to tell.

They seized him by his furry tail;
His cries, they were of no avail,
For out he had to go
Without the prize—the good, fat hen
He counted on. His mother's den
He sought in grief and woe.

• • • • •

Then Chanticleer (brave bird was he!),
He crowed as loud as loud could be:
'Good wife,' he seemed to say,
'I've saved you, dear—the fox has gone,
He could not bear to look upon
My brave, bold face to-day.'

'You saved me?' said his feathered mate
With cool contempt. 'It's rather late
To say such words to me.
The geese you wished to drive away,
'Tis they who saved my life this day;
So I was right, you see,

'When I said "Let the geese alone;
They'll do no harm," and you must own
No truer words could be.
Then, husband, don't forget that I
Know more than you, and never try
To level up to me.'

D. B. McKEAN.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1.—ENIGMA.

I AM one of a large family, and, though crooked from my birth, I am able to perform the tasks given to me as well as any of my brethren. I am of more importance than any of my family, for, although without me they can perform their duty, yet they cannot add strength or soundness to any of it. I am useful to others also, from the senator to the schoolboy, and, though I am sometimes avoided by little children, yet, when they grow up, they will take me as an assistant in all their pleasures. You can always employ me for the completion of your own happiness, but you can make your friend happy without me. I take a treble interest in all your losses, and am always ready to assist you, but I am never in debt, nor will I help any who are; and without my aid the sweetest music could not sound.

F. H.

2.—ANAGRAMS.

Words with Definitions.

1. OLD era. A trial.
2. So near. A great gift which distinguishes man from the lower animals.
3. A red latch. A building used for sacred purposes.
4. Sure rate. Something of value.
5. Oh! he sold U. Those living under one roof.
6. Reclaim. A work beyond the power of nature.
7. Master. Flowing.
8. Sad fool, he. Want of truth.
9. The gilding. Giving great pleasure.
10. On march. The head of a kingdom.
11. Huge dart. A very near relation.
12. No seas. One of four.

C. C.

3.—WORD PUZZLES.

1. I AM a word of four letters naming a valuable friend or a bitter enemy, according to the use made of me; change my head and you will see the following transformations.
2. The chief source from which the above is procured.
3. Of delicate texture; of noble appearance.
4. Cattle.
5. To mourn, to languish; an evergreen tree.
6. A source of wealth; sometimes a scene of great calamity; a word expressing possession.
7. Length without breadth.
8. A square number.

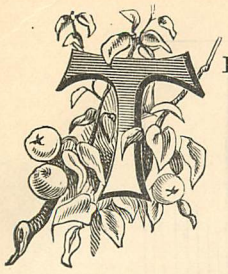
C. C.

4.—PUZZLES.

1. WHAT can you fill a barrel with to make it lighter?
2. What is that from which, if you take the whole, some will remain?
3. Why are A, E, and U the handsomest of the vowels?
4. When is wine like a pig's tooth?
5. Why is C a fortunate letter?
6. Why is E the most unfortunate of letters?
7. Why is J so useful in riddles?
8. Why is K so industrious?
9. What letters will help you if a pig strays into your garden?
10. What letter is invisible, yet never out of sight?

F. H.

[*Answers at page* 30.]



HIS ONE LAMB.

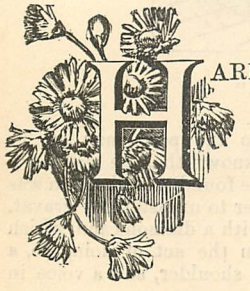
THE author of *Little Rivers* repeats a pleasant story which he was told one night by the camp fire by a comrade:

'I was ill one summer,' said he, 'and the doctor had ordered me to go into the woods, but on no account to go without plenty of fresh meat, which was essential to my recovery. So we set out into the wild country north of Georgian Bay, taking a lamb with us in order to be sure that the doctor's prescription might be faithfully followed.

'It was a young and innocent little creature, curling itself up at my feet in the canoe, and following me about on shore like a dog. I gathered grass every day to feed it, and carried it in my arms over the rough portages. It ate out of my hand, and rubbed its woolly head against my leggings. To my dismay I found that I was beginning to love it for its own sake. The thought of killing and eating it became more and more painful to me. I carried it everywhere, and ministered fondly to its wants. Not for the world would I have alluded to mutton in its presence. And when we returned to civilisation I parted from the creature with sincere regret, and the consciousness that I had humoured my affections at the expense of my digestion. The sheep did not give me as much as a look of farewell, but, with an air of placid triumph, fell to feeding on the grass beside the farmhouse where I left him.'

THE GOOD DAUGHTER.

—o—



HARRIET WEST was only twelve years old, when she stood on the railway platform at Charing Cross holding her aunt's hand, and watching with tearful eyes the departure of the continental train, which carried away her father and mother bound for the Riviera. Harriet had never been separated from her parents before, and she felt it deeply, and she thought that she could never get on without them.

'They will be at home again in a few months, my dear,' said her aunt kindly; 'and let us hope that your mother's health will be much improved. Meanwhile you and I will do all we can to comfort and cheer each other—won't we, Harriet?'

'We can try to do so, Aunt Emily,' said the little girl, wiping away a tear; 'but I do feel it so sad to be separated from them Six months seems such a long, long time.'

Alas! poor Harriet, she did not know that she had parted from her dear mother for ever, but so it was. A few weeks after Mr. and Mrs. West had left the chill atmosphere of an English November, a telegram arrived which conveyed the sad tidings of her almost sudden death.

It was very hard to give this sad news to her little niece without almost breaking the poor child's heart; but her aunt had to do it, while at the same time Harriet was told that her father would be at home very soon, and that he was counting much upon the loving attention and sympathy of his little daughter in this great trial which had overtaken them. Harriet dried her tears when she read this letter, and said to her aunt, 'Oh, I am so glad that my dear father is still left to me! Oh, I do love him so! I must try my very best to please him in every way that I can.'

'I was sure that you would say so, my dear,' replied her aunt; 'and let me tell you, Harriet, that in doing so, you will be not only pleasing God, your Heavenly Father, but you will be securing your own happiness, for it is when we are trying to do what is right, that God gives us the blessing of peace and joy. My dear child, you may be a great blessing to your father yet.'

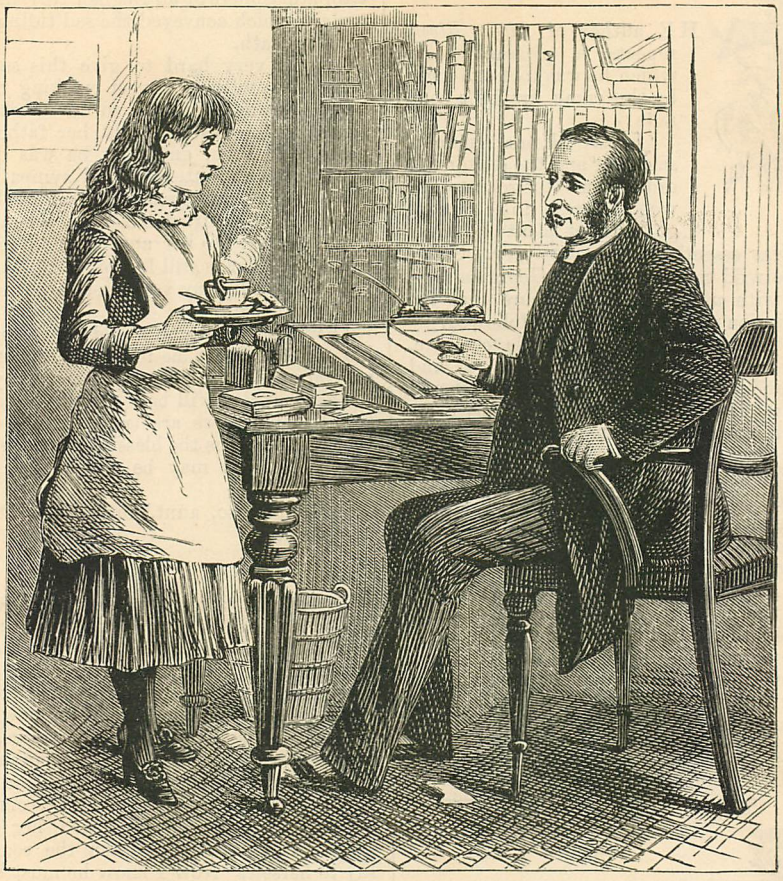
'I do hope so, aunt,' replied the little girl, with a happy smile.

* * * * *

Three weeks after this, Mr. West was once more settled at home, and everything in the household was going on as before save for the sadness and silence in the study, that dear room, where parents and child together used to spend so many happy hours. In that room Mr. West now spent nearly the whole day, looking over papers, reading and writing, while his little daughter pursued her studies in another room, under the guidance of her Aunt Emily. But the child's heart seemed always to be in the study; if she heard her father's footsteps walking up and down the room, she would say to herself, 'Now I know he must be thinking of dear mother; oh, what a change it must be to him to live without her! I wonder if I might go in and sit with him for a little while?' When she did steal quietly into the study at any time, she was always received with a smile, and soon she felt that her father was pleased to have her near him.

This discovery greatly delighted Harriet, who redoubled her efforts to make home happy. How often she would take her crochet work, and sit quietly in the window without disturbing his busy pen. How often she would steal in about four o'clock and bring him a cup of tea, just as mother used to do. Once while doing so, Mr. West, struck by the loving look on his child's face, drew her to his side, and kissed her fondly. 'My dear child,' he said, 'you do not know what a comfort you are to me. I feel now that I could scarcely bear to live without my little girl. God bless you, my darling.'

Sweetly these words fell upon the ear of the motherless girl. She felt rewarded for her efforts to comfort and to please her father! Dear girl readers, if any of you should be left in the same sad circumstances as was Harriet West, see that you follow her good example, and do as she did, then you are sure to be happy. D.



"My dear child, you do not know what a comfort you are to me."

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 7.)

PAUL walked across the road and picked up the watch. It was a gold repeater. Well pleased at having the chance of returning so valuable a trinket to its rightful owner, he straightened out the kinked-up chain as he walked over to restore it to the unfortunate victim of the cowardly assault. As he did so, the man he had knocked down scrambled to his feet and made off. Paul was just dashing off down the road in pursuit when a deep groan from the helpless man arrested him. The fierce desire for combat faded out of the young man's eyes, and a more gentle expression took its place there, as he turned to see if, in any way, he could relieve the suffering, or render any help to the poor man at his feet. At first he had not known that he was hurt. Kneeling down beside him, he found that the man was unconscious, and he bent over to unfasten his cravat. This was fixed in its place with a diamond pin, which Paul hastily drew out. In the act of doing so, a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice in his ear said:

'This is pretty work, my young gaol-bird! Very pretty work, I must say! And a neater catch could hardly have been made, eh? In the very act. You, Barskin, are witness of it: you and I both saw him drawing out that scarf pin with his thievish fingers. And look at his other hand! why it actually holds the poor fellow's watch!'

Turning his head without moving from his position on his knees, Paul saw two guardians of the peace gazing in open-mouthed wonder at him.

'My good fellows,' he cried, 'don't be so ridiculous, but help me to see what we can do for this poor man. I fear he is in a very bad way, if not already past help. But one of you might follow on this road in pursuit of the villains'—but here he came to a dead

Paul on his way to appear before the Justices.

stop, for to his great annoyance he saw that the village wiseacres did not believe his story.

'But I tell you, men, you are losing your chance of arresting these miscreants. Every minute you linger here gives them the better chance of escape. If you won't go, I will. Do you attend to this poor fellow, and I will——'

But even as he spoke one of them drew a small official staff from his breast and said: 'That story won't do for me, my young friend. We caught you in the very act of rifling this poor gentleman's pockets, and I arrest you in the King's name!'

For a moment Paul was too much astonished to reply to the monstrous charge. Then, recovering himself, he said: 'All right, my good fellows; we won't argue about it now. This poor man, I am

sure, is in a very bad way, and we must lose no time in getting help for him. The nearest surgeon is, I fear, nearly three miles away, but——'

'Oh, do not trouble about that, young sir,' pompously replied the one who had been addressed as Barskin. 'The mail cart to Rochester will be by here in less than half an hour, and we can all proceed in that: you to the Justices, and this unfortunate man to a doctor's. Meanwhile, Smithson, you have some skill as a leach: do you try the gentleman's heart.'

And, thus bidden, the second man laid his clumsy hand upon the unhappy man's ribs, and shook his head. 'I cannot tell; at one moment the heart seems to beat, at another it seems not. I would not like to pledge myself to say whether he still lives or not.'

Paul calmly went on with his work of unfastening the poor man's cravat and shirt, and doing everything which a very limited experience, aided, however, by good common sense, suggested as a means of help to the senseless body lying before him, but he could detect no sign either of breathing, or of the heart vibrating. Just then the sound of wheels caused all three to look up.

'The mail!' exclaimed Barskin. 'She is early to-night.'

But it was not the mail. By a fortunate chance, as it then seemed to the little group of men upon the road, it was a Rochester doctor whose gig-wheels were grinding slowly along the causeway towards them. A minute later, and the surgeon was on his knees, trying all his skill to ascertain whether the prostrate figure still breathed. After an examination lasting less than thirty seconds, he replaced his watch in his fob, rose from his kneeling posture and, addressing those around him, uttered the one word: 'Dead.'

It was even so—and the wretches whose handiwork this dark night's deed was, were well on their way to escape, whilst Paul, who had come up in time to make them desist from profiting by their black act, was now in the custody of the law for committing the offence.

Truly, it was the irony of fate!

Whilst they were carefully lifting the body of the unhappy man into the doctor's gig, a further rumbling of wheels announced the mail-cart's approach. And when it arrived upon the scene, into the vehicle climbed Paul and his two captors. The cart drove slowly on, and in an hour's time the young fellow was lodged in gaol.

Buoyed up by conscious innocence, Paul slept the sleep of the just, and as soundly as though at home in his own room. His guardians had told him that he would be brought before the Justices of the Peace early on the following morning, and he had sent a message to his step-brother to request him to be present when he was charged. The young man entertained no doubt whatever that the Justices would see the truth of his explanations, and forthwith release him. His brother would, of course, testify that it was not possible for him to have taken any other part in the sad affair than that which he himself had already explained to those who found him ministering to the dying man's necessities.

At ten of the clock, Paul's cell-door was opened, and he was told that he must prepare to go before the Justices. He replied that he was ready and eager so to do; and a few minutes later, a country cart drew up to the doors of the gaol, and between two vigilant guardians, he was rapidly driven along for a couple of miles or so until, stopping before the dingy portals of a great, square, stone building, he was commanded to alight. Having done so, he was quickly ushered into a crowded vestibule, there to await his turn with the local malefactors who had been hailed, like himself, before the county magistrates.

Before very long, Paul was duly conveyed into the room wherein sat the Justices. One of these was a very stout old gentleman with a red nose: he appeared to be the masterful spirit on the bench, and his colleagues always bowed to his decisions, whatever they were. As the young fellow quietly walked to the place pointed out by the turnkey, his two accusers took up their position by the side of the box reserved for witnesses. Then when the case was called on they each, in turn, briefly detailed their experiences of the evening before: of their having heard sounds of a scuffle, their hurrying to the spot and their discovery of Paul bending over the prostrate body; of their having detected him in the very act of removing the dead man's scarf-pin from his cravat, and finding him in possession of a gold watch and chain which he admitted had belonged to the victim of the outrage.

All these things truly looked black against him, and the red-nosed Solon on the bench shook his head ominously at the prisoner. This naturally set the other justices off, and they also wagged their heads, and whispered to each other that this, surely, must be an abandoned young ruffian if ever there were one.

Then the man, Barskin, went on to say that the prisoner had pretended that the assault and robbery had been committed by two other men, and that he (the prisoner) had tried to get rid of one of the constables by urging him to pursue this imaginary man, and so, doubtless, leave open a path of escape for himself, for it would have been easy for a young giant like Paul to overpower almost any one ordinary man.

'Ah, very crafty, I see!' muttered he of the red nose. 'Very crafty as well as a very powerful ruffian! Bless me, what a terrible fellow he must be when under the influence of his murderous passions!' and the worthy justices shifted uneasily on their seats as though under the impression that this mild-eyed, gentle-mannered young fellow would make a violent attack upon their own august persons.

Then came Paul's turn to be heard, and in a low, earnest voice, his hand resting upon the rail of the dock in front of him, his eyes fearlessly fixed upon those of his judges, he began to quietly detail all that had taken place on the fatal night, and the part which he had played in the grim tragedy. The statement was not without its effect upon 'the Bench,' and they were all attention until he had finished; then one of them said, with an air of having made some important discovery:

'But where are your witnesses?—where are your witnesses, my good lad? Assertion is not proof. We cannot get any proof without witnesses, you know. The prosecution has called two witnesses. Why don't you call yours?' and then he adjusted his spectacles and looked round to his brother-magistrates for their approval.

'Quite so,' chimed in he of the red nose. 'Where are your witnesses, eh?'

'Why, gentlemen, there were none to the occurrence. I have already told you, I was quite alone when I discovered those two rascals in the act of rifling the poor man's pockets. I drove them off, felling one of them to the ground, and then these two men came up, just as I was unfastening the murdered gentleman's cravat.'

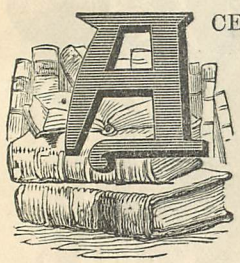
Again the justices hesitated in their wholesale condemnation of the prisoner. Whilst they deliberated, the latter interposed: 'My step-brother has been sent for, and can testify to my character, gentlemen, if you would wish to hear him.'

The Bench nodded assent, and Cornelius Westbury stepped into the witness-box. To Paul's astonishment, he kept his gaze averted from the dock, and would not so much as glance at Paul when the latter's eyes sought his.

(*Continued at page* 18.)

THE RICH MAN AND THE SCHOLAR.

A Fable.



A CERTAIN rich man who had made much money by trading, but who did not possess a bit of wisdom or learning, must needs have a room set apart for what he called his library. Here could be seen nothing but volumes piled high one above another, books in the most costly bindings. The old fellow never thought of using his books, not he!—they cost too much money, he said, *to be used*. No, books were only for show.

One day he was paying a visit to a neighbour of his who happened to be a scholar. He found his busy friend engaged in conning a volume beautifully bound in calf, and actually *marking it* in many places, with a common lead pencil. The rich man was amazed at the sight. 'Why, I never use my books like that,' cried he, 'they are much too elegant to be handled.'

'The more fool you, then,' replied the other. 'If books are not meant to be read, marked, thumbed, and digested, why are they written? You may keep your volumes for looking at if you like. I prefer to use those that I have.'

The rich man perceived his own ignorance and folly. He went home, and made up his mind for the future to have nothing to say to scholars and those who delight in reading.

MORAL.—Half a dozen books well understood are much better than the grandest library in the world simply collected to be gazed at. We can enjoy the society and thoughts of the greatest sages and philosophers through their printed works, and it is by wisdom alone that man is placed above the brute creation. H. BERKELEY SCORE.

MARGARET OF ANJOU AND THE GENEROUS ROBBER.

OF the royal ladies who lived in the fifteenth century, one of the most remarkable was Margaret of Anjou, as she was usually called, though she was the daughter of Regnier, king of Naples and Sicily. She was very beautiful, brave, and clever, better educated than most queens were in the age when she lived. No doubt the English people thought that it was a happy event when she became the wife of our King Henry VI.

But neither this King nor the country he governed had much peace after his marriage, and Queen Margaret had to take her share of the troubles that followed. First there was a war with France, then wars at home, which were still worse, for the Duke of York claimed the throne, and the long 'Wars of the Roses' began between the houses of York and Lancaster. After many battles, the young Prince Edward of York was made King in London, and Henry was sent to prison in the Tower. Queen Margaret and her friends tried to regain power, and our illustration shows a scene which happened soon after the battle of Hexham, on May 15th, A.D. 1464. Margaret had before this shown much courage in facing many dangers for the sake of her husband, Henry VI., and her little son, who had the same name as the new King, Edward IV.

Leaving the place without any attendants, Queen Margaret, with her boy, fled towards the forest not far off, hoping to conceal herself there for a time. She got into one of the darker parts of the forest, but some gangs of robbers were in the habit of haunting it to attack travellers who were going along a road which went through the forest, and a party of them came upon the unfortunate Queen. They stripped her of her rings and other jewels, and would have used her still worse, but, while they were quarrelling over the spoil they had got, Margaret and her son ran away. She had gone some distance, and had dropped to the ground, overcome with fright and fatigue, when a solitary robber suddenly appeared, having a drawn sword in his hand. The Queen resolved to try if she could move his kindly feelings; so going up to him, she said, 'My friend, do you know who this is? He is your King's son, and I will commit him to your care.'

This robber was not so bad a man as many of his companions; he took pity upon them, and led both to a hut in the forest, where he supplied them with food for a time. As soon as it was safe for the Queen to quit, he conducted her to the sea-coast, whence she and the boy prince escaped to Flanders. J. R. S. C.

"My friend, do you know who this is? He is your King's son, and I will commit him to your care."

"Before the gaolers understood what had happened, their prisoner had dashed into a small wood."

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 15.)

'YOU had better put to your brother any question, the answer to which you think likely to benefit you,' said the presiding magistrate, looking not unkindly at Paul.

'I only wish, sir, that he should tell you whether I bear a good or bad character generally.'

Cornelius, still looking away from the dock, and keeping his eyes fixed upon the Bench, shrugged his shoulders as he replied: 'My brother does his work on the farm well enough. We live in the same house, but I see very little of him. It was rather an unusual thing of him to do, to go out at that hour last evening.'

A chill fell upon the spectators, whose sympathies were all with the young man now standing so bold and erect before them, looking certainly as unlike a robber and cut-throat as any human being could do. A wave of resentment, too, now began to make itself manifest in audible whispers, against the cold-blooded, indifferent brother who stood there, not even looking at the youth thus accused of a heinous crime.

'Do you know of anything which should lead your brother to commit such a crime?' said one of the magistrates, now completely turned round in Paul's favour.

'Only this: he was asking me for money the previous night, and I refused to give him any. He said he must have money, somehow. Then, the evening of the following day, he suddenly took up his hat and went out.'

The whole court was silent. A pin falling to the floor would have been distinctly audible. Paul went white and red by turns as his ears almost refused to believe that his step-brother's hatred could have carried him into giving such a damaging statement in evidence. It was not untrue, certainly, but it was utterly uncalled for, and could surely only have been imported into the case from spiteful ill-feeling. Could it be possible, thought the unhappy young man, that Cornelius, his own near relative, actually believed him to be guilty? Oh, it was too horrible!

The magistrates once more put their heads together in deep conference, and a quarter of an hour slowly passed away, marked only by the ticking of a great clock at the back of the court. At the expiration of that time, they again shifted round into their seats, and the chairman cleared his throat and said: 'Paul Westbury, we have carefully considered your case, and have come to the decision that we must send you for trial to the next Assizes. Of course, in a matter of this serious description, no question of bail could be entertained for a moment, and you will be remitted to the county gaol to await your trial. It is sad to see one so young placed in your terrible situation, but as things stand my colleagues and myself equally feel that no choice is left us.'

Then, staggered, blinded, by the wholly unexpected turn which things had taken, and by the extent of his misfortune, Paul was removed from the dock and conducted outside the court like a man in a dream.

Eyed by a curious, hustling crowd, which, attracted by the rumours of a footpad having been caught red-handed in the act of robbery and murder, had quickly assembled to see what it could see, and pass its comments on the wretched prisoner, Paul was hurried through the throng to where the spring-cart stood awaiting him. Without a word of remonstrance or protest, he got in and took his seat beside the driver, who looked sadly at him, and whispered a word or two of comfort in his ear before the fat old parish constable—for this was in the time when the century was young, and no such thing as a police force had yet been dreamed of—clambered up, and took charge of his prisoner. The cart slowly rumbled off, followed, for a short distance, by the more active and inquisitive of the crowd; but as soon as the street corner was reached, the driver sent his horse along faster, and shook off their following. They were soon clear of the town, and out into the country roads again.

The fresh wind blowing directly in his face aroused the young fellow from the dreamy condition in which he had left the precincts of the little Court-house. The air of Heaven brought him, once more, the use of his senses.

So his step-brother believed him guilty—or chose, for his own cruel reasons, to assume in public that he did so. Paul, friendless and lonely as he was, felt this to be the last straw which proved too heavy in his load for him to bear. Although, as has before been stated, no love was lost between them, yet Cornelius represented almost the whole of his kith and kin in the wide world, and that he should think his own father's son capable of so foul a deed came with stunning force upon the lad. Then he slowly reviewed the evidence which had been given against him that day, and he could not disguise from himself that the magistrates had found themselves obliged to take the course they did, and commit him for trial. They could hardly have done otherwise. And what must the result of his trial at the Assizes be? In the absence of any witness who could explain the matter truthfully, the case looked very black against him. What could he do or say in the face of evidence which showed that he had been found stooping over the victim of the outrage, and in the act of taking out the scarf-pin from his cravat? The watch also was found in his possession. And little as the young man knew of criminal courts and their ways, he was quite aware that, standing in the dock, even he himself would not be allowed to speak as witness on his own behalf.

Had he been buoyed up by one single friend to whom he could confide his troubles, and who would have stood by him when all the rest of the world condemned, Paul, like the brave fellow he was, would have been content to go through with his trial before the face of all men; but friendless and alone, the

only one of his blood even turning against him, and believing or affecting to believe him guilty, he resolved to make a dash for liberty—it may well have been for life even, for in those days justice was more rough-handed than now.

It has been mentioned before, that our hero was of splendid stature and strength; to these great natural advantages, he added that of dauntless courage. Small wonder was it then, that as he glanced at his captors, seated beside him in the cart, a smile of conscious superiority lighted up, for the moment, his hitherto downcast face. But the time had not yet come, nor the place, and meantime, his brain was busily thinking out a scheme which had flashed across him as though it were a special inspiration sent by an all-merciful Providence for his deliverance.

Slowly the spring-cart jogged along on its journey towards the gaol. Every now and then, a few words upon indifferent subjects passed between the parish constable and the driver, but, for the most part, the way was covered in silence. Just as they wound round a bend of the white chalky road, the prisoner suddenly threw each of his warders, and in a trice they found themselves tipped off the seat and lying on their backs in the bottom of the cart, their heels up in the air.

To spring to the ground took Paul hardly a moment. Before the astounded gaolers rightly understood what had happened, their prisoner had dashed into a small wood on the left-hand side of the road, and disappeared from view.

Now, the parish constable was not very young and he was very fat. The driver was a more youthful man, but he had his horse to look after, and, truth to tell, he was nowise sorry to see the turn affairs had taken, for his kindly heart had gone out to the young fellow in the terrible position in which he found himself. The constable urged the driver to join in the chase and abandon the horse; he, however, flatly refused to do this, and by the time the grumbling constable had pulled himself together and started in pursuit, many precious moments had been lost. Away he went, however, at length, crashing through the wood and getting over the ground to the flat, open country beyond, at a greater pace than might have been expected from one of his weight and years.

After running at the best rate he could command for the greater part of a mile, without having caught sight of any trace of the fugitive, he pulled up, thoroughly exhausted, and returned slowly to the spot where he had left the cart. Here he met the driver, and the two once more climbed up to their seats, and in grim silence resumed their journey.

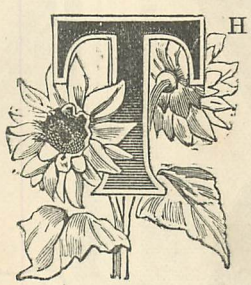
And all this time, Paul had been within fifty yards of the cart!

From his long solitary rambles—rambles which had formed almost the whole of his pleasure and recreation in life—the young man knew every foot of the ground in the wood, and each tree was familiar to him. Up into the hollow of a time-worn oak he had pushed himself, and there lay hid while his pursuer had actually passed within a yard of him. Waiting until the noise of the rumbling wheels had died completely away, he came out of his hiding-place, and without a moment's loss of time, he shaped his course across field and meadow, straight as the crow flies, for Chatham. His plans were formed—had been formed, in fact, whilst still sitting, a prisoner, in the cart—and he now stepped out resolutely in pursuance of his resolve.

For this was the year A.D. 1813, when the great Napoleon, bent on the humbling of England's pride, had challenged not only us, but half the nations of Europe, to mortal combat; and no choice being left him, John Bull, who is always a peaceable fellow when left alone, had picked up the gauntlet, and was girding up his loins for the fray. The king needed men, and needed them badly; men for our ships, men for the line regiments, the cavalry, the marines. And they were hard to get in sufficient numbers; the recruiting sergeants were forced to accept hundreds of puny weaklings as food for powder; to take men of any character and men of no character at all. No questions asked—aye, and in many cases the shilling pressed into a palm whose owner, muddled with drink, knew nothing of what taking it involved. No need to think of rejection, then, for the splendid young giant who was striding towards Chatham, intent upon offering to his country services of which she now stood so sorely in need.

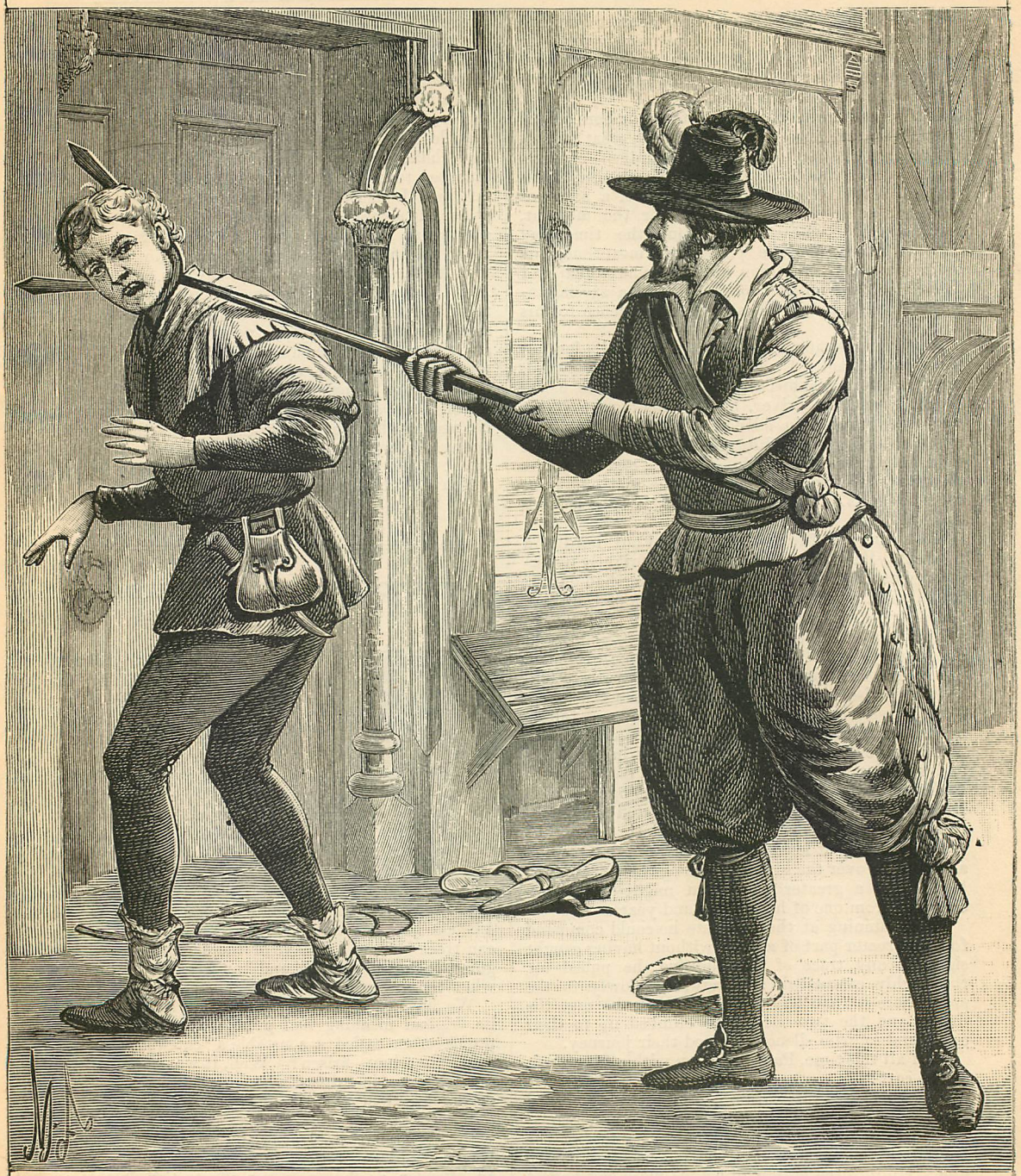
(*Continued at page* 26.)

THE OLD-STYLE CATCHPOLE.



THE Yeomen of the Guard are seldom seen by the public, except when they pass through St. James's Park when Her Majesty, or some representative, is holding at one of the palaces a levee or drawing-room. People greet them with the odd name of 'beef-eaters.' No doubt most of them eat beef as well as other folk, but this is a perversion of the name of 'buffetier.' These officials had a special duty to perform, which we can trace back to the days of the Tudors; they were guardians of the buffet, and had to attend the tables when the monarch was giving a banquet.

We have another case of a name lingering after its original meaning had gone. Not so long ago, people often called a constable a 'catchpole.' How could that have arisen? Well, it was in this way: during the olden times, when probably the majesty of the law had very little effect upon rogues and criminals, the officer who made arrests was provided with a peculiar implement to effect his purpose. By means of this forked apparatus, he pounced upon an offender, as shown in our illustration, garotting him, so we might say now, and compelling him to quiet submission. Should he not yield, he might then get harsher treatment, till he was lodged in gaol. Handcuffs being unknown then, it was customary to prevent escape by binding forcibly the



The Catchpole.

arms of the offender with ropes or thongs. The word I mention is also to be found written 'catch-poll,' hence some people think it applied, not to the article, but to the way in which it acted. The person seized was caught by the *poll*—that is, by the head. It is supposed that this implement was sometimes used in churches by the beadle to waken sleepers.

J. R. S. C.

SEEKING FOR THE LOST CHILD.

IT was on December 23rd, only two days before Christmas, that little Mary Lee, with a bright face and a happy heart, left her home in the village street to spend a day and a night with her uncle and aunt, who were the gate-keepers at Bickerton Manor, about a mile and a half away. This was a most delightful prospect to the little girl, for she dearly loved her aunt and her cousin Bessie; therefore, as she walked along the road she felt as happy as a queen. But, alas, for the ups and downs of life! When the little

girl arrived within sight of Bickerton Manor, she saw her aunt at the lodge gate, evidently looking out for her. Mary quickened her steps and almost ran into her aunt's arms, but instead of receiving the warm welcome which she expected, her aunt almost avoided her touch. 'Oh, Mary, my darling,' she said, 'such a disappointment is in store for you; your cousin Bessie is ill with scarlet fever, so instead of remaining with us, you must at once go home again, and tell your mother and grand-dad all about it.'

'Oh, but aunt,' said Mary eagerly, 'I am not a bit afraid of scarlet fever; do let me stay, I will help you to amuse poor Bessie.'

But her aunt shook her head. 'My dear, it would not do,' she said, 'it would vex your mother greatly; so I think you must go at once without any delay.'

Then Mary shed a few tears, for it was indeed a great disappointment, but it could not be helped, as we all may see. Five minutes more, and she had said good-bye to her aunt, sent a loving message to the little cousin, and had turned away homewards carrying in her hand a large piece of cake, and a parcel of nuts which her aunt had given to her. But, oh, how slowly she walked, how disappointed she felt! But at length something occurred to interest little Mary very much. She had just reached the edge of a thick wood, beyond which there was a rather high hill, when she saw a bright-eyed little squirrel on the ground, evidently looking for food. Mary threw a nut towards the pretty little creature, but the squirrel scampered off, and then stood a while, watching the little girl.

Mary quickly climbed the fence and entered the wood. 'Oh, if I could only catch it,' she thought, 'how happy I should be!' She threw another nut, but the squirrel scampered off still further, while Mary ran in pursuit. Alas! She was tripped up by the roots of a tree, and fell to the ground, not only getting her face scratched by the twigs, but twisting her ankle, which caused her much pain. Worse yet, the twisted ankle was tightly caught between two of the spreading roots, so that though the poor child tried with all her might she could not get free. And, oh, worst of all, it had been very cold all morning, and now the snow began to fall. Then Mary began to cry, and no wonder. She could not move, her mother did not expect her home till the next day, so no one would be looking out for her. She might have to spend the long dark night all alone in the wood, and perhaps be buried in the snow. What a terrible prospect!

But now we must leave Mary for a while and look in at her village home, where grandfather had just come in to his tea. 'Well,' he said, 'I do miss our dear little lass, I do, but please God, she will be here to-morrow, bless her heart. But there is a knock at the door, now who can it be?'

The visitor was Mary's uncle from Bickerton Lodge gate. 'Where is Mary?' he said, 'my wife could not take her in on account of our Bessie having scarlet fever, so she sent her straight home again, but seeing the snow fall, she got anxious and would have me come here to see if all was right with the child.'

Mary's poor mother was terribly alarmed on hearing these words, and the old grandfather too! They at once got ready to go and look for their darling, accompanied by the uncle and several men from the village. The poor mother was in great distress. 'She may have been carried off by gipsies,' she said, 'and I may never see my little Mary again.'

But they all begged her not to fret, saying that they would be certain to find her ere long. Away then they went, poor old grandfather carrying a lantern, and accompanied by 'Laddie,' a clever Scotch dog, who, when they said to him, 'Where is Mary? Seek her, good dog,' really seemed to know what was expected of him; while the old man had such faith in him that he kept quite close to his four-footed friend.

And it really was Laddie who found the little girl, for when some of the searchers, having reached the wood without finding any traces of the lost child, were returning with slow, sad footsteps, never thinking that a girl so young as Mary would ever have gone into the dark wood, they were met by Laddie, who gave a short sharp bark, and leaping over the paling made at once for the very spot where lay the little wanderer.

Oh, the joy of every one when they, too, had climbed the fence and found the dear dog dragging at Mary's skirt! Very soon she was in grand-father's arms, while mother's warm tears of joy were falling fast upon her cold face.

After that delightful meeting we may be sure that Laddie became the hero of the hour, and our readers will be pleased to know that he lived till Mary was quite grown up and had gone to a home of her own. Then the old dog seemed to pine slowly away, and 'hough everything was done for him that could be done, he was found dead one morning in grandfather's armchair. K.

A HARD-WORKED ANIMAL.

A MOLE'S life is by no means an easy one. He has to work harder for his pittance of earth-worms than any other animal works for his daily bread. He is a sort of navvy. His whole life is spent in raising and removing piles of earth by sheer force of muscle. In order to sustain such constant toil, and to replace and repair the used-up tissues, the mole requires to be always eating. His appetite is voracious.

He works like a horse and eats like an elephant. Throughout his waking hours he is engaged in pushing aside earth, and scurrying after worms in all his galleries and tunnels. The labourer, of course, is worthy of his hire. Such ceaseless activity can only be kept up by equally ceaseless feeding, and so the mole's existence is made up of labour and banqueting. His heart and lungs and muscles are working at such a rate, that if he goes without food for half a day he starves and dies. He is a high-pressure engine.

His drinking is like his eating; he must have his liquor much and often. So he digs many pits in his tunnelled ground, and catches water in them, to supply his needs at frequent intervals. He does not believe,

however, in the early-closing movement. Day and night alike he drinks every few hours, for day and night are all alike to him; he works and rests by turn, after the fashion of the navvies employed in digging tunnels, or perhaps he measures his time by watches, as is the way of sailors.

THE KING AND HIS GOOSE.

An Irish Legend.

THERE lived in olden days a certain King O'Toole. In his young days he loved sport as he loved his life, and it was his custom to rise early, and ride over the mountains after the deer, which at that time were more plentiful than sheep are now.

There came a time when the king was no longer young and strong. Old age enfeebled him and stiffened his limbs, and he was unable to follow longer his favourite pastime, so that his time passed wearily, and he became very dull and sad.

At last the poor old king was obliged to take to 'the royal game of goose.' The way the game was played was this. The goose, placed upon a lake in which trout sported, dived for the fish and brought them to the surface for the king, frequently flying with her spoils to her royal master. Sometimes the goose would not attempt to dive, but would fly round about the lake and frolic in the presence of the old king, who would clap his hands and laugh childishly at the antics of his pet.

All went on well for a time, but, sad to relate, the goose grew old and stiff in her limbs, as well as her master, and could no longer amuse him.

Now, as all the best years of the king's life had been devoted to the chase, instead of to wisely ruling his people, in his declining years he had nothing to turn to for comfort. He was wretched on account of the illness of his goose; he paced, morning after morning, beside the lake, and lamented what he held to be his cruel fate.

One weary morning he turned a corner and came face to face with a fine-looking young man.

'God save you!' said the king.

'God save you, King O'Toole!' replied the stranger.

'How do you know who I am?' asked the old king in surprise.

'I know more than that,' said the young man. 'How is your goose?'

'Who and what are you?' demanded the monarch.

'I am an honest man and make money easily.'

'How easily?'

'By making old things as good as new,' replied the handsome stranger.

'Ah, I see; you are a tinker, then?' returned King O'Toole.

'No, I am a better trade than a tinker. What would you say to my making your old goose as good as new?

'Say?—why, I would give you more money than you could well count, and owe you gratitude too!'

'I scorn your money. I have sworn never to have gold, silver, or brass in my company.'

'What could I give you then?'

'A few acres of land, if you would.'

'With all my heart,' answered the king, 'if you can do as you say.'

'Will you give me all the ground the goose flies over at the first attempt after I make her as good as new?'

The king readily promised, and, obedient to the wish of the stranger, he whistled to the poor old goose, which came waddling up, as great a cripple as her master.

Taking the bird in his hand the young man whispered to her, made upon her the sign of the cross, and tossed her high into the air.

Away went the goose, over lakes and hills and mountains—on and on until they could see her no longer. The king stood open-mouthed at the strange flight of his lately disabled pet, and then, as she presently returned and settled at his feet, he bent down and patted her head, saying, 'Mavourneen, mavourneen!' *

The astonished king asked the name of the goose-healer, and went down on his knees as he heard that it was none other than the blessed St. Kevin himself.

The story tells that the poor old king lost every acre of his property, and perhaps it was best that he should since he had shown himself so little able to take good care of it. If his earlier days had been more wisely spent he would not have needed a goose to divert those of his old age.

The goose died not long after this through swallowing too big an eel. The king had the body stuffed. He never really recovered the loss, but he died himself on the following Michaelmas day.

JAMES CASSIDY.

A STRONG FARMER.

A NOBLEMAN once took a journey from London to strive with a Scotch farmer who was greatly famed as a wrestler. He found the Scotchman working in a field close to the hedge which surrounded it. His lordship entered the field, tied his horse to a tree, and made his way towards the farmer, saying, 'Friend, I have heard wonderful reports of your skill, and I have come a long way to prove which of us is the better wrestler.'

The farmer, without answering, seized the nobleman and pitched him over the hedge, and then went on with his work.

As the other slowly rose from the ground, the farmer asked: 'Well, have you anything more to say to me?' 'No,' replied his lordship, 'but perhaps you would be kind enough to throw over my horse!'

* My darling, my darling.

A Strong Farmer.

"You're too big and good-humoured to do anything seriously wrong."

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 19.)

STURDILY onwards Paul tramped. Little fear had he now of pursuit. The two men would occupy some time in getting to Rochester, and even when there, it would only be after a certain further delay that a search party could be sent out after him. So, 'revolving many things in his mind,' on walked Paul to Chatham, in a frame of thought which was almost cheerful.

At length the straggling outskirts of the dirty little town, full of the hum of life and business, came in sight, and soon the young fellow was walking down the main street towards the dockyard. Here were ships, great and small, all being got ready to aid in the great death-grapple with the hero of Austerlitz. Night and day worked ship-wright and riveter, sail-maker and carpenter: all was feverish haste, for England had at last thoroughly, if somewhat tardily, awakened to the fact that all her energies must be strained to the uttermost if she would defend her interests, and check the daring Corsican in the insolence of his aggression.

'With the hour, comes the man,' and surely it was a direct interposition of Providence that sent a Wellington to England's aid just then. A soldier less wise, less brave, less true, might well have dimmed her glory almost to the vanishing-point, and laid her neck beneath the heel of a foeman who was merciless alike to his enemies and his friends. 'What are the lives of a hundred thousand men to me?' cried Napoleon, and in that terrible sentence may be found the key-note of his whole life.

Knots of soldiery, mostly raw recruits, passed along the streets and engaged in conversation, standing in little groups by the roadside. Smart recruiting sergeants, with gay little clusters of parti-coloured ribands pinned in their caps, were swaggering jauntily along, keeping a keen eye open for any likely lad they met. Aye, and for unlikely ones, too; for many a hobbledehoy, fresh from the plough's tail, was snapped up and sent to the depôt, where his half-starved frame was filled up, and a judicious course of drill soon took the bend out of his back; and within a very few weeks, he found himself shipped out to fight the king's enemies in sunny Spain and France, earning perchance name and glory, perchance a soldier's grave, in the strange land whither his very dreams had never even taken him before.

But for Paul's superior dress and manner, he would never have travelled the length of the High Street without being urged to enlist by one or other of the military hawks looking out for the civilian pigeons. His dress, however, proclaimed him a gentleman, and therefore less likely to be wanting the king's shilling than those of meaner degree. Not long, however, was even he destined to escape. One sergeant, bolder than the rest, strolled up with an easy, assured air and thus opened a conversation:

'A fine day, my lad, this. I wish I could manage to find out whereabouts in the county of Kent they grow such splendidly limbed and chested young fellows as you. What say you to adjourn to the "Spotted Dog" here, and discuss a mug of ale with me?'

Paul smiled. It was a pleasant smile, and went straight to the sergeant's heart.

'I should be very pleased to get something to eat, sergeant,' he said, 'for I am very hungry after a long walk I have had. But, truth to tell, I came away without a penny in my pocket.'

'When I ask a man to have a mug of ale with me, I don't mean that man to pay for it,' replied the sergeant, in an offended tone. 'And if you prefer a crust of bread and cheese, why, by every manner of means have it. I will pay the shot and be glad to have your company,' and without more words he led the way across the road and a few yards up a side street, and entered the little sanded-floored parlour of the 'Spotted Dog.'

'Fine times these for a soldier. Promotion is always in the air,' said the sergeant, taking a small wooden pipe from the breast of his tunic and then carefully buttoning it again. 'Ah! here is the bread and cheese. Now, fall to, whilst I do the smoking and talking.'

'As to the talking, sergeant, spare yourself the trouble,' said Paul, smiling as he prepared to attack the new loaf and platter of cheese which flanked it. 'You would tell me of the army's advantages, of my own chances of doing well in it, and of many like things. Well, before even I had the pleasure of meeting you, this day, my mind was made up and I——'

'But listen, my lad, listen to an old soldier before deciding anything,' broke in the sergeant. 'Let me tell you of the advantages——'

'Nay, sergeant, let me finish. I was about to say that my mind was made up to enter the army, and you shall have the honour of enlisting me,' concluded Paul with a cheery laugh.

'Well said, my bonny boy!' exclaimed the elder man, heartily. 'Nay, I like that, now! None of your willy-nilly, "first-I-will-and-then-I-won't sort" for me! Bless you, I have to blarney, and—may I be forgiven—lie, through thick and thin, to half these louts before they will take the shilling; most of them precious bad bargains to the State after all is said and done. Now, I see you are a man of parts—nay, I am not a man to flatter when flattery is not wanted. But yesterday a miserable little skilliken' (the good sergeant meant skeleton) 'came up to me and first he said he wanted to 'list, and then he said he hardly knew his mind, and a little later, that he was off the bargain altogether. I told him that we could only make powder monkeys of such chaps, at best; he was not even big enough to manufacture part of a battery from. Bah!' exclaimed the sergeant, drawing viciously at his short pipe, 'a pest on such tenth-raters who go about *thinking* that they are men!'

'And now, sergeant, I shall leave it to you to decide for which branch of the service I am the most fitted,' said Paul, as he finished his frugal meal.

'You see I am not very small, and I hardly think that cavalry would suit me, for it would take little less than a camel to carry me with any comfort to itself! I pity the horse that should attempt the task.'

The sergeant dry-shaved his chin and put on his most thoughtful air.

'It is plain enough that you are no light weight. It must be to the infantry you go: though I cannot but think to put you into the ranks will have the effect of making many of your comrades feel small. But we will settle that quite easily. They will have to be making an officer of you so that you shan't dwarf the rest of the rank and file!'

Paul laughed pleasantly. Then he said, 'All I ask, sergeant, is that I shall be put into a regiment now starting for the war. I have an object in getting out of the country.'

The sergeant raised his eyebrows and gave a low whistle.

'So that's the time of day, is it? Well, well, many a fine lad has got into trouble through small fault of his own, and had to give leg-bail to the constables, before this. It is nothing very serious, is it now?'

Paul nodded. 'Yes; it's very serious, indeed—the charge, that is to say—but I am perfectly innocent of it.'

The old soldier looked at him with a keen scrutiny. What he saw satisfied him, and he stretched forth his hand, which was heartily grasped by Paul.

'You are too big and good-humoured to do anything seriously wrong; your look is too manly and straightforward for me to believe you would try to best anybody, or fight other than in an honest, soldierly way. Trust me to deal with the constables, if they arrive here before I can get you sent out of the country. Meantime, the 17th Fusiliers are wanting men as badly as they can do, and they are due to sail in less than a fortnight's time from now. I warrant the doctor won't be called upon to examine any bigger man, nor one sounder in wind and limb, this day. And now, if you don't care for any more to eat or drink, we had better be getting along.'

And sallying forth into the street again, they walked briskly along until the barrack gates were reached. Passing the sentry—a mere boy—for the war had, by that time, well-nigh drained England of her older men—they entered the barrack yard and turned in at a small door to the right.

Within the room were some half-dozen young fellows of about Paul's age, stripped to the busk and undergoing the scrutiny of two officers, one of whom was the regimental, or to speak more accurately, the depôt doctor. A burly sergeant was in attendance also.

'Hey, Sergeant Duff, what have you brought us this morning, eh? A son of Anak, I should say. Come, this is the sort of stuff we want, and can't get, nowadays. Why is it that nearly all the recruits now coming in are so far below the standard? I suppose all the men of good physique have already left for the war. But this fellow—come here, my lad, and let us have your measurements.'

And Paul, smiling good-humouredly at the doctor's astonishment over his enormous frame, stepped up to the machine with which the height of the recruits were taken, and settled his head, as he was directed, under the sliding beam.

'Six foot four inches, and, I can see, a chest measurement to match. That's the sort we want to fight the Frenchmen. Why, half a company of them would run away at sight of such a Giant Blunderbore!'

After passing all the tests—weight, sight, chest measurement, and freedom from any physical defect—Paul's name was demanded, together with a declaration that he had never previously enlisted in any of his Majesty's regiments.

The sergeant, after hearing that Paul was obliged to keep out of the way, had already cautioned him not to enter his real name, in case of search being made in the books; so, warned beforehand, he said he would enter as Peter West. Few men of gentle birth ever gave, or give now, their real names when entering the ranks, nor is there any necessity so to do: all the authorities need is a name of some sort, to which they can append a regimental number. This done, and they are satisfied.

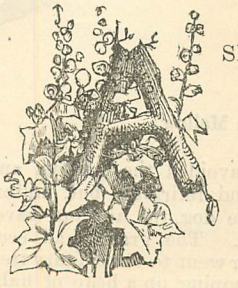
And so it came about that a few hours later saw Paul in all the glory of a scarlet tunic, his hair cropped smart and close, and, in spite of his great stature, hardly to be recognised amongst his company. Peter West was born, and rose upon the ashes of Paul Westbury, civilly deceased.

Ten days of constant drills, irksome at first, but very quickly becoming easy to one who set himself intelligently to learn—of rough barrack life and still rougher companionship—brought Paul to the time when his first turn of 'sentry go' arrived.

(*Continued at page* 38.)

A SMALL MURDERER.

A True Tale.



SHORT time ago Eve bought a prettily marked tortoise, and it lived very happily in our limited town garden.

The tortoise was not our only pet. We had a Blenheim spaniel, who disliked any exertion, and especially objected to his morning run in the garden. To our surprise, however, soon after the tortoise had taken up his abode there, Bijou became most anxious to be shut out.

One morning he was seen walking gravely round the enclosure, with what looked suspiciously like the tortoise in his mouth. On going out, we found the tortoise apparently all right, and Bijou at some little distance from it.

A few days afterwards, on taking out its breakfast of bread and milk, we could not see the tortoise. Every corner was searched, but no polished shell was visible.

The Marsh Mallow.

From that day Bijou avoided the garden, and became strangely meek and retiring; but, unfortunately for the guilty little dog, the autumn leaves fell, and had to be burnt. The gravel had been swept, and then the sweeper went to our solitary tree, a fine plane. He began scooping up a heap of half-decayed leaves, behind it; suddenly the spade struck against something hard, and there were the remains of our poor tortoise! the outer edge of whose shell bore the two evident marks of sharp little teeth. A slight whine attracted our attention, and, looking round, we saw Bijou, with a piteous expression of mingled shame and fear in his big brown eyes, gazing at us. Finding that he was discovered, the small murderer turned and fled. He was followed and punished, as his crime merited. Our anger, however, was mixed with wonder at his cleverness in burying his victim; for this he most certainly must have done, no doubt on the same principle that makes him hide small articles at the back of his kennel.

M. G. B.

THE MARSH MALLOW.

THE marsh mallow, though not a common plant, excepting on salt marshes, belongs to a family so well known that it may claim a place in these pages; for who has not noticed the common mallow, enlivening waste patches of ground with its large, delicate, *mauve*-coloured flowers?—for *mauve*, which is just the French for mallow, has caused this plant to give its name to that favourite colour. All the mallows are used more or less medicinally, but the one here represented is the most sought after, on account of its emollient properties; the whole plant abounding with a gummy substance, which, when formed into lozenges, is sold both in England and on the Continent under the name of *Pâte de Guimauve*, or paste of mallows. The ancients were well acquainted with its virtues: Horace says, in the words of an old translator,

> 'If that of health you have any speciall care,
> Use French mallowes, that to the body wholsome are.'

On the plains of Columbia, in North America, this plant is said to grow in great luxuriance.

R. B.

HEPBURN OF WAUGHTON'S FAMOUS RIDE.

SCOTLAND, even more than England, was famous in the olden time for its horsemen, who could ride both fast and far. There were many stretches of open country, fewer forests than in the south, and the inhabitants were scattered. As fights were frequent, people were able, if necessary, to gallop rapidly for the sake of a friend, and to avoid or charge a foe. It was not war only that made the Scotch laddies rapid riders; in times of peace they chased the red deer, or hunted the wily fox and the dangerous wild cat. Now and again—what was not considered at all improper in those days—a youth galloped off with some fair maiden whom he loved, but whose friends did not favour him, like Lochinvar in Sir Walter Scott's well-known poem.

Our illustration shows Hepburn of Waughton's famous ride, an incident of the war which occurred in Scotland after the death of the Regent Murray. The Queen's friends hoped to regain the power for her, and put down the young King. Her party had, early in A.D. 1570, become possessed of Edinburgh,

"Hepburn sprang to his horse and sped away."

the Castle of which was held by Kirkcaldy of Grange. One of the officers on the Queen's side was this Hepburn, and he was alone at Bathgate, about nineteen miles from Edinburgh, when four soldiers of the King's party came suddenly upon him, and rushed to take him prisoner. It was a day in early

autumn, September 7th, A.D. 1570, and, seeing their approach, Hepburn sprang to his horse and sped away; the four, mounting also, hastened after him in hot pursuit. Others of their party who were on the road joined in the chase, but the powers of Hepburn's fine brown horse enabled him to keep ahead. He turned once, and wounded one of his foremost enemies with the only bullet that he had to fire. As he got away from them, they threw away their arms, their cloaks, and even their saddles, in the endeavour to overtake him. But all their efforts proved fruitless; he neared Edinburgh Castle, from which his approach had been watched, and the Queen's party eagerly opened the gate, which both horse and rider were glad to enter. The disappointed pursuers had to beat a retreat, and gather up the articles they had thrown away along the road. J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

5.—Wise Sayings.

Transpose the words in the following, so as to make sentences of the nature of proverbs.

1. Great truly is who greatly he acts.
2. What come may what do you ought.
3. To weakness reduces discord strength.
4. Success of is the mistress diligence.
5. Sound the greatest make vessels empty.
6. Well sow must who reap well would he.
7. The parent many faults ignorance of is.
8. Examples contagious diseases bad like are.
9. Good to well end better it is begin well to but.
10. A lion never sleeping wake.
11. Company keep of the number one and be good.
12. Great evils little sins to lead often.
13. A good opportunity lose no of doing action.
14. Plenty of time make for want provision in.
15. That which not meddle with you concerns not.
16. Charms than beauty has more modesty.

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 43.]

ANSWERS.

1.—The letter S.

2.—1. Ordeal. 2. Reason. 3. Cathedral. 4. Treasure. 5. Household. 6. Miracle. 7. Stream. 8. Falsehood. 9. Delighting. 10. Monarch. 11. Daughter. 12. Season.

3.—1. Wine. 2. Vine. 3. Fine. 4. Kine. 5. Pine. 6. Mine. 7. Line. 8. Nine.

4.—1. Holes.
2. The word wholesome.
3. You can't have beauty without them.
4. When it's in a hogshead.
5. It is always in luck.
6. It is always in debt, and never out of danger.
7. Because there can be no jest without it.
8. Because it is always in work.
9. Q, U, because they will make 'it' 'quit.'
10. The letter S.

THE WISHING-RING.

From the German of R. Leander.

ONE day a young countryman, who was not getting on very well in the world, was sitting on his plough-handle to rest and to wipe the perspiration from his forehead. An old witch came by and said to him, 'Why should you give yourself so much trouble? You get no good out of it! Take my advice. Walk straight on for two days; at the end of that time you will come to a fir-tree, which stands alone in the forest, towering above all the other trees. When you have cut it down, your fortune will be made.'

The man seized his axe and started at once. In two days' time he came to the fir-tree, which he cut down. As it crashed to the ground, a nest, containing two eggs, fell from its topmost branch. The eggs were broken, and out of one of them came a young eagle, while out of the other rolled a small golden ring. The eagle rapidly increased in size, until he was about half as big as a man. Then, after shaking his wings, as if to try them, he flew upwards a little way, and called out to the youth, 'I thank you for giving me my freedom. Take the ring—which is a wishing-ring—as a token of my gratitude. If you wish anything as you turn it round on your finger, your wish will assuredly be fulfilled. As, however, only *one* wish is contained in the ring, ponder well before you use it, in order that you may not afterwards have cause for regret.'

When the eagle had finished this speech, he flew away.

The countryman put the ring upon his finger and started on his homeward journey. At eventide he entered a town, where he saw a goldsmith standing in his shop, and exhibiting for sale many valuable rings. The countryman showed *his* ring, and inquired what it was worth. 'A mere nothing!' said the goldsmith, in a disparaging tone. At this the countryman burst into laughter, and informed the other that it was a wishing-ring—worth more than all his rings put together.

Now this goldsmith was a very crafty man. With an appearance of great friendliness he invited the countryman to spend the night in his house. The invitation was gladly accepted, and the guest was entertained with wine and an abundance of fair words; but in the night, while the countryman slept, the goldsmith took the ring from his fingers without disturbing his slumbers, and put in its place one which was exactly like it.

The next morning the goldsmith sent the peasant on his way as speedily as possible. When he had got rid of him, he hastened to his private room, closed the shutters and bolted the door. Then, standing in the middle of the apartment, he turned the ring, calling out as he did so, 'I want immediately a hundred thousand pounds!'

Scarcely had he said the words when hard, bright sovereigns came raining down, as if poured out of buckets, striking him on head, shoulders, and arms. With a piteous cry he sprang to the door, but before he could undo the bolt he fell bleeding to the ground. The golden rain went on until the floor gave way

beneath the weight, and the goldsmith and his gold fell together into the cellar beneath. It rained until the hundred thousand sovereigns were all there, and the man's dead body lay buried under the money. When, startled by the loud noise, the neighbours arrived on the scene, one remarked to the other, 'Ah! when blessings come too lavishly it is a great misfortune!' Then the goldsmith's heirs divided the wealth between them.

Meanwhile the peasant had reached his home, and, with much satisfaction, he had shown the ring to his wife. 'Now, wife,' said he, 'our fortune is made! We need never want anything. We must think the matter well over, then express some very big wish as I turn the ring.'

'Suppose,' suggested the woman, 'we were to wish for a little more land? We have such a mere scrap now! There is the strip of land which lies between our fields, let us wish for that.'

'But,' answered her husband, 'if we worked hard for a year, and had decent luck, we might manage to buy it. Then we could get something else by means of the wishing-ring.'

For a year, therefore, the countryman and his wife laboured with all their might, and at harvest-time had such splendid crops that they were able to purchase the strip of land, and had still a small amount of money over.

'There, now!' said the man, 'we have the land, and we may still use our wish.'

Then the wife suggested that they should wish for a horse and a cow.

'Why should we part with our wishing power for the sake of such small things?' said the man, as he jingled his money in his pocket. 'We can get the animals in the way we got the land.'

In another year's time they had got both cow and horse.

Then the peasant was highly elated, saying, 'We have got the things we wanted, and yet have saved our wish for another time. What good luck we have!'

But the wife entreated her husband to use the wish.

'You are so different to what you used to be,' said she. 'You were always grumbling, and wishing for all kinds of impossible things. And now, when you could have everything, you are contented enough, and go on working and wearing yourself out, wasting the best years of your life. You might be an emperor, a king, or a nobleman, or you might have all your boxes crammed full with money, if you could only make up your mind what to choose!'

'Oh, pray stop this endless nagging!' exclaimed the countryman, for once impatient with his wife. 'Life is long; we are still young. The ring contains but one wish; when we have once used it we shall never have the chance again. Who knows what fix we may be in some day? We are not in want of anything at present. Have we not prospered so well that every one is annoyed at our success? Be reasonable, and content to wait awhile. We can always be considering what we shall wish.'

The woman dared not say more. And as years rolled by it really seemed as though good luck had come to the house with the ring. Year by year the granaries grew fuller, and the poor, thin peasant had become a stout, substantial, wealthy farmer. All the day he worked diligently with his servants; in the evening he sat at the door, exchanging 'Good-nights' with the village folk as they passed by. Now and then, when the pair were alone, his wife would still remind him of the unused wishing-ring, and make various suggestions respecting it. As, however, he always replied that there was plenty of time, and that the best thought usually comes last, she did this more and more seldom, so that the ring was scarcely ever mentioned. The farmer, indeed, turned it round upon his finger and looked at it about twenty times a day, but he was careful not to express a wish as he did so.

So passed thirty, forty years; the man and his wife were now old and grey, yet the wishing-ring had not been used.

God was merciful to them, for they both died the same night.

As their children and grandchildren stood weeping by their coffins, one of them was about to remove the ring; but the eldest son said, 'Leave it alone. Let him take it with him to the grave. There has been some secret in connexion with it; probably it was a love-token. Our mother used to gaze on it so often that I think it must have been her gift to him in their courting days.'

Thus the old countryman was buried with his ring, which was supposed to be a wishing-ring, but was in reality nothing of the kind, although it brought as much good fortune as any one could desire. And the moral of the tale is that a bad thing in good hands is worth very much more than is a good thing in bad hands. E. D.

THE BRAVE LITTLE PUPPY.

I WONDER, now, what that can be?
What eyes the creature has! and how
It stares and goggles at poor me;
I'm half afraid of it, I vow.

It is a rat, I do declare;
Or, no—I think it is a mouse;
And mother says I ought to try
To clear such creatures from the house.

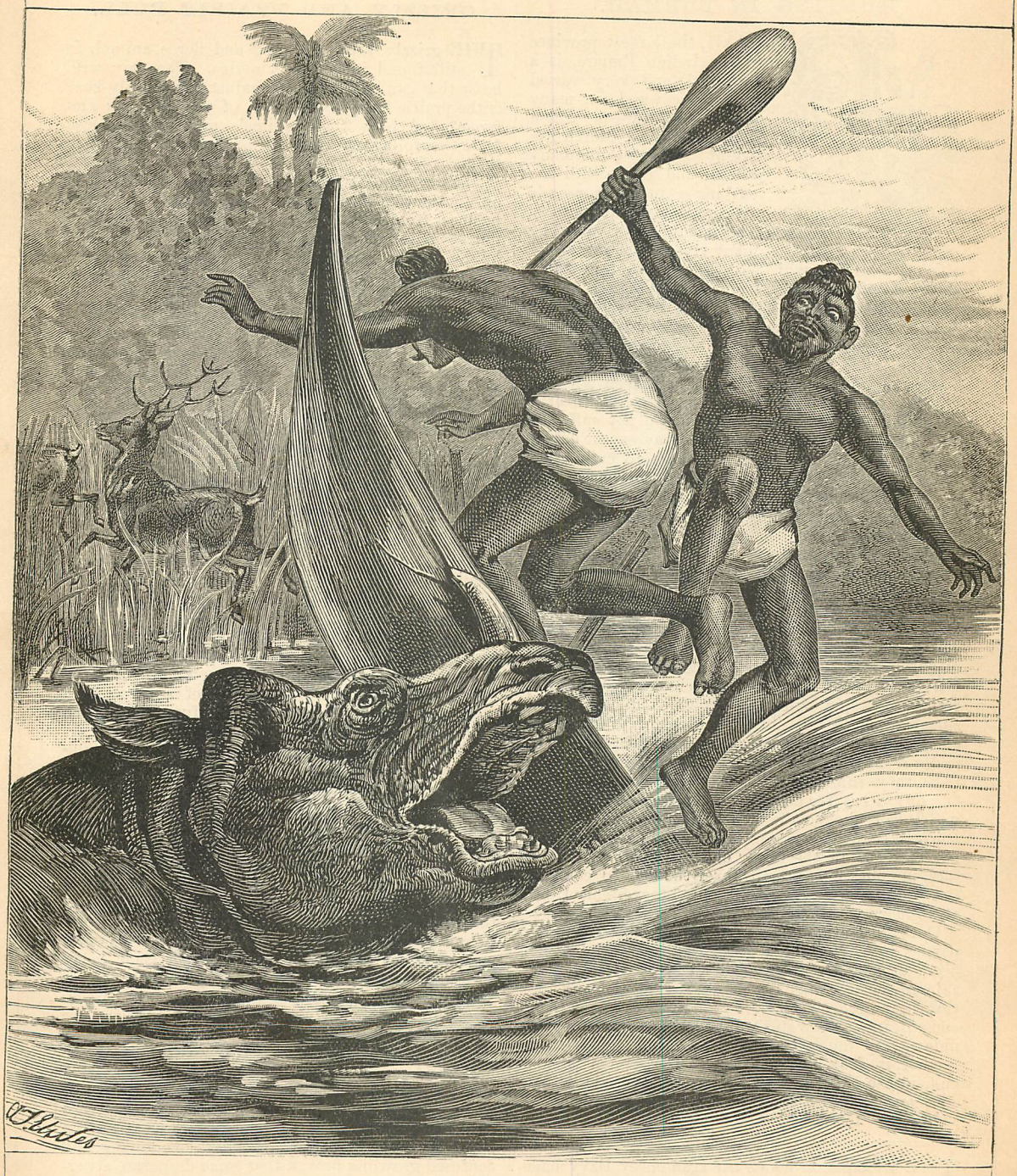
I wish dear mother would come here,
And tell me what I ought to do;
She's older far than I, you see,
And really knows a thing or two.

Ah, well! I'll keep my eye on it;
I'm not a bit afraid, not I;
And if it tries to run away,
Why, then, I'd like to see it try!

I'd tear it limb from limb, I would,
For I am brave as brave can be:
Oh, my! I think it means to jump!
Oh, mother, come, and help poor me!

B.

The Brave Little Puppy.



Danger of Hunting in Burmah.

HUNTING IN BURMAH.

BURMAH, the largest province of the Indian Empire, is a beautiful and very varied country, covered in many places with forests which in the month of March are bright with the many colours and sweet with the varying scents of thousands of flowering trees and shrubs. This country is traversed by many rivers, the largest of which is the Irawadi, with a course of probably eleven hundred miles from its unknown source among the snows of Thibet, down to the Bay of Bengal. These rivers during the rainy season (which lasts for a long time) overflow their banks and spread over the plains, the flood water of the Irawadi often flowing over the country for ten or fifteen miles on either side to a depth of from four to fourteen feet.

The inundated villages, however, do not suffer, as the natives, knowing what they may expect during the rainy season, are prudent enough to build their houses on piles, and the flood waters move but slowly. But one can easily imagine how unhealthy the flooded country must be, with a great heat and a burning sun.

During the time of the floods, all hunting operations are carried on by the natives from boats; these boats, which are very light, being manned according to their size with spearmen, paddlers, and steersmen. Hunting in this manner is an occupation of great danger, as it is impossible to guess what animal may be encountered in the flooded country, and Burmah has a long list of wild animals, including the elephant, rhinoceros, tapir, buffalo, many kinds of deer, tigers, leopards, and bears. But the Burmans are an excitable, impulsive, and courageous people, and they really seem to enjoy this sport, notwithstanding the risks they run. They are also anxious to secure a hog or a deer; for although their staple food is rice, which is as cheap as it is in India, the inhabitants of Burmah eat fish or meat daily, and in all respects live better than the lower classes of India. Therefore, in going out to hunt over the flooded country, these men are in search, not only of excitement, but of to-morrow's dinner.

Our illustration shows us one of these hunting parties in pursuit of a fine specimen of the marsh deer; all is anxiety and excitement, when suddenly a rhinoceros makes his appearance, angry at being disturbed, and open-mouthed he capsizes them, boat and all, into the water! The rhinoceros, however, unless very much provoked, will not injure them further, its food being entirely of a vegetable nature; and, as the Burmese natives can all swim like fish, we may hope that these men will safely reach the shore.

M.

THE principle on which Sir Humphrey Davy made his safety-lamp for the use of colliers is a very simple one; it is that flame cannot pass through wire-gauze.

GRIZZLY AND PRAIRIE BULL.

THE grizzly bear, a strong and fierce animal, is still found in North America. The only wild beast that can hold its own against the grizzly bear is the prairie bull. Some idea of the strength and ferocity of both these animals may be gathered from the following story of an encounter between them.

The unfortunate man who was compelled to look on during this struggle had been riding on urgent business from Stockton to San José, a distance of ninety miles or more. He had not been many hours on the road when he was overtaken by a terrible thunderstorm, accompanied by torrents of rain. He had to dismount, picket his horse, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, try to shelter himself as much as possible from the storm. When the tempest had somewhat abated, great was his consternation to find that the horse, so soon as the ground had become soft with rain, had pulled out the peg to which it was fastened, and had wandered away out of sight! It was useless for the man to think of pursuing his journey on foot. He therefore rolled up his blanket and followed in the direction the animal had taken, hoping to be able to track him by his hoof-marks on the softened ground, and by the drag of his long lariat and peg.

More intent upon the trail than on surrounding objects, he had gone about a mile on the way when he discovered that he was being followed by a herd of wild cattle, who were closing in upon him. It is a curious but well-known fact that prairie cattle are always hostile to foot travellers, though a horseman might safely ride close up to them. This made the man's position one of great danger, especially as the herd was under the guidance of a fierce bull, who was pawing the ground in fury, while the others were crowding together, switching their tails high in the air, tossing their horns, and staring wildly in mingled rage and wonder. The traveller quickly made for a tree which he had passed a few minutes before. He was just in time, for, as he gained the tree, he looked back and saw that the foremost of the herd was only about one hundred yards behind him. But he was safe at least for the moment, and with a feeling of thankfulness he settled himself on a fork of the tree, out of the reach of the enemy. But what was his next move to be? Who could say how long a time these fierce animals, who were tearing up the ground with their horns all round the tree, would keep him prisoner?

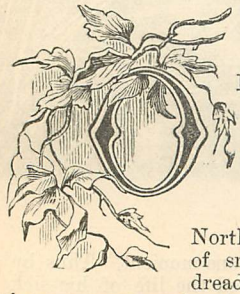
Just as those perplexing thoughts were passing through his mind, the unexpected happened, as it so often does. The herd, after a short time, seemed tired of their watch; they strayed away, while the bull wandered in among some bushes, which fringed a little stream. Suddenly there arose a fearful uproar, and it became evident that the leader of the herd had got into trouble. The bushes were shaken about in every direction. A hoarse bellowing and confused growling proved that some desperate struggle was taking place, though what adversary the bull had met with was not as yet clear. Presently, however, he emerged from the bushes with blood

streaming from his head, and huge furrows ploughed upon his shoulders. His eyes were red with rage, and it was evident that he had no idea of giving up the contest, but was only seeking an open space where he could fight to better advantage.

Soon after the bull made his appearance, his adversary also came on the scene in the shape of a huge grizzly bear. Then the fight was renewed, the bull lowering his head and charging straight and true, with the seeming force of a battering-ram. But the bear was not upset by this assault; he rose on his hind legs, and, catching the bull by the horns, he bore him to the ground, clinging to the head with his fore legs while he clawed the bull's sides and shoulders. Locked together thus in deadly strife they remained some minutes. Then they separated, and stood panting for breath, all the time glaring at each other. The truce only lasted a minute or so. Again the combatants closed, and this time the bull succeeded in goring the bear with his powerful horns, though the next moment he was borne back by the grizzly, and so furious was now the struggle that the onlooker could not say who was likely to be the conqueror in this second encounter. But when the furious animals again separated, it was manifest that the horns of the bull had inflicted fatal injuries. The bear could not rise to his feet, and, after a few convulsive shudders, he lay stretched in death. Then the wretched bull attempted to utter a roar of triumph, but was unable to do so. Suddenly he fell on his knees, rolled over, and both combatants lay dead on the field.

The behaviour of the herd was now curious: they came cautiously forward, sniffed round the dead bodies for a few moments, and then, wild with terror, started panic-stricken across the prairie.

The traveller, finding the coast clear, quickly descended from his perch, and set off in search of his horse. He was fortunate enough to find it after trudging about a mile, as the lariat had become entangled around some shrubs. After some days' riding the traveller was thankful to find himself—weary, indeed, and starving—but within a few minutes of his journey's end. D. B.



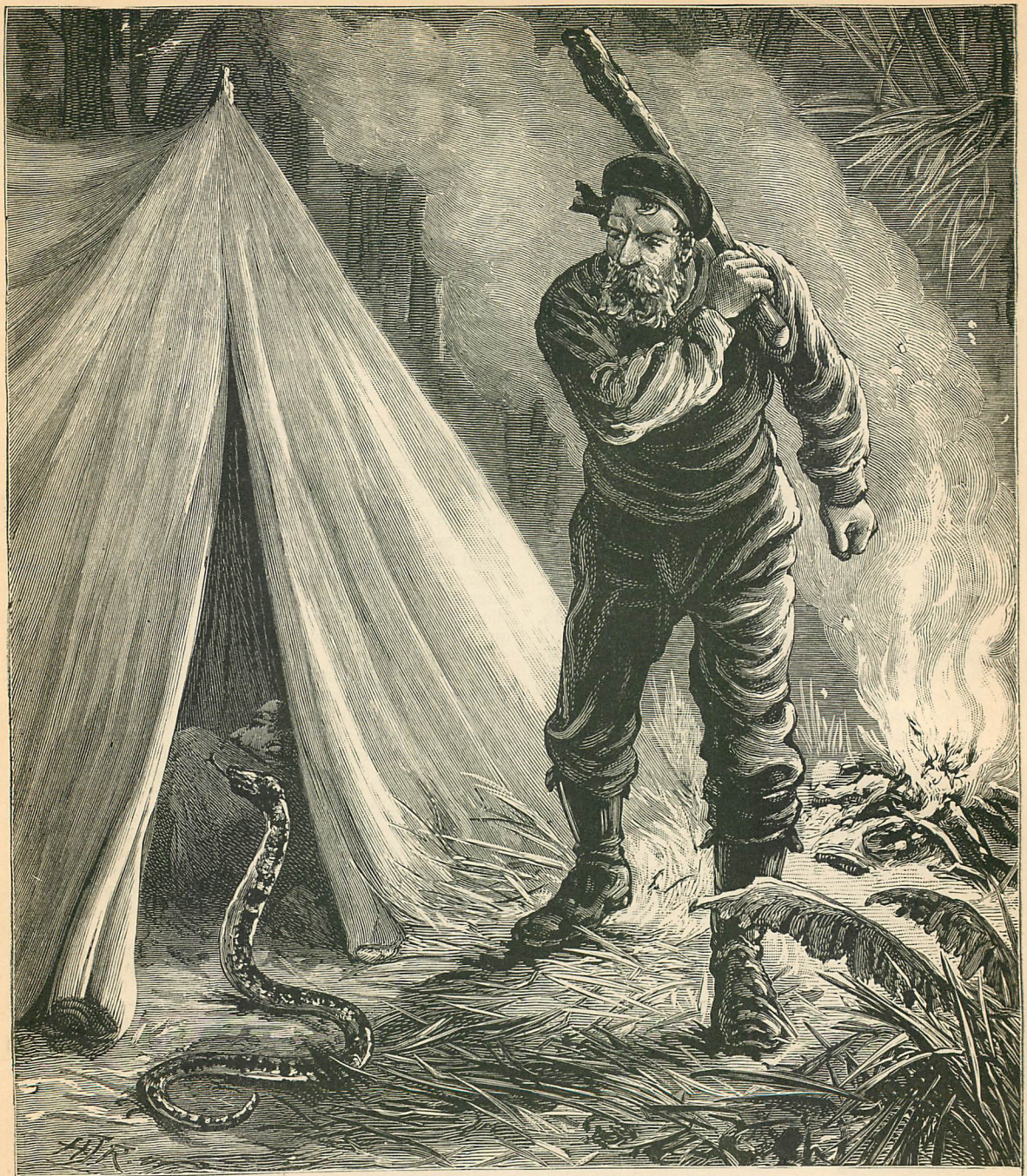
ON THE ROAD TO SAN JORGÉ.

OF snakes there are upwards of a thousand species. They are very numerous in tropical regions, less common in temperate countries, and they dwindle away altogether towards the poles. North America has a great variety of snakes, of which the most dreaded is the rattle-snake, also the venomous coral-snake; but there are very many others to be met with in woods, or among long grass, often also in stony places.

India possesses, along with many others, the dreaded cobra, which does more mischief, perhaps, than others from its habit of frequenting dwelling-houses for the sake of warmth, which all snakes seem to love. Snakes, however, as a rule are never the first to attack, but only bite when trodden upon, or interfered with in any way. In India, the persons most commonly bitten by the cobra are natives of the country, who walk about bare-footed and often after dark, quite regardless of the danger they are in. The rattle-snake and other American serpents, if not interfered with, do not attack, but rather glide out of the way of their enemy, man. Still, their love of heat often brings them into too near neighbourhood of human beings to be quite pleasant, as the following story shows.

Several years ago, a party of eight men were prospecting for gold on the Mosquito shore in Central America. Two of these men were from the old country, one being an Englishman named Ned Davis, the other a Scotchman by name Colin McRae. The other six men were Americans from the Eastern States, rough-and-ready fellows, who would rather go prospecting for gold, or hunting wild animals, than settle down to the dull ways of civilised life. After several days of continuous travel the party found themselves in a very wild part of the country, where the bush was terribly thick, while the heat was intense and the ground so marshy that the men felt thoroughly exhausted, and would fain have remained quiet, for a day or two, in order to recruit their strength and energies. They could not do this, however, as they only had ten days' provisions with them, while it would take more than a fortnight to reach San Jorgé, the small settlement to which they were going. To make their position more unfortunate still, the Englishman, Ned Davis, became quite ill with what seemed to be an attack of fever and ague. What were they to do? The Englishman could not travel; the whole party could not remain with him till he was better, as, if they did so, they would certainly starve; therefore it was a great relief to the six Americans when Colin McRae proposed to remain with his fellow-Britisher till he recovered, after which they would travel on to San Jorgé, and rejoin their companions.

This was at once agreed to, the provisions were divided with scrupulous exactness, and the party separated. Colin soon found that the task he had undertaken was no light one, for Ned Davis, though a stout-hearted fellow when in good health, became miserably low-spirited when ague was upon him; he shivered with cold, he refused to eat, and would scarcely answer when Colin spoke to him. Fortunately for the invalid, Colin was a good, unselfish fellow: he kept up a large fire, partly to frighten away wild animals, and partly to afford necessary warmth to his poor friend; he also met all his peevishness with the utmost good-humour. And he had his reward, for day by day Ned's health improved, the shivering fits were less frequent, and he became more hopeful and cheerful. One day Colin saw that the invalid was asleep, so he went to some distance from the tent in order to gather brushwood for the fire. On his return he was horrified to see a large coral-snake gliding noiselessly into the tent, no doubt attracted by the warmth of the fire. The coral-snake is a very deadly reptile. Colin knew



Colin's Presence of Mind saves his Friend.

that if it were disturbed by any movements of the sleeping man, it would certainly bite, and if so, nothing could save the unfortunate fellow, whose death would certainly take place within an hour or two. It was, indeed, for poor Colin a very anxious moment, but he proved himself equal to it. Throwing down his bundle of brushwood, he seized an immense thick stick, with which he struck the snake across the back, killing it in one moment. Thus by his presence of mind he saved the life of his sick countryman. After this, no event of any moment took place. Ned's recovery was continuous and rapid, so that in a few days he was able to resume the march to San Jorgé, where the two men found their friends anxiously awaiting their arrival.

M.

Two Little Kittens.

THE TWO LITTLE KITTENS.

TWO little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

'I'll have that mouse,' said the biggest cat;
'You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that!'
'I *will* have that mouse,' said the eldest son;
'You *shan't* have the mouse,' said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room;

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the poor little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor:

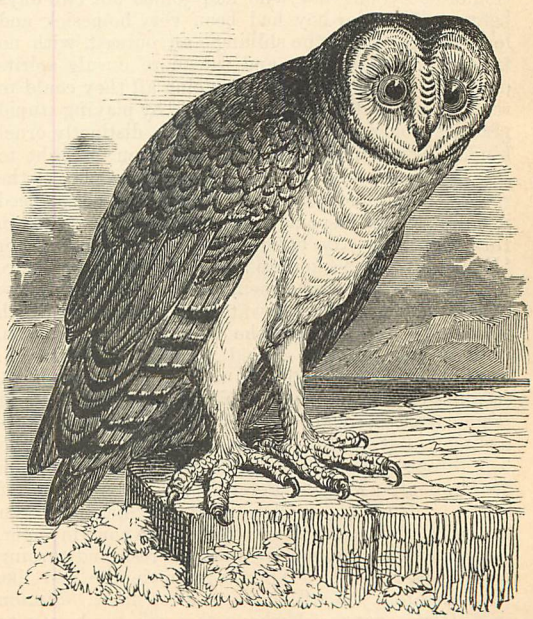
Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with the snow, and as cold as ice,
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lay down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

THE WHITE OR BARN OWL.

THIS bird is of delicate colour and soft plumage. It is mostly found near the abodes of man, and it likes to live near farmyards, that it may feast on the mice which make such havoc in the farmers' ricks, fields, and barns. From this useful taste this bird is sometimes called the 'feathered cat.'

In the evening dusk, when the mice begin to search for a meal, the owl starts in search of the mice, and with noiseless flight alights upon the ground, where it watches with its great round eyes every movement of a grass-blade, or listens with its sharp ears to every sound.

Seldom does the field-mouse escape if it ventures within sight or hearing of the owl, who is always ready to pounce on the victim, and to hold it between



The White or Barn Owl.

its claws till it has gobbled it up. If the bird has caught a mouse and is going to eat it, the mouse is generally first bitten across the back to kill it, and is then thrown up into the air so as to fall with its head downwards, and is very soon swallowed.

The owl is easily tamed when caught young, and makes an amusing pet. If it be treated with kindness it will stay with its owner, whom it welcomes with pleasure, and shows its dislike of strangers by a sharp hiss and a snap of the bill.

The general colour of the white owl, as it is called, is different shades of buff, with touches of grey, white, and black. The under part of the male bird is pure white; the claws are brown, and the eyes are blue-black. The young birds are just like little puffs of white down. K.

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 27.)

MEANTIME, by his good-tempered smartness and evident desire to learn his duty, Paul had quite won over the heart of rough old Irish Sergeant Magrath, under whom he was placed, and though by no means so old as four or five of the other recruits, he was placed in charge of the dormitory in which they and he slept. On the very first night of this new duty, he was called upon to interfere for the protection of one young lad who had joined but two days before. The poor boy had been very homesick and lonely since taking the shilling—an outcast, with no friends in the service; and the more unruly spirits of the barrack room had been doing all they could to render his life the more unbearable by playing stupid practical jokes upon him, some of a distinctly cruel kind. None of these had as yet been brought to Paul's notice, and as to the ordinary horseplay of the room, Sergeant Magrath had bidden him not to heed it unless it got beyond reasonable bounds. But on this night, shortly before the bugle sounded for 'lights out,' he looked up and saw four of the more disorderly of the young men, led by a bullying fellow called Flanagan, pouring water on to the pallet which was to be occupied by the wretched boy, Simson, until it was literally soaked through and through. Paul looked on quietly at these proceedings, seeming to take no heed of either the victim's mild remonstrances, or of the doings of his four tormentors; but when, having thoroughly soaked the bed through, they were proceeding to make Simson get into it, 'Private Peter West' roused himself leisurely from the pallet on which he had been lounging, and, without even raising his voice in anger, quietly drew Simson away from the rest, and turning to Flanagan, said: 'You have made the bed like this, therefore you will have to sleep in it. Simson will sleep in yours. Perhaps this will teach you to understand that these jokes are only funny to those who don't have to suffer from them. Do you hear?'

Flanagan turned white with rage, and for a moment or two his companions backed him up, and made as though they would combine with him to attack Paul; but a second glance at the huge loosely-knit frame, and the keen steely-grey eyes, led them to alter their minds and slink off, muttering threats of what they would do at some future time. Cowards are always *going to* do so much—only, somehow or other, they never seem to find a convenient opportunity for doing it!

Paul laughed at their threats. Like most big people, he was not quarrelsome. He merely desired to do what was right without wrangling and fighting about it. On the other hand, if his duty, or what he conceived to be his duty, could not be carried out without fighting, none were likely to find him lacking in a cool courage, all the more terrible to face because it was so seldom displayed.

His comrades soon got to know that 'Private West' was a rare good fellow as long as you 'went straight' with him, but a man you would far rather reckon your friend than your enemy at any time. To be just and fair in your dealings was to be friendly with 'Peter,' as some of them soon began to call him; but all they who acted shiftily, or played the bully to the weaker, had to look out for squalls from the big, fair-haired young fellow, whose grip on a man's arm even was enough to draw a howl from any one in the barrack room.

At his first turn of sentry duty Peter was stationed at the gates leading into the town, where his splendid proportions drew upon him more attention than he found exactly pleasant. Errand-boys stopped to gaze at him open-mouthed. One youth, the doctor's boy, carrying a little square basket of medicine, was so absorbed in whipping his top along the pathway that he got within a yard of the giant sentry before seeing him. He dropped the basket out of his hands in sheer fright as he looked straight up almost directly over his head and caught sight of the black bearskin busby, the top of which towered nearly eight feet from the ground.

'Them Fusiliers is awful chaps!' he said, later on in the day, to the young gentleman with whom he was in the habit of playing marbles. 'They look about twenty feet high! I suppose they need them to frighten old Boney with.'

Then nursemaids would stop and stare at him in amazement. Anon, an old lady would take off her spectacles, rub them with a handkerchief, and then putting them on again, take a long look at the young Fusilier to see if he were indeed real, or only a huge over-life-size wooden figure. But none of these gave him any serious annoyance. A good-natured smile rested on his countenance until his eye fell upon two men walking up the other side of the street, engaged in earnest converse. Something about them struck him as familiar, and just then they turned to cross the road towards him. He knew them in a trice. They were the parish constable and the driver who had been engaged in conveying him to prison at the time he had made his escape!

At that moment Sergeant Magrath, in all the

glory of uniform and stripes, issued from the barrack yard, and the two constables advanced to meet him. Magrath had been fully informed by his brother sergeant that the splendid young giant had got into some trouble or other, and was keeping out of the way of the authorities. He had never sought to inquire what that trouble was. He neither knew nor cared. Of course, he had no suspicion that it was so serious a thing as a charge of murder or manslaughter, coupled with highway robbery. All he did care for was that the army should keep such a splendid soldier, especially when such sore need existed, and he had made up his mind beforehand how to act in the event of the peace officers attempting to take the big recruit.

As the two men got up to red-faced old Magrath, who was swaggering jauntily along with his stout silver-headed cane in his hand, one of the constables thus addressed him :—

'Good-day, Sergeant. My mate here and myself are on the look-out for one of your men—at least, we think—that is, we have been told—you have a very big young man here in your ranks, and we hold a warrant for his arrest.'

'A big young man, is it? Well, and wouldn't we be all big young men in the 17th Fusiliers, I would like to know?'

The constable smiled and said—

'Ah! but not so big as the one we want, Sergeant. He's little less than a giant, and you can't mistake him.'

A bold scheme entered the Sergeant's head. Turning round in a pretended rage to 'Private Peter West,' he shouted at him, 'Go on with your walk, you rascal, will you! Pull your busby properly over your ugly nose, will you! Bedad. it's after reporting you I'll be, if you stand idly by and looking at your betters—that's me, by the way ——' Then, as Paul, alarmed at the sight of the peace-officers, and fearful that, in spite of his altered appearance and his strange uniform, they would know him, still stood staring across the road at them, the good old Sergeant shouted out:

'Oh, you won't obey me, then, won't you? Is it mutiny ye would be after? Turn your ugly face to your sentry-box! I will soon show ye, ye mutinous rascal, what discipline is!' and striding across to him, he caught him by the shoulder and thrust him round facing the sentry-box, and whispering in his ear at the same moment: 'Keep still.'

'And now, gentlemen,' continued Magrath, as he again joined the peace-officers, 'now that I've punished this mutinous rapscallion—by the blood of the Magrath's! for him to dare to pry into his superior officer's—that's me—business!' he spluttered out in a pretended rage. 'But, never mind, he will know better after I have done with him. What is it I can do for ye, now?'

'Well, Sergeant, we want to see the books, and to have a look at your recently joined lot of recruits. The man we are looking for is a very big fellow, and——'

'If ye have nothing more to go upon than the name in the books and his size, it will be a difficult job. For ye see, half of them that come up for the King's shilling don't enter by their own names at all—at all, and as to his being an extra out-size, why, will he be any bigger than that fellow opposite, think ye—the very first man of the 17th Fusiliers that ye've put your eyes on?'

The constables looked at the broad back and towering busby of 'Private Peter West' and then back at each other in a puzzled kind of way.

'Well, no, Sergeant; no, we don't suppose our man *is* any bigger than that. But there can't be very many of that size now, surely, in your regiment?'

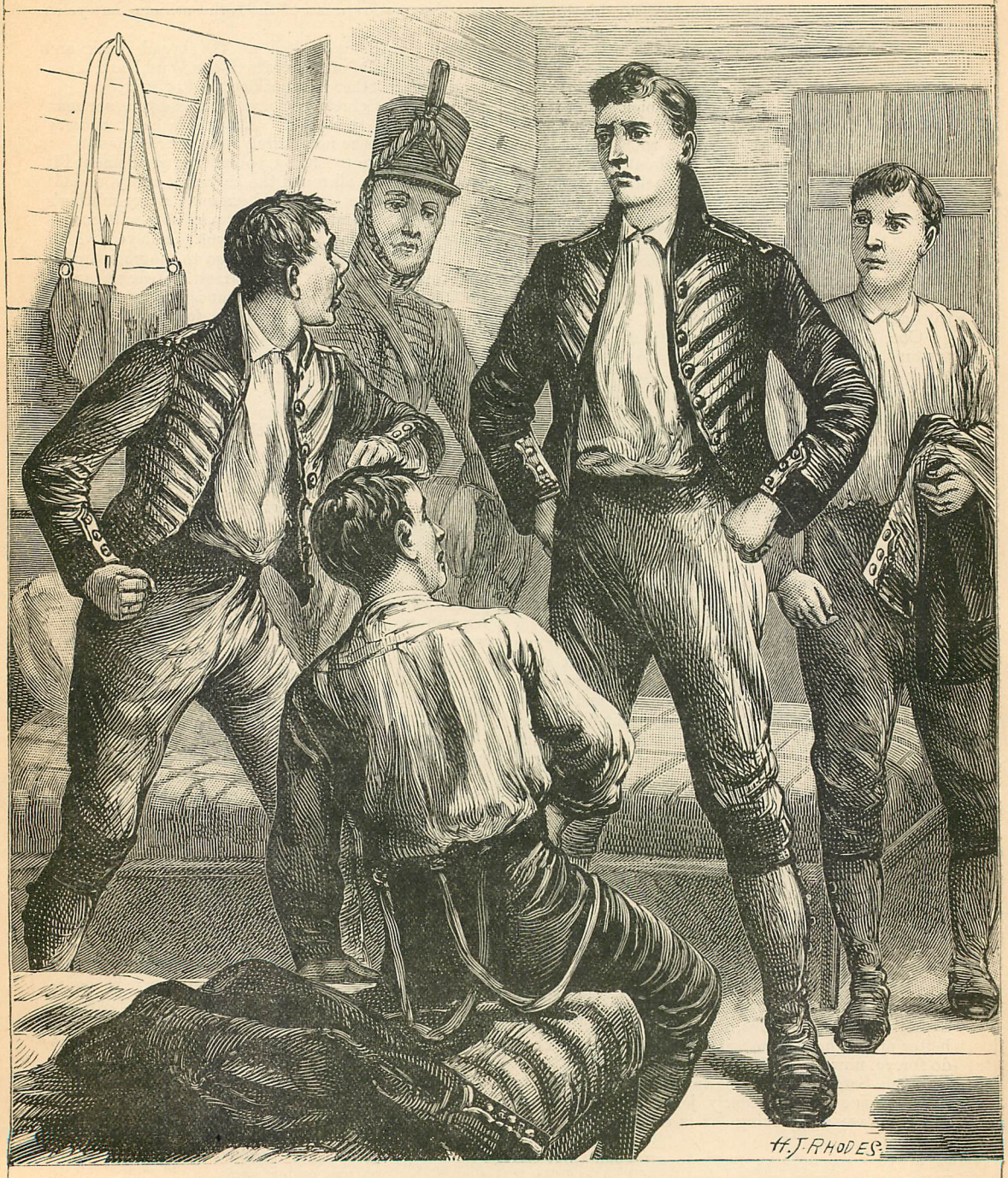
'If you'd like to satisfy yourselves, gentlemen, I'll accompany you all round the barracks, and you shall see for yourselves—aye, and examine every mother's son amongst them. Come this way now with me.—Sentry!' he bawled, 'as soon as you're relieved, which will be in a quarter of an hour, go to the guard-room and consider yourself under arrest. Tear an' ages! I'll teach ye to stare at them that is put in authority over ye—that's me!' and with a ferocious glare at Private West, accompanied by a slight wink of the eye which nearly upset that young soldier's gravity at a critical moment, Magrath swaggered off, accompanied by the peace-officers.

After a careful inspection of the different rooms, squares, and squads, in which the men of the depôt were assembled, and which naturally resulted in disappointment to themselves, the two constables were constrained to take themselves off with their warrant, whilst Magrath, after bowing them out with the air of a Commander-in-chief, winked solemnly to himself and whistled a few bars of 'Garryowen' by way of relieving his feelings.

'And now, my boy, I see it won't be healthy for you to run these risks any longer,' said he, as, some ten minutes later, he was seated in the guard-house with his hand upon Private Peter West's shoulder. 'There is a draft going out the day after to-morrow, and we will include you in it. Once out of the country and you will be safe for the rest of your natural life—that is, if ye are to have one, for it's not every man that goes out to have a cut at old Boney will need to pay for an English funeral. However, we are all soldiers, and therefore we are all prepared for that. I go out myself with your company, and that will be none the worse for you, as I dare say you will admit. If there is anything you be doubtful about come to me, and as an old hand—I have seen a bit of fighting in my time—I will try to tell ye right. Always consult yer betters—that's me!' concluded the sergeant, with yet another knowing wink.

Paul thanked him warmly for his friendliness that day, and straightway set to work to prepare for the coming change of quarters. As may well be imagined, a penniless private would not be overburdened with luggage, even if he were allowed to take it, and as he had no friends he wanted to take leave of, his getting ready was not a very serious business. He did, however, write to his brother a mild and dignified letter, informing him that he was just about embarking for the Peninsula, but not mentioning in what regiment he was. This dispatched, he had nothing more to do than to await, in some impatience, the time when his detachment should be ordered under arms, and they should embark for the seat of war.

(*Continued at page* 46.)



"Paul laughed at their threats."

Saved by a Dog.

SAVED BY A DOG.

DURING the Franco-German War, in A.D. 1870, a French soldier, who had been shot in the chest, lay bleeding and in terrible pain on the battle-field. Night came on, and he was alone with the dead bodies of his late comrades. But his dog, a little terrier, found him, and came up to him licking his face and hands. After a while, it seized its master's cap and ran away. The wounded man thought that even his dog had forsaken him, and gave himself up for lost. The terrier, however, had gone to the nearest house, two or three miles off, and the people, seeing a soldier's cap in its mouth, and noticing its restless, excited manner, guessed that help was needed, and set off with the little dumb guide in front. The dog led them straight to his master, who had fainted with pain and loss of blood; but, thanks to the friendly help which was thus brought to him, his life was saved.

ADALMINA; OR, THE BEST GIFT.

(From the Swedish of Z. TOPELIUS.)

ONCE upon a time there lived a little princess whose name was Adalmina. She was the only child of her parents, who loved her very much. In fact, it is to be feared that they almost made an idol of her.

When Princess Adalmina was christened, two good fairies were asked to be her godmothers. One of these was called the Red, the other the Blue, Fairy. Both gave their godchild a gift. The Red Fairy's present was a large and costly pearl, the like of which was never before seen. Three other good gifts, moreover, were linked with it.

'As long as Adalmina wears this pearl,' said the fairy, 'she will grow more lovely, wealthy, and clever every day; but should she lose the pearl, she will at the same time lose the other three gifts of beauty, riches, and cleverness, and she will never get them back until she regains the pearl.'

Thus spake the Red Fairy. Then the Blue Fairy said:

'Adalmina has already received such splendid gifts that it might be thought she needs nothing more. There is still, however, one gift remaining. It is, in truth, the best of all, and I will give it to Adalmina on one condition. My gift will have no power unless the princess should lose her pearl, with the three gifts which go with it; in that case I will grant her, in its stead, a fourth gift—the gift of a humble heart. Thus shall it be!'

With a farewell nod the two fairies vanished.

The king and queen rejoiced greatly. They thought: 'If only our child is beautiful, rich, and clever, it will scarcely matter what sort of heart she has. We will take good care of her pearl; then she will never need the Blue Fairy's shabby present. The Red Fairy had a far better idea of the kind of gift suitable for a princess. That stingy Blue one gave our dear baby alms just as one throws a penny to a beggar in the street!'

The king had a golden crown made for his beloved daughter. It exactly fitted the child's head, and was so ingeniously put together that as Adalmina grew the crown grew also, and fitted as well as ever. Moreover, it would fit no one else, but was either too big or too small for every other person. The top of the crown was pointed, and in the point the wondrous pearl was so strongly and firmly secured that it was impossible that it should fall out.

Adalmina always wore this crown when she slept in her gilded cradle and when she was awake, and, as she grew older, when she played about in the castle. For fear of losing the pearl the king and queen had strictly forbidden any one to let the princess go beyond the big gate between the garden and the park. They commanded also that whenever she went out she was to be attended by four gentlemen-in-waiting and four ladies-in-waiting, who had strict orders to watch over both princess and pearl with the utmost care.

These ladies and gentlemen gave heed to their instructions; for if they had dared to disregard them, they knew well that their fate would be death at the hands of the executioner.

As the princess grew up, everything happened as the Red Fairy had foretold. Adalmina was the loveliest princess that had ever been seen. Her eyes shone like bright stars, and when she walked in the garden all the flowers bowed down before her, saying, 'You are fairer than we are.' Then she was also immensely rich. Her room was splendid! Its floor was inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver, the walls were of looking-glass, the roof was golden and studded with diamonds. Adalmina ate off gold, dressed in gold, slept on gold, and would also have eaten gold had it not been too hard for her to bite.

She was so marvellously clever, too, that she could guess the very hardest riddles, and she remembered the longest lessons, even if she had only once looked at them. Every one was of opinion that Adalmina was the cleverest princess of all who had ever existed or who ever would exist.

Well! there is certainly no harm in being pretty, wealthy, and learned, if only we know how to use these gifts aright. But, unfortunately, Adalmina, through hearing all around her sing her praises, began to think a great deal too much of herself. She actually believed that every one else was inferior to her! Poor princess! this self-conceit was a sad blot on her beauty, and it well-nigh became her ruin.

The older she grew the worse she became. Her conceit led on to other serious faults; she was greedy, envious, hard of heart. If she saw a beautiful flower in the garden she trampled it beneath her feet, because she thought that she alone had the right to be beautiful. She felt vexed whenever she met another princess driving in a golden carriage, for she thought that no one should be grand but herself.

She cried with spite if any one praised another girl in her hearing. Adalmina abused every person who did not flatter her; at the same time she despised those who yielded to her whims. In short, she was a thorough tyrant, and her royal parents were the only people in their kingdom who were not offended by her pride.

When Adalmina was fifteen years of age, she walked out one day in the palace gardens. She went as far as the gate, and felt very much inclined to go on into the park. But the gate was locked, and no one dared open it, because the king had so strictly forbidden it. For the first time, therefore, the four ladies-in-waiting and the four gentlemen-in-waiting who attended the princess declined to obey her orders. Adalmina threw herself into a fearful passion, and went so far as to slap the faces of her unfortunate servants. Then she ran away from them, and clambered over the gate. Of course her attendants followed her; but she ran farther and farther, until at last she disappeared behind some distant trees.

(*Concluded at page* 54.)

'SAVE HIM FIRST.'

SOME years ago there was an accident in a coal mine in Gloucestershire. Six men were going down into the mine, when the handle of the cart in which they were sitting broke, and they were all killed. A man and a boy had been clinging to the rope which held the cart, and as the accident happened, they each made a spring, and managed to catch hold of a long iron chain which is always hung down the side of a coal-pit as a guide. When the people at the top heard of the accident, and found that some one was clinging to the chain, they sent down a man to rescue him. The man himself was securely fastened to the end of a rope, and had another noose or loop of rope which he could tie round the body of the man to be rescued, and then they would both be drawn up together. He came first to the boy, Daniel Harding, and was just going to seize him, when the boy cried: 'Don't mind me, I can still hold on a little; but Joseph Brown, who is a bit lower down, is nearly exhausted: save him first.' So the brave lad hung on patiently for another quarter of an hour, and saved his friend's life at the risk of his own.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

Geographical Anagrams.

6.—1. Heed a stag. A town in the north of England.
2. E. strews mint. The seat of the English Parliament.
3. Ten cool tin pans. The chief city of a country in the south of Europe.
4. Lo! my bard. A country in the north of Italy.
5. Warble on, Tommy. A town in a midland county of England.
6. Go near. A river in Africa,
7. Sam, I bleed. A town in Westmoreland.
8. Amy Routh. A town in Norfolk.
9. Heap corn. The extreme point of a continent in the New World.
10. Rave on, H. A country in Europe.
11. O! dare I plan. A town in the south of Europe.
12. No! be as true. A town in Sussex. C. C.

7.—1. Heaps. True.—A river in Turkey in Asia.
2. Rid. Foal.—A country in North America abounding in great varieties of wood.
3. Crag. Heat.—A city in the north of Africa once the scene of some famous wars.
4. Lorn. Claw.—A county in the south of England.
5. Hut. Run. Boom.—A watering-place on the south coast of England.
6. Tree. Moss.—A town in Massachusetts, also in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania; a county in the south of England.
7. Ox. Mice.—A large country in North America at one time belonging to Spain.
8. Than. Gold.—An island in the Baltic Sea.
9. Rained.—An isthmus uniting two continents.
10. Hero. Van.—A kingdom in the north of Germany.
C. C.

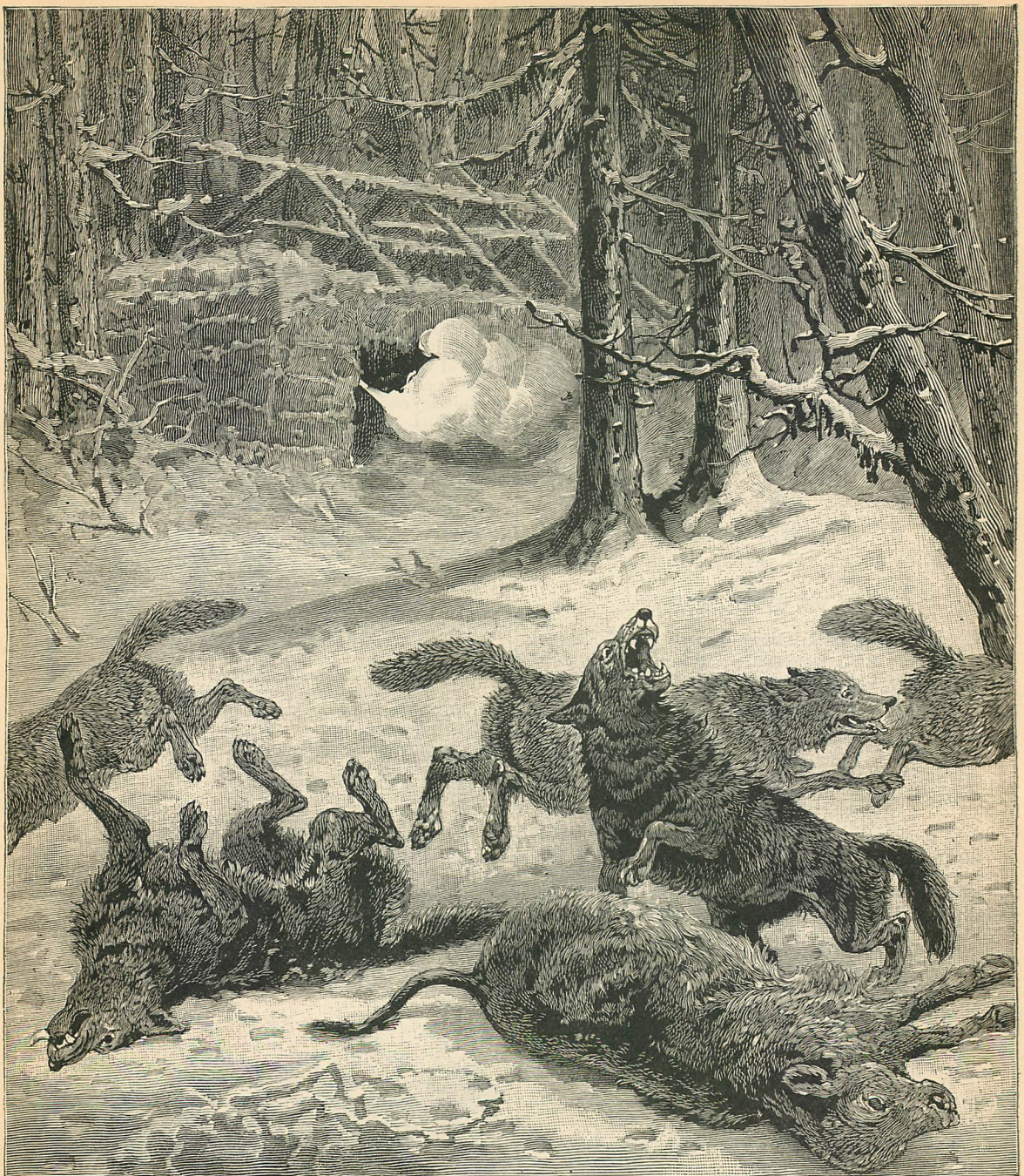
[*Answers at page* 62.]

ANSWERS.

5.—1. He who acts greatly, is truly great.
2. Do what you ought, come what may.
3. Discord reduces strength to weakness.
4. Diligence is the mistress of success.
5. Empty vessels make the greatest sound.
6. He who would reap well must sow well.
7. Ignorance is the parent of many faults.
8. Bad examples are like contagious diseases.
9. It is good to begin well, but better to end well.
10. Never wake a sleeping lion.
11. Keep good company, and be one of the number.
12. Little sins often lead to great evils.
13. Lose no opportunity of doing a good action.
14. Make provision for want in time of plenty.
15. Meddle not with that which concerns you not.
16. Modesty has more charms than beauty.

HUNTING THE WOLF IN RUSSIA.

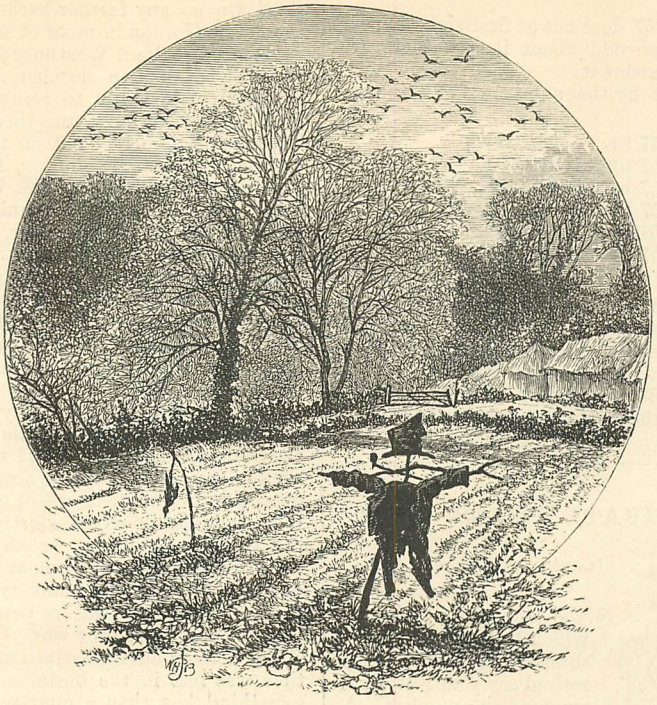
ALMOST every one is familiar with the appearance of the common wolf—its long legs, lank body, sloping forehead, oblique eyes, and erect ears. Wolves inhabit a great variety of country, both hill and plain, thick forests and broken ground. They are fierce, yet cowardly, not venturing to attack men, except under pressure of extreme hunger, but preying upon all manner of small animals—foxes, hares, and other wild creatures, besides the lambs and kids of the poor peasant, when they can get hold of them. The Russian wolf is the largest and fiercest of these animals, and though in summer it keeps a good deal



Hunting the Wolf in Russia.

out of sight, it becomes during the severe and prolonged winter of northern latitudes a most dangerous enemy to man, from its habit of uniting in packs for the sake of mutual assistance in obtaining a livelihood. It is then that the traveller by sledge or on foot must keep a good look-out, if he expects ever to see his home again; but, indeed, the horses attached to a sledge may be trusted to let their driver know when the enemy is near — their wild, rolling eyes, distended nostrils, and greatly increased speed showing that they have scented the foe, who may be already on their track.

The loss of life and property caused by wolves is very great in many places. In Russia, for instance, which may be called the natural home of the wolf, it has been computed that, in the year A.D. 1889,



The Scarecrow.

203 persons fell victims to these animals, while the annual damage done to live stock was estimated at upwards of 700,000*l.*; hence it is not wonderful that wolves are everywhere detested, and that the chase for them is keenly pursued, especially as the Russian Government has wisely offered a tempting reward for each wolf destroyed.

In spring and summer, wolves are solitary, or found in pairs; in autumn they go in families; and in winter, especially if it is a severe one, in packs.

The peasants of Russia adopt various methods of destroying wolves, and thus obtaining the hoped-for reward. One plan—and a very successful one—is for several vigorous and determined men to take possession of some woodcutter's ruined shanty, where they entrench themselves, with fire-arms and plenty of ammunition, and, doubtless, also with a good supply of food for their own use: but before concealing themselves in this shelter, they tie up some poor animal in the foreground, to serve as bait for the wolves. The animal selected for this purpose is usually a calf or a goat, the plaintive, distressed cries of the poor captive attracting the wolves to the spot.

Wolves, however, are very cautious, and will often hover round the bait for some time before attacking it, under the impression that there is some trap concealed about its carcase. This time of hesitation on the part of the wolves is, of course, very useful to the hunters, who have time to take sure and steady aim. Usually, at the first shot one or two wolves are killed, while the others hurry off and disappear from view. They are sure, however, to return, for when hard pressed for food they will risk everything to satisfy their hunger. In this way, if the hunters are only patient enough to remain hidden for hours, many wolves may be killed, while the peasants, who are generally very poor, will receive ten roubles for the head of each wolf. M.

THE SCARE-CROW.

POOR old scare-crow, standing there,
Your long arms flapping in the air,
With brimless hat, and ragged coat,
For which no man would give a groat.
What purpose do you serve? come say,
You think you drive the rooks away?
Then let me tell you, (and 'tis true,)
The rooks don't care a fig for you!

They watch at first, with cautious look,
They want to know who killed that rook?
But soon accustomed to the sight,
Of your grim figure, they alight
With perfect coolness on the ground,
And pick up all that can be found,
And then they cry, when fully fed,
'Good night, old man, we're off to bed,
And we advise, that you go too,
A fig for scare-crows such as you!' D. B.

A MYSTERIOUS NUMBER.

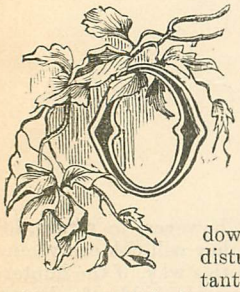
THE number 142,857 does not at first sight appear to have anything odd about it, yet there are some strange things about it.

Let us multiply it by the numbers 2 to 7 and see the result.

142,857 by 2 is 285,714.
142,857 by 3 is 428,571.
142,857 by 4 is 571,428.
142,857 by 5 is 714,285.
142,857 by 6 is 857,142.
142,857 by 7 is 999,999.

The first five products, you will observe, are composed not only of the same figures, but of the same figures in the same order, though beginning with a different figure each time. And the strangest part of it all is that 142,857 multiplied by 7 is 999,999, but after that point the products lose their oddity.

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'



(*Continued from page* 39.)

N the night before that on which the draft was to be shipped many of the men retired early to rest, Paul amongst the number. A few of the more turbulent spirits, indeed, trooped down the town, shouting and disturbing the peaceable inhabitants; but the picket had a summary way of dealing with the refractory, and all the public-house loafers were quickly picked up and brought in. It was not before midnight, however, that the sleeping-rooms generally were quiet enough to let the men get any rest. Paul, his mind filled with thoughts of the opening scenes in his new life, lay awake far into the next morning, thinking. His had been, so far, anything but a happy existence. True, he had had those great blessings, health and strength, which we never value at their full worth until they begin to fail us: he had a splendid frame, and the conscience of the man who has never knowingly done harm to the meanest thing on earth: but love, affection, friendship even, he had never known. And yet his heart was full of a great yearning for sympathy. Happily for Paul, he was still young, and he lived on, believing, hoping, praying to God to give him something, some one, to love. He was content to wait God's good time for gaining his heart's desire.

But now the area of his life was opening widely on new fields: leaving the narrow round of his previous existence, he was to enter on the morrow upon the active career of a soldier: and those who choose to think of a soldier as a mere vulgar butcher of his fellow-men, a machine for 'letting loose the dogs of war,' go very wide of the mark indeed: it is no figure of speech to say that a good Christian is oftentimes the best of soldiers. Need we go any farther back than the example of the heroic Gordon in proof of such a saying?

Hardly had Paul Westbury dropped at length into a somewhat broken slumber, when the blast of a bugle summoned him to action. Springing up, he quickly dressed, and, together with a number of his comrades, hurried out on to the parade-ground. The moon was still shining, for the hour was but half-past three when the first bugle sounded. Just before four o'clock the companies began to form up, amidst a clatter of side-arms, a constant tramp of feet, and orders given in short, sharp tones.

Dawn began to make itself apparent, and then the men might be seen, all at their proper stations, under arms, and ready for the word of command. A pause of a few minutes, and then, with a merry clash of fife, drum, and brass, the band struck up, and the column began to move.

Through the streets as they passed, even at that early hour, the people lined the paths thickly, to give the troops God-speed. Alas! that the glories of war should, perforce, always be accompanied by the wail of women in sore distress—of mothers soon, perhaps, to be childless, of wives shortly to be widows. Ah, the sight is a sad one, we all know, but while the world is the world, there must be at least the chance of war. Happy is the country who finds herself so strong that she can ensure peace by always showing that she is prepared for war.

The column having arrived at the water-side, little time was lost in the business of embarkation. In something less than a quarter of an hour the men were all on board, and before long they shook down into their sea-quarters on the old sailing transport which was to convey them to the seat of war. Vastly different was the lot of the soldier of those days to that of his modern successor. The introduction of steam-ships has shortened the number of his days spent on the ocean, whilst now great floating towns, as they seem to be, have taken the place of the cramped, and in many cases none too seaworthy, small vessels formerly employed as transports. The one on which Paul found himself was reckoned a fairly good one of her class, but the accommodation below was wretched. However, there was no help for it, and the soldiers made themselves as comfortable as they could under adverse circumstances. The atmosphere in the cabins was stifling, and as long as it was possible so to do, the men stood about the decks, inhaling the fine breeze coming off the ocean.

Amid the enthusiastic cheering of the people standing on shore, and the playing of the band, the vessel was slowly warped out into the stream, and, favoured by a strong-running tide, the *Defiance* began her long journey south. Both on deck and ashore hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and most cordial farewells were shouted. Soon the sails were shaken out to the breeze, which, blowing from well aloft the beam, soon sent them bowling merrily along at the rate of six or seven knots down Channel.

For the following two days they made their way westward, past Portland Bill and Plymouth, past

the busy harbour of Falmouth, past the Land's End, and fairly out into the majestic swell of the trackless Atlantic Ocean. The sea, but slightly fretted on its surface, shone brilliantly in the sun: only the rushing sound of water at the bows of the transport reminded those upon her decks that she was making any progress on her journey at all. But this fair, calm weather was not destined to last long. Before the shores of the Scilly Isles had well faded out of sight, the breeze freshened until sail after sail had to be taken in, and they were soon scudding along with hardly any canvas to speak of standing. Twelve hours later the mood of the sea again changed: the wind dropped, and, for once in a way, the dreaded Bay of Biscay showed her blue waters in an untroubled spirit to the voyagers: the great swell was there it is true, but of useful breeze the *Defiance* caught hardly any for days.

This life of inaction was surely telling on the spirits of the men, all eager to be at the seat of operations, and helping their comrades to maintain the honour of the English army, and drive the invader, Napoleon, out of Spain. The very uncertainty as to what was happening ashore in that land beneath the shadow of the Pyrenees was vexing to the wave-tossed soldiers, and the fact that no efforts on their own part were of any avail to help forward their rate of progress only troubled them the more.

A week went slowly by. Private Peter West, always conspicuous by reason of his great size and commanding stature, grew in favour both with his superior officers and his comrades. He was smart and cleanly in appearance, sober, quiet, and orderly, a cheery, peaceable young fellow: in short, such a man as was bound, in the ordinary course of things, to get on well with his fellow-men—and get on he did. With the sergeant he had from the outset been a prime favourite: he had given no trouble, learned his drill quickly, and his stature added distinctly to the appearance of the regiment.

They drifted about wearily, waiting for the wind which should waft them to the longed-for Spanish coast; by this time the sufferers had recovered from their sea-sickness, and a certain amount of drilling took place each day on board. One morning after they had been dismissed, a temporary excitement was created amongst them by the look-out man at the mast-head having signalled land on the larboard beam. This proved to be La Rochelle, some long way (alas!) from their destination, and a certain distance away from their direct course, as they should have been farther out from the shore. It was not very far from Bordeaux, out of which at any moment that the wind and tide served, a French war-ship might issue and make very short work of the crazy old transport. This rendered her captain and officers extremely uneasy until, a light breeze springing up, they soon left the land astern of them again, and once more pointed for Bilbao.

Two days later it began to blow. All round, the weather looked thick and hazy, the swell of the Atlantic increased, and all heard that ominous noise of rumbling and roar, so well known to the seaman.

'Well, we have been whistling for a breeze a good long time,' said the captain to his first mate, 'and now it is come, I'm not sure that we are not going to get a bit too much of it. However, we can't pick and choose, and must make the best of things. Down topsails, there! Look alive, lads! look alive! In another half-hour you will none of you care to be running out on to the yards, I'll be bound. That is, if I am any judge of weather, and I think I am,' he added to himself.

The mate looked alternately at the men brailing up the sails on the yards, and then right in the eye of the wind.

'I don't like it, sir,' he said slowly. 'I don't like it, and the glass going down as fast as it has been doing this last hour or more. I think we are in for a dusting, and no mistake.'

The skipper nodded his head with a somewhat gloomy air, but said nothing. The mate went forward, whilst his superior glanced anxiously up aloft again.

The sky was obscured by masses of dark, inky-looking clouds, which drifted hurriedly along the face of the heavens. The waters turned to a dull, heavy, leaden-tinted shade, hissing spitefully along the counter; the heavy rollers broke away astern of them in vein-streaked masses of dull yellow froth and foam. Every now and then the wind came hurtling through the rigging, making every bit of cordage strain and creak. The waves beat against the old transport's sides, as she pitched and rolled on into the blackness of the night. Now a heavy squall of mingled wind and rain struck her, laying her lee bulwarks down to the black abyss of raging waters. Anon, the wind would drop off without any warning, as though to rest and gather renewed energy for its next assault.

It was an ugly look-out, and both wind and tide were obviously setting them in towards the French coast. Not for a moment did the captain leave the deck. All the passengers were ordered below, and the hatches clapped on and battened down, thus making the atmosphere almost stifling. But there was, of course, no choice. The seas which they were constantly shipping would soon have endangered the safety of the ship if such a precaution had been neglected.

'As near as I can judge, we must be somewhere between Bordeaux and the mouth of that little river leading up to Bayonne. What is the name of it?'

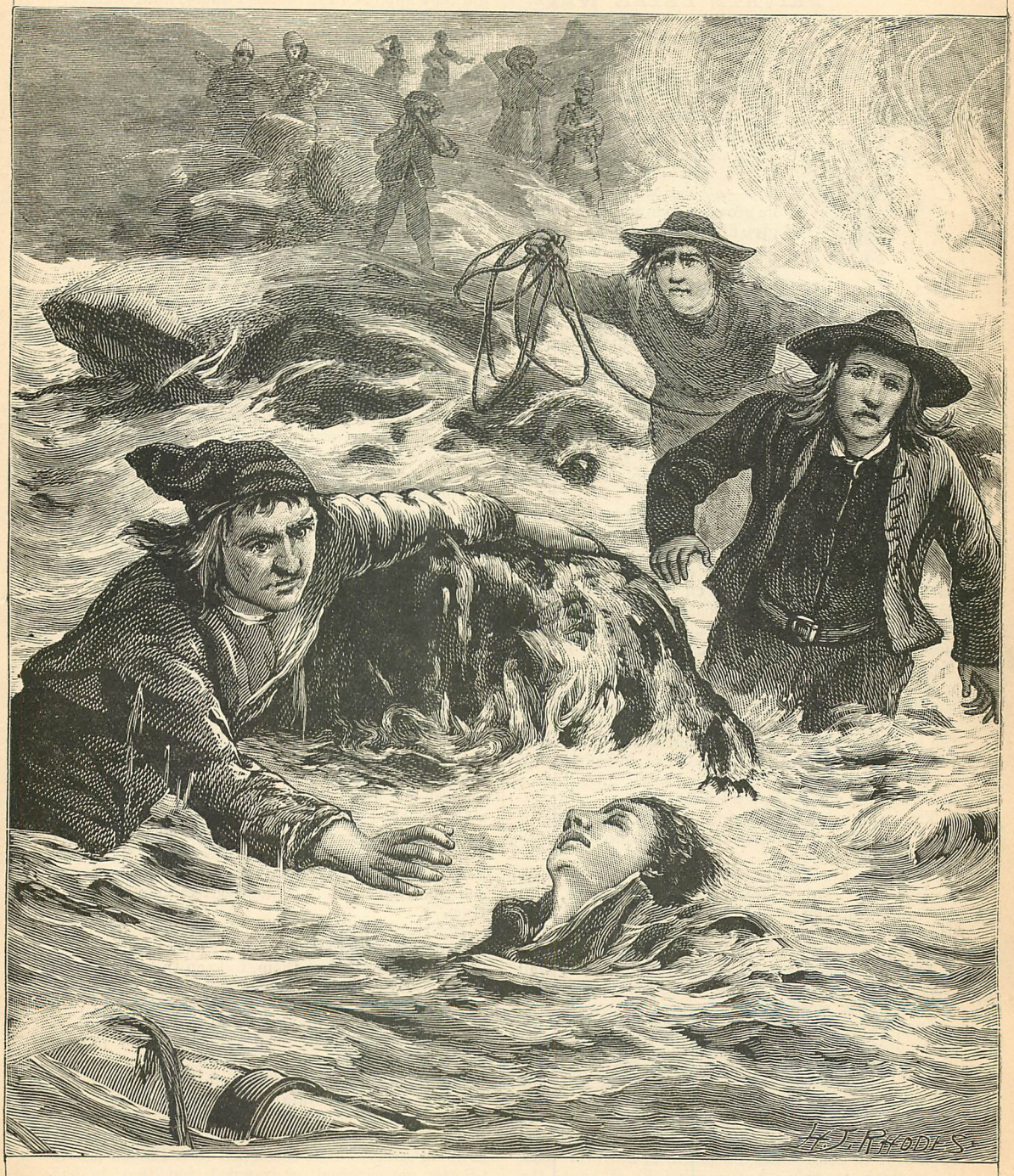
'You mean the Adour, sir.'

'The Adour. Yes, that is about where we are. And from there to St. Sebastien is about as rough and rocky a bit of coast as a man could well get his ship upon. However, we must not begin to talk like that, Coleman. We will just—— Hark! what's that? It is our spar gone. Well, I hope the rest will all hold, at least till morning.'

'Hope so, sir, I'm sure,' came the mate's answer, 'for it's quite out of the question to do any repairing to-night in this sea. As to——' But the rest of his sentence was lost, as a blinding shower of ice-cold spray whizzed sharply into the speaker's face, and a heavy sea struck them on the starboard side, making the vessel shiver from stem to stern.

(*Continued at page* 50.)

"Both on deck and ashore hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and most cordial farewells were shouted."



"The fishermen rushed in waist deep and hauled the body high up on the shore."

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 47.)

CAPTAIN OLIVER, holding on to a rail, and so covered up that only his eyes were visible, shouted in the mate's ear an order which he was to convey to the men—there were four now—at the wheel, and then he growled to himself, 'I would give fifty pounds to have a pilot here who knew this coast. It is my first journey in these parts. I hope it won't prove to be my last.'

About three in the morning, another crash overhead announced that a topmast had gone, whilst every moment was fraught with the imminent danger of something yet more serious going by the board. The wind still blew in fierce, uncertain gusts, and they were only enabled to carry the smallest possible amount of sail. A little later on, the first streaks of dawn appeared over a wild, ragged, angry sea, and all on deck turned their salt-stiffened faces to gaze on their position, as it lay revealed to them by the morning's light.

To starboard stretched a limitless extent of mountainous waves, a veritable waste of waters. On the other side, through the clouds of wind-driven spray, they made out a long strip of sandy shore parallel with them; but this changed a mile or so ahead into an iron-bound coast, with huge rocks standing out of the sea like sentinels or storm spirits, just within the line of breakers. After a hurried visit to his cabin to consult a chart, Captain Oliver made out that the sandy strip lay off the mouth of the Adour, whilst the rocks defended the little fishing village of Biarritz. On, beyond and ahead of them, the bold line of the Pyrenees, running almost down to the edge of the sea, made a kind of huge bay, just in the corner of which lay the small inlet of Los Passages, for which they were making.

The captain looked anxiously from the point of land, some miles still ahead of them, to the rock-bound shore on his lee.

'We are a good bit closer in-shore than I like, Coleman,' he said, addressing the chief mate, 'but we can't help ourselves. If the wind would only shift a point or two off the land, I should feel a deal safer.'

The mate silently nodded. Both men knew well the dangerous position the ship was in. Conversation on the subject was useless.

Steadily did the ruthless tide set her closer and closer in-shore. Though doing all they knew they could not avoid this. They could only keep her up as close to the wind as she would sail, and 'poach' every inch that their best seamanship could effect.

An hour later, and those on board could distinctly make out a noise which no mariner, however bold, hears with anything but a mind ill at ease—the smashing roar of the breakers. They got some more sail on the vessel at great risk, and again tried their utmost to get a little more sea-room. Nearer still did they approach the dreaded shore, until suddenly a thunderous green sea struck their starboard quarter, and for a moment the old transport fairly staggered and stood still beneath the blow. It drove her fast towards the land, and two seas following each other so quickly that they had broken over her before she had righted herself sealed the fate of the *Defiance*.

'Look to the boats,' said the captain in calm tones to his lieutenant. 'Thank Heaven there are no women on board. Don't make more excitement than you can help, but we *must* go ashore, and the boats are our only chance. A good ship would have pulled through this, for after all I have ridden out many a worse gale on just as bad a shore. The boats are all staunch, and if we can carry a bit of sail in them, we can make Passages without falling into the hands of the enemy or getting drowned either.'

The decks were now crowded with anxious men, who had just hurried up from below; but there was no disorder, nothing approaching panic. Discipline taught them that their best chance of life lay in implicit obedience to the orders of their superiors, and the seamen, cool and hardy, used to look danger boldly in the eye, went about the work of swinging the boats out at the davits as though it was merely the weekly drill.

Fortunately for those on board the doomed *Defiance* she carried not only her own proper complement of boats, but also three longboats for service on the rivers. This gave ample room for all, and doubtless it did much to ease the minds of the officers and men who were to take to them. Had they been obliged to overload the boats, it was very unlikely that in such an awful sea they could have lived ten minutes; but with plenty of room for all, no fear need be felt on that score.

The orders to lower the boats were quickly given and as quickly carried out. One by one they were skilfully got over the side, and then cut clear of the now helplessly drifting ship. Private Peter West was ordered away in the third, in company with some ten or a dozen men of his regiment, four of the seamen, and a quartermaster. The captain and chief mate were the last to leave, and within ten minutes of their getting clear the *Defiance* struck heavily. The very next wave made a clean breach right over her, and even to a landsman's eyes it was clear that she must break up in something less than an hour's time.

But there was little leisure for those in the boats to watch the destruction of their old vessel. A desperate task lay before them, to keep their own boats afloat. By incessant labour at the oars, coupled with, in nearly every case, splendid seamanship on the part of the several coxswains, the little flotilla met wave after wave, head on, easing here, rowing for dear life there, until they had put a reasonable distance between themselves and the vicious-looking breakers, in whose fatal clasp they had so nearly been. Before leaving the ship's side, the captain had told them all plainly that they must get as far as Los Passages or be consigned to a French prison. 'Better get capsized or drowned than that,' he had concluded.

The boats, one and all, struggled manfully against

the big surging rollers, whilst a group of French fisher folk had gathered on the Biarritz shore, watching both them and the ship, now fast breaking up. A twofold wish was in the breast of each man standing on the shore—to see his country's enemy destroyed, and to share in the general scramble there would be for the loot of the wrecked vessel, when the huge breakers should cast up their treasures on the beach. At first, when the watchers saw those on the *Defiance* taking to the boats, they naturally imagined that they were going to make for the little harbour, the Port des Pêcheurs, and great was their astonishment when they saw them vigorously plying their oars and beginning the long and dangerous row along the coast towards Los Passages. Great, also, was their disappointment, as they had reckoned upon taking the English soldiers prisoners, and had sent off one of their number, mounted on a fleet little Tarbes horse, to the fortified town of Bayonne, some five miles away, for military assistance, as soon as their experienced eyes saw that nothing, humanly speaking, could save the transport from becoming a wreck. However, consolation was afforded them in the thought of all the good things which must come ashore from the wreck when she had ground out her life on the rocks and sand.

Meantime, the boats full of British soldiers were gallantly making their way towards the spot where the line of the Pyrenees marked the little inlet of Los Passages. They would have to pull hard over many a mile of rough and troubled sea, before the desired haven was reached, but, with plenty of willing arms to take their turn at the oars, hope beat high in every heart that in spite of their misfortune they were neither to fall victims to the watery element nor to their foes on shore.

How true it is that 'man proposes and God disposes!' Where every soul was sanguine in the little fleet of boats, none was more full of hope and courage than Paul. Drenched through and shivering with the cold, he longed for the time to come when his turn at an oar would afford him exercise and a change of position. His boat was nearest in-shore, and some little distance from the rest. A giant wave had passed harmlessly beneath the other boats, and was rolling in its thundering fury towards the one in which he was seated. Then, without warning of any sort, it rose menacingly within a few feet of them. For an instant its threatening hollow, fringed with a blinding spray, curved high above their heads; in the next it had broken and engulfed them within its deadly embrace. The boat rolled helplessly over, and in a moment every one of her hapless crew was struggling in the foam, swept away, farther and farther, towards the rock-bound shore. Of his companions, at first Paul saw not a trace: then a dark form, a hand, an arm, appeared here and there, but for a moment only, to be sucked down again in the vortex of storm-tossed waters. Paul was caught up on the top of an enormous roller and hurled with lightning speed, through mingled foam and churned-up sand, shore-wards. The next instant he lay, to all appearance lifeless, but almost out of reach of the waves, upon the beach. Half a dozen of the fishermen, who had witnessed the capsizing of the boat, rushed in waist-deep and hauled the body high upon the shore. Of the rest of that unhappy crew no trace was ever seen again by mortal eye.

The whole group of fisher-folk, men and women, quickly gathered round the prostrate body of the young man, and one of them, more thoughtful than the rest, forced a few drops of fiery French brandy down his throat.

'I think he lives,' said one. 'My faith! if all the English soldiers are as big as this one, our brave fellows will have their work cut out in order to defeat them. He is a giant, is he not?'

'Bah, Francois, you are childish. Do you not know that all the good soldiers are small men? Look at our Napoleon, our Emperor, our *petit caporal!* Is it not said that even the General of the big nose' (Wellington) 'is also small? But certainly it may be that the English officers are small, whilst their soldiers are all even like this, so enormous a man! Truly it is not I that would like to meet him in combat. No, no; I would not; but see, he is moving, he lives!'

And as the fisherman spoke, consciousness began to slowly return to Paul. He opened his eyes, shivering with the cold, and trying to recollect what had befallen him. It was some time before he succeeded in doing this, and even when a sense of his forlorn situation dawned upon him, he could hardly be said to fully realise that he was cast away in the enemy's country, his comrades of the boat most likely drowned, and himself a prisoner of war before he had even been allowed to join his regiment at Los Passages. And Passages was so close! So nearly had he reached the goal. And then to fall a captive, practically within sight of where the British lines were formed on the borderland of France. Oh, it was all too cruel, thought he, as he lay helpless, his huge frame heaving with slowly returning life. Another few minutes in that awful sea would surely have battered the life out of him, strong and big as he was; and as he gazed fearfully at the boiling cauldron, from which a merciful providence had snatched him, he tremblingly offered up mingled thanks for his own deliverance, and a prayer for the safety of his brave comrades, still 'in peril on the sea.' Bitter as his own lot, that of a prisoner, must be, his great heart was too full of fears for his friends to have much room left for self-pity.

The peasants still stood stupidly round his prostrate form. They could think of nothing better to do with their prisoner than to keep him until the soldiers arrived from Bayonne. They would take him, and thus relieve the fisherman of all further trouble.

At length, Paul felt so far recovered as to rise to his feet, which he did without help, and giving himself a great shake like a Newfoundland dog emerging from the water after a swim, he stood, towering a head and shoulders above all the rest, in the centre of the group of French and Basque fishermen.

The weather, always fitful and uncertain on Biscay's coast, was already somewhat moderating. The wind was still blowing at intervals in savage blasts, the waves still rose and broke with deafening screech and roar upon the strand; but the intervals of quiet became more frequent, and Paul, looking to see if he could catch sight of the boats, felt hopeful for those who filled them. Yes, thought he, they will surely

reach Passages now. With the wind setting as it was they would get into smoother water as they approached the foot of the Pyrenees, the great mountains catching and breaking the force of the wild gusts as the boats got abreast of St. Jean de Luz. This thought consoled the lonely red-coated prisoner as he stood, now fully recovered in wind and vigour, and gazed across the waste of waters, and anon at the distant mountain tops to his left. They were the great gate set up by nature between Spain and France, and, unfortunately, he found himself on the wrong side of the wicket! Well, thought he, one man in the ranks can make small difference to the fate of nations. I am already experiencing 'the fortune of war,' and must bear it as calmly and bravely as may be. I wonder what is to be my own fate?

(*Continued at page* 58.)

THE ARCHBISHOP WON.

A GOOD story is told of Archbishop Whately. On one occasion he was in a field near Dublin where some men were haymaking.

'Now, my lads,' said the Archbishop, 'you all see that tree yonder?' pointing to a large tree several hundred yards away.

'Yes, your Grace,' was the reply.

'Well,' said the Archbishop, 'the man who touches that tree first shall have this half-crown.'

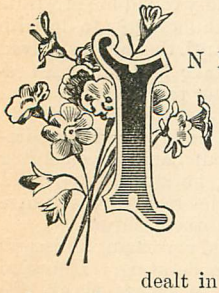
The men got ready for the race.

'Now, then,' shouted the Archbishop, 'one, two, three, away!'

Off the men started, each doing his best. When about one-third of the way to the tree, they heard the sound of quick steps behind them, and soon the tall figure and long legs of the Archbishop swept past them. With a laugh, the Archbishop touched the tree first, and put the half-crown in his pocket. But after they had owned him to be the winner, each of the losers was presented with a half-crown.

THE GINGERBREAD SELLER.

—o—



IN London streets, where almost everything is sold that you can think of or name, gingerbread is still to be seen at stalls; but it is not so much in demand as formerly, when the street-sellers of the article did a busy trade. No doubt more of it went off in the winter season. Those who dealt in fruit during the summer sold cakes and gingerbread later on; yet we have proof of its being very popular at all seasons, for it is mentioned as one of the wares of May Fair, which was, of course, held in May upon a piece of land near Piccadilly, where the name yet remains.

Some gingerbread was in the form of a cake or bar, which people bought by slices, and some was made into nuts, which were sold by the dozen. Nowadays it is usual to sell these by the pound. Sometimes—in the days of the early Georges, for instance — gingerbread was hawked about by a smartly dressed lad, as in the illustration; but older folk were also employed.

Ben Jonson, describing the Bartholomew Fair, mentions Joan Trash, the gingerbread woman, crying her 'Fine gilt gingerbread!' This points to an old custom of covering the top of gingerbread with gilt leaf, which we do not see now. Another writer mentions the cry of 'Hot spiced gingerbread!' as one often to be heard. This might have two meanings. The article sold was warm in taste, because it was spiced with ginger; but sometimes it was really hot. The sellers took it from the oven, wrapped it in a thick cloth, and carried it round, as some street traders now sell hot muffins and crumpets.

We have a curious sort of song, said to have been composed by a wandering dealer, of which I may quote a few lines here:—

'I'm a gingerbread merchant, but what of that then?
All the world, take my word, deals in gingerbread ware;
Your fine beaux and your belles, and your loud rattlepates,
One half are like nuts, the rest gingerbread cakes.
Then in gingerbread coaches we've gingerbread lords,
And gingerbread soldiers with gingerbread swords;
And what are your patriots?—it is easy to tell,
By their constantly crying, they've something to sell.'

In the reign of George III. there was a strange gingerbread-seller in London. He went by the name of Tiddy Doll. Wherever there was a large crowd, Tiddy Doll showed himself with his basket and his stand, his appearance and talk drawing general notice. In person tall and handsome, he dressed like some one of quality. He had white silk stockings, a ruffled shirt, a white suit of clothes, with gold (or seeming gold) lace, also a cocked hat and long feather. Lifting up one hand holding a gingerbread nut, and with the other thrust into his pocket, he began a sort of harangue in this style, 'Mary, Mary, where are you now, Mary? I live, when at home, in the second house of Little Bull Street, two steps underground, with a wiscum, riscum, and a why-not.' After some more nonsense, and very vociferous praise of his wares, he sang about himself, repeating his name in a comical chorus, and the usual result was that he got plenty of customers. It was a common saying at that time, 'You are so fine, you look like Tiddy Doll.'

J. R. S. C.

THE ROBBER AND THE WAGGONER.

A ROBBER was one evening crouching by the roadside on the look-out for plunder. Presently a huge waggon comes rolling along. When it reached the spot where the robber lay hid, he suddenly sprang

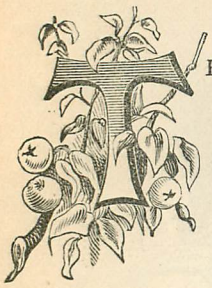
The Street Gingerbread Seller.

out, bludgeon in hand, and in a loud voice cried out 'Stop!' The waggoner, however, was a stout youth, and he prepared to defend his master's goods like a man. A tough battle lasted a long time. Both parties were wounded. The robber had several teeth knocked out, but his muscles had been trained in many a hard fight, and at last he knocked down the poor waggoner, and was the victor. He then wiped the blood from his face, and jumped upon the cart, to find, as he thought, valuable booty. But what does he see when he unfastens the cover? Why, a whole waggon-load of bladders!

MORAL: Before attempting any great or difficult task, it is wise first to count the cost.

Adapted from Ivan Kriloff's Russian Poetical Fables.

ADALMINA; OR, THE BEST GIFT.



(*Concluded from page* 43.)

THE princess now felt both weary and thirsty. It was the first time in her life that she had had these feelings. She sat down by a spring to rest. So thirsty was she that she actually stooped and stretched out her own royal hand to take water from the spring, just as any ordinary mortal might do who is not used to be waited on with a silver salver. As she stooped she saw her face mirrored in the spring. 'How beautiful I am!' thought she, bending lower in order to see better. Suddenly the golden crown containing the precious pearl slipped from her head, and fell with a splash into the water.

At first Adalmina scarcely observed this mishap, so completely engrossed was she with her own beautiful image. Presently, however, a great change took place in her. Hardly had the water again become smooth, when the princess saw in it a very different reflection to the one at which she had been gazing. Instead of a beautiful and richly dressed maiden, she beheld a poor, ugly, bare-footed beggar-girl, with matted hair and ragged clothes. Her cleverness forsook her at the same time as her beauty. She became as ignorant as if she had never learned anything. She so completely lost her memory that she did not remember who she had been, whence she came, or whither she was going. She was only dimly conscious that some great change had taken place. She felt frightened, and ran away from the spring. Further and further into the forest she fled.

As darkness came on the wolves began to howl. Adalmina felt still more terrified, and ran faster than before. By-and-by she saw a light in the distance. As she approached it, she found that it shone from a small cottage.

An old woman came out of the cottage and spoke to Adalmina. 'Poor child!' she said, 'where do you come from? What are you doing here so late at night?'

The girl could not answer these questions; she knew nothing, not even who her parents were, or who she herself was. The old woman could not understand this, but she pitied the poor wanderer, and said to her: 'Since you appear to be so poor and lonely, suppose you come and live with me? I should be glad of some one to watch my goats in the forest. You can do that, if you will be content with bread and water, and some goats' milk now and then when we have a feast.'

Adalmina gratefully accepted this offer, and even kissed the old woman's hand. Although the girl was not aware of it, the Blue Fairy had fulfilled her promise, and Adalmina now had a good and humble heart, which is a far more precious treasure than beauty, cleverness, or wealth, and brings with it other good things, such as a quiet conscience, contentment, kindness, peace, and love.

Wherever Adalmina now came she brought brightness, as of sunshine, with her, and by her goodness she gave far more pleasure than she had ever given by her beauty.

But we must return for a moment to the palace. When it became known that the princess had disappeared, there was, of course, great consternation. In vain the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting protested that they had followed Adalmina to the gate. They were flung into a dark prison, and the red-gowned executioner, axe in hand, was stationed at the door. The king and queen commanded all their subjects to clothe themselves in mourning, and caused proclamation to be made that any youth who could find the Princess Adalmina should have her for his bride, and—if that did not content him—half the kingdom also.

Many gallant knights and princes coveted this reward. For three whole years they searched and searched, but found not so much as the gilded heel of the princess's shoe.

But at the end of three years, it one day came to pass that the young Prince Sigismond of Frankland, who was one of those in search of the princess, came to the old woman's cottage. The old woman was sitting there, dressed in black, and the goats were black and white too.

'Why are you wearing mourning, mother?' inquired the prince.

'The king has commanded every one to wear mourning for our lost princess,' replied the old woman. 'Yet she was no great loss, although she was beautiful, rich, and clever; for folk say that she had a proud heart, which was the reason that no one loved her.'

Just at this moment Adalmina returned from the forest with her goats. The Prince lost his heart to her at once, although he could not understand how a girl who was so poor and plain should so strongly attract him. He spoke to her, asking if she had ever seen the princess.

'No,' answered the goat-girl.

'For three long years,' said the prince, 'my mind has been fixed upon that little princess; but now I will search for her no more. I mean to build a castle in the midst of this wood, and to live here for the remainder of my life.'

Sigismond was as good as his word. He built the castle close to the spring where the great change had passed upon Adalmina. One warm day, when the Prince felt thirsty, he stooped to drink of the spring.

At the bottom of the water he saw something glistening. 'What can it be,' he thought, 'that has such a wonderful sparkle?' And, putting his arm into the spring, he drew out the golden crown, in which was still fixed the beautiful pearl.

The prince carried the crown to the king's castle and no sooner did the king and queen perceive the pearl than both cried out at once, 'Adalmina's crown! Alas! where is *she?*—our dear little daughter!'

The king knew that Adalmina, if still living, would by this time be about eighteen years of age. He recalled the Red Fairy's prediction, and made a

shrewd guess as to what had happened. Accordingly he issued a new proclamation, to the effect that all girls of eighteen should assemble in his court, in order to try on the crown. She whom it perfectly fitted was to be looked upon as the lost princess, and to wed Prince Sigismond of Frankland.

All the maidens in the kingdom straightway flocked to the castle, quite regardless as to their exact age.

It was a lovely summer's day. At least a thousand girls stood waiting their turn to try on the crown. From early morning until night the crown was passed from head to head, but fitted none. The girls began at last to grumble. They said, 'The king is only making fun of us; let us cast lots, and agree that she who wins shall have both crown and husband.'

Prince Sigismond, however, did not approve of this plan. He asked the girls at least to wait until sunset. 'Very well,' answered they.

Just before sunset a watchman was ordered to look out and see if any one was approaching along the high-road. The prince cried: 'The evening passes. Watchman! do you see any one coming along the road?'

'No!' answered the watchman. 'I see only the flowers bending their heads to sleep.'

Again the prince inquired, 'Do you see any one?'

The watchman replied, 'A cloud veils the setting sun, and the weary bird is putting its head under its wing; but no one is coming along the road!'

Once more the prince inquired, 'Now that the evening is at an end, watchman, do you not see any one upon the road?'

This time the watchman said, 'I see a slight cloud of dust in the far distance on the borders of the forest. It comes nearer; and now I see a poor goat-girl driving her flock along the road.'

'Well,' said the prince, 'we will try the crown on the goat-girl.' The other girls, who were rather stuck-up, objected to this, but the king ordered that the goat-girl should be admitted. And when they placed the crown upon her head, it fitted exactly!

By this time it was so dark that no one could see what the girl looked like. Prince Sigismond, however, knew who she was, and he thought to himself: 'I am perfectly willing to marry this poor girl, for I have watched her in the forest, and love her for her goodness. Have I not seen that she brings sunshine with her wherever she goes?'

The people shouted, 'Long live Prince Sigismond and Princess Adalmina!' But some sneered among themselves, 'She is only a poor goat-girl!'

Meanwhile the girl, wearing the golden crown, was conducted into the king's hall, which was illuminated by thousands of wax candles. Brighter far than these shone out the Princess Adalmina, as she suddenly appeared in her golden garments and resplendent beauty. In recovering her pearl she had regained at the same time the Red Fairy's other gifts. But, most happily, she did not lose the Blue Fairy's gift of a good and humble heart, and, as she had recovered her memory, she felt very much ashamed of her former behaviour, which she now saw in its true light.

Kneeling before her parents, she begged them and everybody to forgive her former haughtiness and selfishness. Then, in order to show how differently she now felt, she drew forth from the crowd the old woman who had befriended her, and embraced her, with the words, 'The loving are rich in their poverty, but the hard-hearted, although rolling in wealth, are really in poverty and want.'

Those who saw and heard these things could scarcely believe their own eyes and ears. But Prince Sigismond said, 'I knew this would be so; beautiful indeed is Adalmina's pearl, but far more beautiful is a humble heart!'

The wedding was celebrated with great rejoicings. The four ladies and the four gentlemen-in-waiting received their liberty; the ugly-bearded, red-robed executioner laid aside his grim axe; and every one throughout the kingdom cried, with Prince Sigismond: 'Beautiful, truly, is Adalmina's pearl, but far more beautiful is a humble heart!' E. D.

MOUNTED POLICE.

IN newly-settled countries, where order has scarcely yet been established, and where there are coloured men, natives of the place, ready to rob and bolt off, the services of mounted policemen are very much in request. These men lead a free, open-air life, which suits young fellows whose birth and upbringing would have led us to expect to find them in a different position. They are the sort of young men who require freedom of action and an out-of-door life, and who would rather gallop over the wild prairie, or push their way through the jungle, with its many dangers and hardships, than settle down in the City as a banker's clerk, a student of law, or a physician.

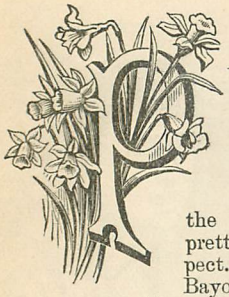
The mounted police force of Australia, or the Cape, just suits such young men, who often prove themselves to be very fine fellows indeed—brave and yet humane—ready for every emergency, and steady as a rock in the discharge of all duty. In the picture before us we see two such men who have been sent in search of an evil-doer—a native servant who has robbed his master, and fired the stables in revenge for some supposed injury. Having done this mischief, he has run off to his early home, believing that he cannot be tracked and is safe from all punishment. But in this idea he has been mistaken; the policemen, after days of travel and hardship, have appeared in his native village, and taught him and his fellow-villagers a useful lesson. With his hands tied behind his back, and with a policeman on either side, the unhappy culprit is on his way back to town to be tried and punished for his evil-doing. Some persons might say that 'it was scarcely worth the trouble and expense of sending two white men after such a fellow as this; better let him go, he cannot be worth much.' This may be true, but we must remember the force of example. There are other native servants, who, when they see their companion brought back in this manner, may learn the useful lesson that it is best to be honest and trustworthy, as the evil-doer will certainly come to grief in the end.

D. B.

Mounted Police bringing in a Prisoner.

Paul seeks food and shelter in a Peasant's Hut.

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'



(*Continued from page 52.*)

PAUL had caught scraps of conversation exchanged between the members of the group around him, and the words *soldats* and *Bayonne*, together with frequent glances in the direction of the place mentioned, told him pretty clearly what he had to expect. Soldiers were coming from Bayonne, and would, without doubt, carry him thither as captive. Once inside Bayonne, a fortified town, Paul saw that his chances of ever escaping would be poor indeed. But how to avoid being taken there he could not think. For the space of five minutes he remained with knitted brows trying to collect his thoughts; then an idea flashed into his mind, and a chance of freedom presented itself. It was only a chance, perhaps a poor one at best. But, after all, it was attended with little risk, as those around him had no firearms. In that fact lay his one hope.

He gave a great shiver as though he were very cold—which, indeed, he was. Then, as if he thought his wet tunic were the cause, he quietly took it off and stood, with folded arms, attired only in his coarse flannel shirt and trousers. A moment later, and the wind lulling for a space, his quick ear caught the distant sound of the beat of a drum in regular time. The soldiers from Bayonne were coming!

With a quickness extraordinary in so big a man, Paul broke away suddenly from the group amidst which he had been standing, upsetting two of the fishermen as he did so, and knocking them off their legs. He sprang over some rocks, rushed up the shore, and had gained a good start before the astonished Frenchmen and Basques had seen what he was after. Keeping in the opposite direction from that in which the drum still gave out its warning note, he ran steadily on inland, until he reached some broken ground at the top of a hill. Here, after a few minutes' pause to get his breath, he quickly discerned a pine wood and made for it. Another short pause, and away he went again, at a pace which few men could have kept up with.

All that day, he lay about in hollows and small ravines, in which the country thereabouts abounded; no more favourable ground for a game of hide-and-seek, with all the advantage to the one hidden, could have been named. The two great things which troubled him were, first, how to get food, and secondly, how to obtain a garment, or failing that, shelter in some barn or outbuilding for the coming night. Not a person had he seen since his flight from the little fishing village; but now, as the shades of evening began to fall, he found himself approaching the outskirts of a hamlet. It was, in fact, a little place called Bidart, situated about midway between Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz.

With the greatest caution, he proceeded to take stock of the outlying cottages and farm buildings, though with no very definite idea in his mind as to his plan of action. Peeping carefully into one window, he saw three men and a woman gathered round a wood fire, all talking and gesticulating vigorously; this was obviously not a safe place to try, so he quietly crept away. A little farther on, the white-washed walls of the little church rose before his eyes, and just by it a humble *cabaret:* this he did not dare enter. A second and a third cottage he tried, but would not risk an entrance. He walked on down the hill, where on the left-hand side of the road leading to Guethary, stood a small, lonely cottage. At this he determined to apply—it was isolated from the rest of the village, and Paul, though beginning to suffer from hunger, yet felt so well in himself that he was quite prepared for a struggle if such a thing became necessary. Accordingly, he knocked at the door and waited. After a second application of his knuckles, a voice from within gruffly called to him to enter, and enter he did.

'A thousand thunders!' gasped the peasant as he saw his doorway blocked up by the commanding form of Private Peter West. 'Why, what is this?' and he sprang from his seat and seized a billet of wood as though for protection, whilst his wife, clutching up a child in either hand, beat a hasty retreat into the back room.

Paul's good-humoured laugh quickly reassured the peasant. By signs, coupled with a few words of broken French, the young man soon gave him to understand that what he wanted was food and warmth, and that he had no intention whatever of hurting anybody or stealing anything. Some coarse bread and fried fish was soon placed on the small table before him, and he fell to with the relish which only a man who has fasted for the best part of twenty-four hours can know. Copious draughts of pure spring water washed down the meal, and then Paul reluctantly prepared to turn out again into the cold and darkness of the night. It had come on to rain hard as soon as the wind dropped, which was about eight in the evening; and as he looked out of the door, the prospect was not an inviting one. To wander, half-clad, through an enemy's unknown country on a cold and rainy night was what seemed to be before him, but even as he opened his lips to bid the peasant farewell, a thought struck him.

There was no back entrance to this little mud cottage; no egress but the door by which he had entered. He turned back, and informing his unwilling host, in the best way he could, that he should stay with him till morning, he coolly took a coloured Spanish blanket which hung on a peg at the back of the inner door, rolled himself up in it, directed the peasant to make up the fire, and stretched himself out across the threshold in such a way that if his host attempted to pass out and betray him, he would inevitably disturb the slumbers of Private Peter West.

By these means, Paul had satisfied his present necessities, had secured a meal, and now meant to take a good night's rest with the quite unlooked-for and luxurious addition of a warm fire. The peasant did not at all relish the idea of this foreign giant quartering himself upon him, and he would have very much liked the chance of giving him up to the

soldiery. He stormed, he raved, he tore his hair when he found Paul quite determined not to go, and, finally, he subsided into tears. It is sad to have to record the fact that the young Englishman was not affected by any of these demonstrations, and indeed, when the tears came, was rude enough to laugh. Then, drawing the blanket still closer round him, and turning his back to the door so that he might keep an eye on his host for the present, he prepared to take his rest.

At last the Frenchman retired to the loft above, and left Paul lying across the doorway in possession of the ground-floor room. He soon fell asleep, and no one on a couch of down ever enjoyed a better night's rest than he. With morning's first light, he arose, full of hope that he might yet reach the Spanish frontier without being detected, and after another application to the bread and fish, he insisted on shaking his unwilling host by the hand, clapped him on the back, and then took his departure and walked sturdily on, with the Pyrenees always kept in front of him, the goal around which all his present hopes were centred.

Avoiding the small village of Guethary, by means of scrambling over some low fences and banks and crossing the fields on the side of the hills, he soon came to a wood, wherein he determined to hide until the failing light of evening should enable him to travel with greater safety. His stature, and his ragged, coatless appearance, all went against him, and greatly increased the risk of detection, and therefore he felt that he must use the greater precautions. Another reason that led him to leave the road and lie hid, was the fear that the peasant at whose cottage he had slept would rouse the village and pursue him, which, in fact, happened; but Paul's hiding-place was so far away from the road that he never even knew that a search party from Bidart had gone out in chase of him, following the road as far as St. Jean de Luz. There, having learned that no such person had been seen, they gave up their quest and returned to their homes.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, and just as Paul was beginning to get somewhat hungry again, he caught the sound of distant voices coming in his direction. He plunged a little farther into the wood and crouched down beneath some tangled brake and binders, so as to be completely hidden from sight; then, cautiously raising his head a few inches, he listened to find out if they were still approaching.

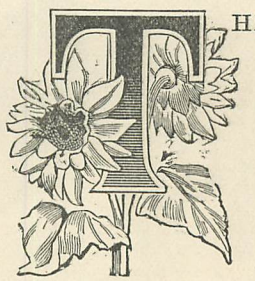
Of this fact there could be no doubt. In less than a minute from his first hearing them speak, two men came in sight, strolling slowly along and seeming to be looking about them for a convenient place to sit on. Their dress showed that they were private soldiers in the French army, and the place they selected to sit on was the broad back, covered with brake and binders, of Private Peter West!

Almost choking with laughter at the absurdity of the situation, Paul had hard work to keep still enough to prevent detection by the two unconscious Frenchmen. They chattered volubly of the disposition of their own country's forces, and especially of the Corps d'Armee to which they themselves belonged, and of the position of the different Generals and other great officers upon or near the Spanish frontier, and Paul, who understood something of the language, listened with deepest attention, in order to hear anything that might prove useful to him in his scheme for escaping from the country. He learned a little—quite enough, indeed, to induce him to turn his thoughts in another direction than the frontier, viz., from the land to the sea.

In order to avoid the necessity of passing through the French lines—which attempt to a man of his stature, and clad as he was, would be a perfectly hopeless one—he would have to travel over a tremendous distance of ground. Even if he could procure a French uniform—and our friend laughed gently to himself as he thought of a plan for doing this, which we shall presently see—he would either be taken prisoner or shot in mistake for one of their own men deserting to the enemy. Then, having pretty well thought out what course he would pursue, Paul prepared to act.

(*Continued at page* 66.)

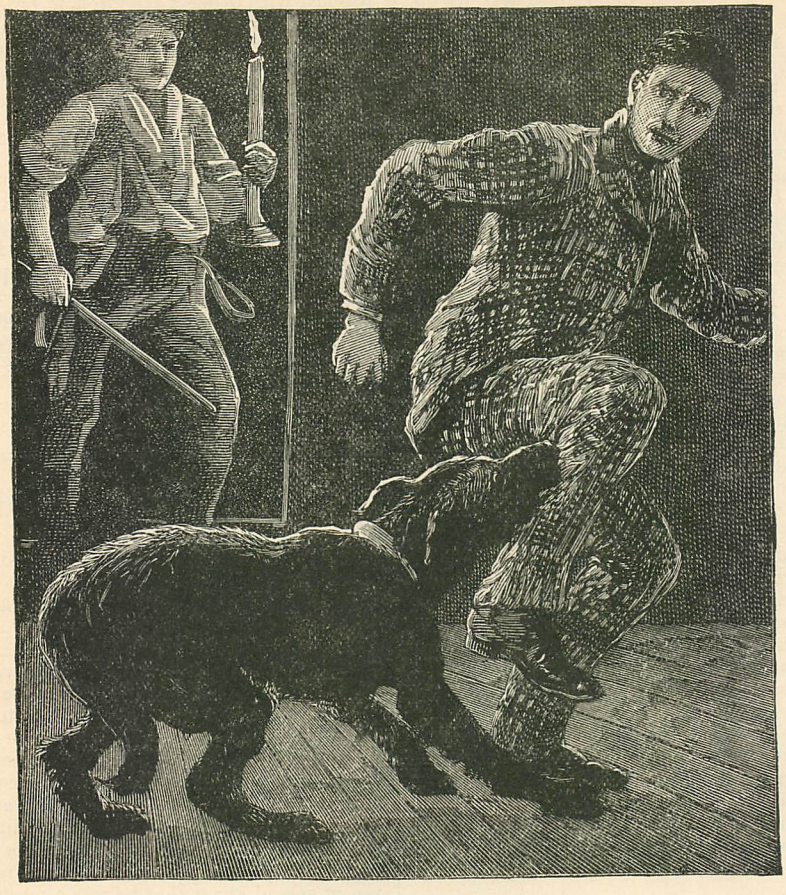
AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.



THE house had stood empty for a long time; it was an old house, standing on the edge of a lonely moor, about half a mile away from the village. Now, however, it seemed to have found a tenant, as an elderly man made his appearance one day at the village shop, where he made a few purchases. He spoke little, however, and kept aloof from every one, and as he spent very little money and spent it with great reluctance, the report spread about that he was a miser, that he had piles of gold hidden away in the old house, and that he had a wife, but she was queer, and was always kept locked up at home. As such stories have an extraordinary way of growing, the villagers soon had it all settled. John Elliott had committed some awful crime, he was a thief, most likely a murderer, the money on which he lived was the money of the man he had murdered, and in consequence of these terrible events Mrs. Elliott had gone mad.

The real story of this harmless couple was that they had lost their only child, and the wife being delicate, they had removed to this lonely spot, where they might live as they pleased. As for money, they had just about as much as supplied their actual needs. Nevertheless, the story of their wealth went on increasing till it was believed that at least ten thousand pounds, all in golden sovereigns, were hid away in their old house.

Every evening, when the rustics gathered in the 'Golden Swan' to talk politics and drink beer, the conversation was sure at last to turn upon John Elliott and his bags of gold. One evening, this wild talk reached the ears of a stranger sitting there, who, without asking any direct questions, contrived to



An Unpleasant Surprise.

take the whole story in. This man was an idle fellow, who lived by his wits, who spent as much as he could get, and was not very particular how he got it. When he heard of the ten thousand pounds all in bags ready to be carried away, and protected by only one elderly man and a mad old lady, this fellow resolved to secure just a little of the treasure for his own use. He, therefore, made some cautious inquiries as to John Elliott's habits. Did he go early to bed? Was he a sober man? Did he keep a dog? and so on, but he could get little reliable information in return. For all the neighbours knew he was of sober habits, at least, he never came near the 'Golden Swan.' When he went to bed they could not say. He had not a dog, so far as they knew, at least, none of them had ever seen one; but, indeed, few people ever went near his house, for John did not encourage visitors by any means.

'Well, well,' remarked the stranger, 'he must be a churlish fellow, and I don't wonder that you leave him alone.' And so the conversation ended.

After three nights spent at the 'Golden Swan,' the stranger took his departure, declaring that every one had been so kind to him that he would return again in a few months and renew his acquaintance with them all. But that very night, long after Mrs. Elliott had retired to rest, while John remained reading to himself in his little parlour, a stealthy footstep was creeping round the house and a cunning eye was taking note of locks and bolts, and especially looking with much satisfaction upon an empty and disused dog-kennel.

'Ah! all right!' a hoarse voice murmured. 'I'm glad there's no dog. The old man I can easily tackle, but the dogs are apt to be somewhat dangerous. Hi! there's two o'clock striking, the old fellow must be in the land of dreams by this time. Now, Bill Larkins, you keep cool and steady, and you may get a good bag of gold.'

He then, with the utmost caution, approached the kitchen window, cut a pane of glass out in a very neat and noiseless manner, and five minutes afterwards, was standing in a listening attitude on the kitchen floor.

But Bill Larkins was not aware that all this time John Elliott, with a thick stick in his hand, and a

The Angler's Nook.

quiet, but resolute-looking dog at his heels, was watching his every movement through the keyhole of the kitchen door.

The dog kept showing his teeth in a manner that would have made Bill Larkins faint with terror if he could have seen it, but it still remained silent, save for one growl so low as to be only heard by his master.

John Elliott laid his hand on his head, and the sagacious creature was quite still. And now the supreme moment was at hand.

The thief, cautiously turning the handle of the door, found himself immediately the centre figure of such a hurly-burly as he had never calculated upon.

'Mercy, mercy!' he roared at the pitch of his voice, as John, with a vigorous hand, laid the stick over his shoulders. 'Call back your dog,' he yelled

in agony, as that faithful animal met its teeth in the calf of his leg.

It was a complete rout; the burglar, never very brave at any time, was thoroughly subdued; he lay moaning on the kitchen floor, entreating that a doctor might be sent for to examine his wounded leg, while John, with compressed lips, dragged him into the scullery, locked the door upon him, and, instead of calling in a doctor, went at full speed for a policeman, whose admiration at the clever capture was unbounded.

'Why, you might have been a detective,' he said to John with a grin, 'and that beast of yours deserves a humane society's medal for not killing him at once! Hold your tongue, my man,' he added, addressing his wretched prisoner. 'You are booked for penal servitude for seven years you are, and serve you right, too. You well deserve it!' B. M.

THE ANGLER'S NOOK.

A QUIET nook beneath a shady tree,
Whose branches dip into the water clear,
With rod in hand how pleasant 'tis to me!
Ah! would that I might come far oftener here!

Here, where the silvery trout lies hid below—
I see him leaping at the summer fly;
Here, where each day the soft winds come and go,
And shadows deep upon the greensward lie.

Hark! 'tis the hearty carol of the thrush,
Piping so sweetly from the budding leaves
Of that old tree—the while in lowly bush
His mate her little nest so deftly weaves.

But now the shadows lengthen—I must go;
Must leave this quiet nook to me so dear,
Must leave the wary trout still hid below,
And wait with patience for another year!

D.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

8.—Buried Cities and Towns in Great Britain.

1. Any writer who makes wickedness attractive is a dangerous guide, especially for young persons.
2. A large supply of lint will be necessary for the wounded.
3. Did you ever know the wind so rough as it is to-night?
4. Life would be a barren wilderness except for love.
5. Pineapple ices terminated the entertainment.
6. Here is a box for dolls, and here for doll's clothes (two cities).
7. How very dear fish is to-day!
8. Look at Isabel, fast asleep in a chair.
9. You may do that at a picnic or kind of out-door party.
10. Is not the island of Malta in the Mediterranean Sea?
11. The lady said to her maid, 'Unbar the door, and admit the stranger.'
12. While we were examining the building, walls and ceilings all gave way.
13. When the Duke had ceased speaking, the Earl of Claremont rose and answered.
14. A lifeboat in a storm we may call an ark of safety.
15. He rode quickly across the country.
16. Do you prefer cold ham or hot bacon? C. C.

9.—Metagrams.

Change the first letter of the following words:—

1.—1. Very quiet and peaceful.
2. Part of the hand; a beautiful tree, growing in Eastern countries.
3. A healing, soothing power.

2.—1. Oxen, bulls, cows, sheep, horses, goats.
2. A fight between opposing armies.
3. A quick, sharp noise; a child's toy.
4. A hurdle made of twigs; growing on the throat of a turkey.
5. Idle talk. C. C.

[*Answers at page 75.*]

ANSWERS.

6.—1. Gateshead.
2. Westminster.
3. Constantinople.
4. Lombardy.
5. Melton Mowbray.
6. Orange.
7. Ambleside.
8. Yarmouth.
9. Cape Horn.
10. Hanover.
11. Adrianople.
12. Eastbourne.

7.—1. Euphrates.
2. Florida.
3. Carthage.
4. Cornwall.
5. Bournemouth.
6. Somerset.
7. Mexico.
8. Gothland.
9. Darien.
10. Hanover.

THE WEAVER OF DULEEK GATE.

An Irish Legend.

HARD-WORKING and industrious man was the weaver of Duleek. Up early and to bed late, he never let his loom stand still, for he found it as much as he could manage to provide food for his wife and family, as weaving was only poorly paid, and his growing boys and girls had large appetites.

One morning as he was busily throwing the shuttle his wife came to tell him that his porridge was ready, but, contrary to his usual way, he took no notice, and went on with his work. In a few minutes she called him again bidding him 'leave off slaving and eat your breakfast while it is hot;' but he bade her 'Leave me alone,' and drove his shuttle faster than before. The good woman waited a little longer and then again she coaxed him to come. Now, Thady had

risen that morning in an ill humour, and he answered his wife angrily and bade her begone.

After sitting before the loom until his porridge had had time to get quite cold, he so far put aside his evil temper as to seat himself at the now empty breakfast-table. He was surprised to see that his porridge was as black as a crow. Observing it more carefully, he found that it was covered with flies, for the weather was very warm. In a fit of anger he raised his hand, and killed seventy-two flies at one blow.

Now, the story goes that, seeing what destruction he had wrought by merely moving his hand, he grew very conceited, and felt a powerful spirit rise within him, a spirit which made him discontented with his ordinary work, and caused him to walk about the town saying to every one he met, 'Look at that fist! that's the fist that killed threescore and ten at one blow!'

The neighbours thought him mad, and his wife thought that he had overworked himself and upset his mind for a time.

'I have thrown away my life,' he said, 'living with you and being nothing but a poor weaver, but I will have nothing more to do with a trade again; I will sleep with the brave yet, for I mean to be a knight-errant.'

'Oh, Thady dear, what will the children do?' asked his astonished wife.

'Let them go and play marbles,' he answered.

'That would be poor feeding for them, Thady.'

'They shall not lack food,' he replied. 'I shall be a rich and a great man soon.'

The next morning our hero collected all the old pieces of tin that he could find and made a suit of tin for himself. On one piece which he chose for his shield he had these words painted:

'I am the man of all men,
That killed threescore and ten
At a blow.'

In need of a horse to begin his knightly journey, he went to a field close by and mounted the miller's horse that was grazing there, and rode off to see the king at Dublin. After riding for four days he reached Dublin city, and entering the palace courtyard, he dismounted and let his horse graze upon the grass which grew up between the stones. No one interfered with him, and he sat down opposite the king's windows in his strange dress of tin. In front of the royal windows he pretended to sleep, taking care first to turn his shield so that the letters upon it could be easily read.

The king, who was watching from the windows, saw him, and inquired what he wanted.

'Work,' said the supposed warrior.

'I have been looking for a man like you,' answered his Majesty. 'I will give you work. Not anything so grand as slaying threescore and ten, but merely the slaying of a dragon which disturbs that portion of my kingdom known as Galway. He lives in the middle of a bog, but such a warrior as yourself will find no difficulty in attacking him.'

The weaver required money. The king bade him take as much as he would, and, nothing loth, he filled his pockets with golden guineas.

'You must have a fresh horse,' said the king.

'With all my heart,' replied the weaver, thinking to himself how he would keep both horse and guineas and leave some one else to fight the dragon.

Now the king had outwitted the weaver, for the fresh horse was trained to run until it reached Galway, the country of the monster. Nor could Thady prevail upon his steed to stop.

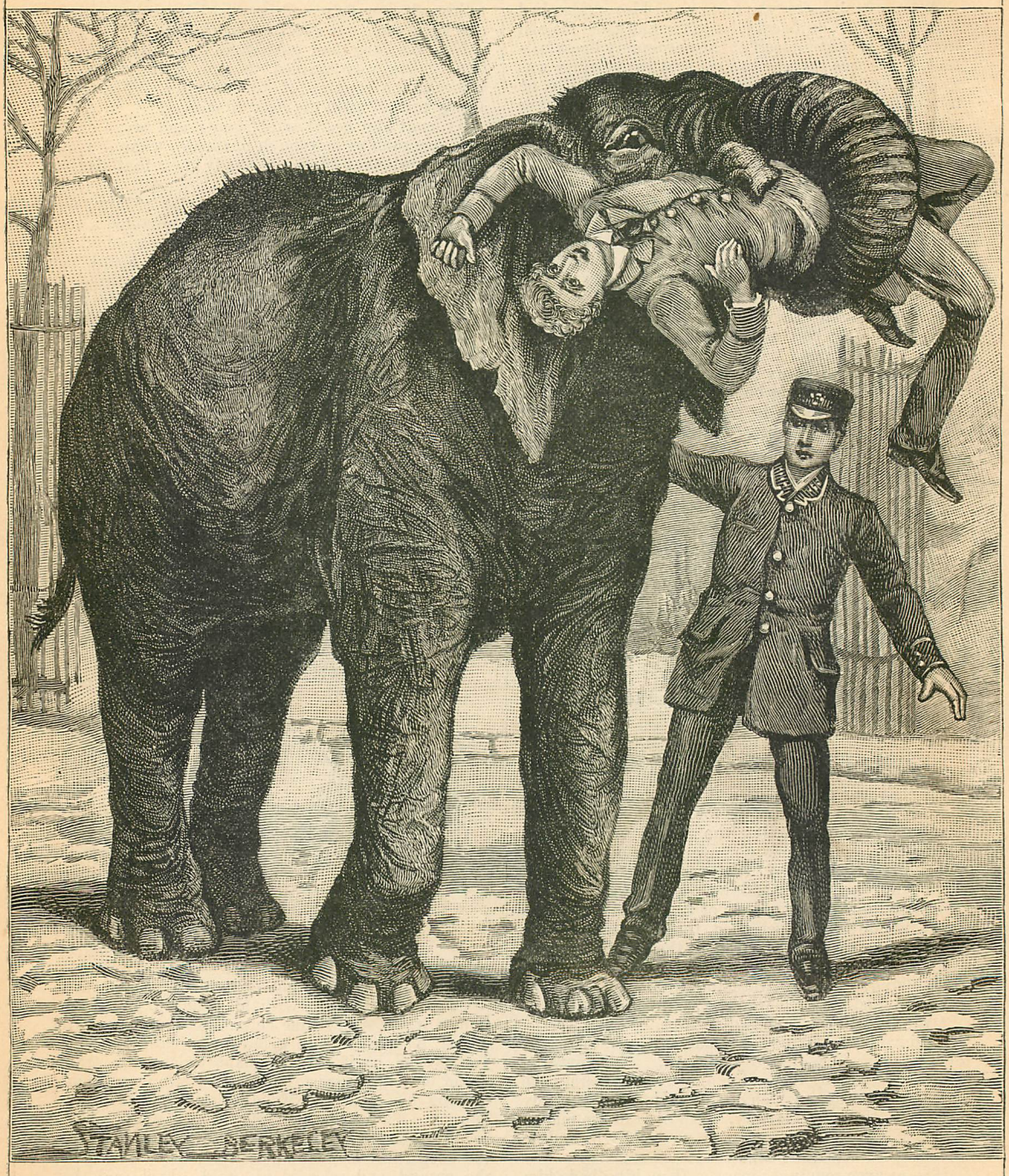
At length he heard wild shouts and saw a crowd of people running as though pursued. 'The dragon! the dragon!' they cried, and Thady knew that his time to do something grand had come.

Yet the coward spirit got the better of him, and throwing himself from his horse he mounted a tree. He was only just in time. The monster seized the steed, and Thady, in an agony of fear, heard him crunch up bones and body. The fiery creature saw his would-be slayer up in the tree, and, determining to tire out his patience, he wound himself round and round the trunk and went to sleep. 'Now,' thought Thady, 'is my chance;' and he carefully descended, jumped astride the monster's back, and held on to his ears. In this position it was impossible for the dragon to get at him. Enraged, the dragon flew mile after mile at a break-neck speed until he reached Dublin itself, and blinded with fury he ran against the palace of the king, where the story goes he dashed out his brains. The king and his courtiers came out to see the sight, and the king made Thady a lord and offered him as a present all the dragons in the world. He also gave his own daughter to the adventurer, as his wife, and the unhappy Thady found her to be the worst dragon of the lot.

JAMES CASSIDY.

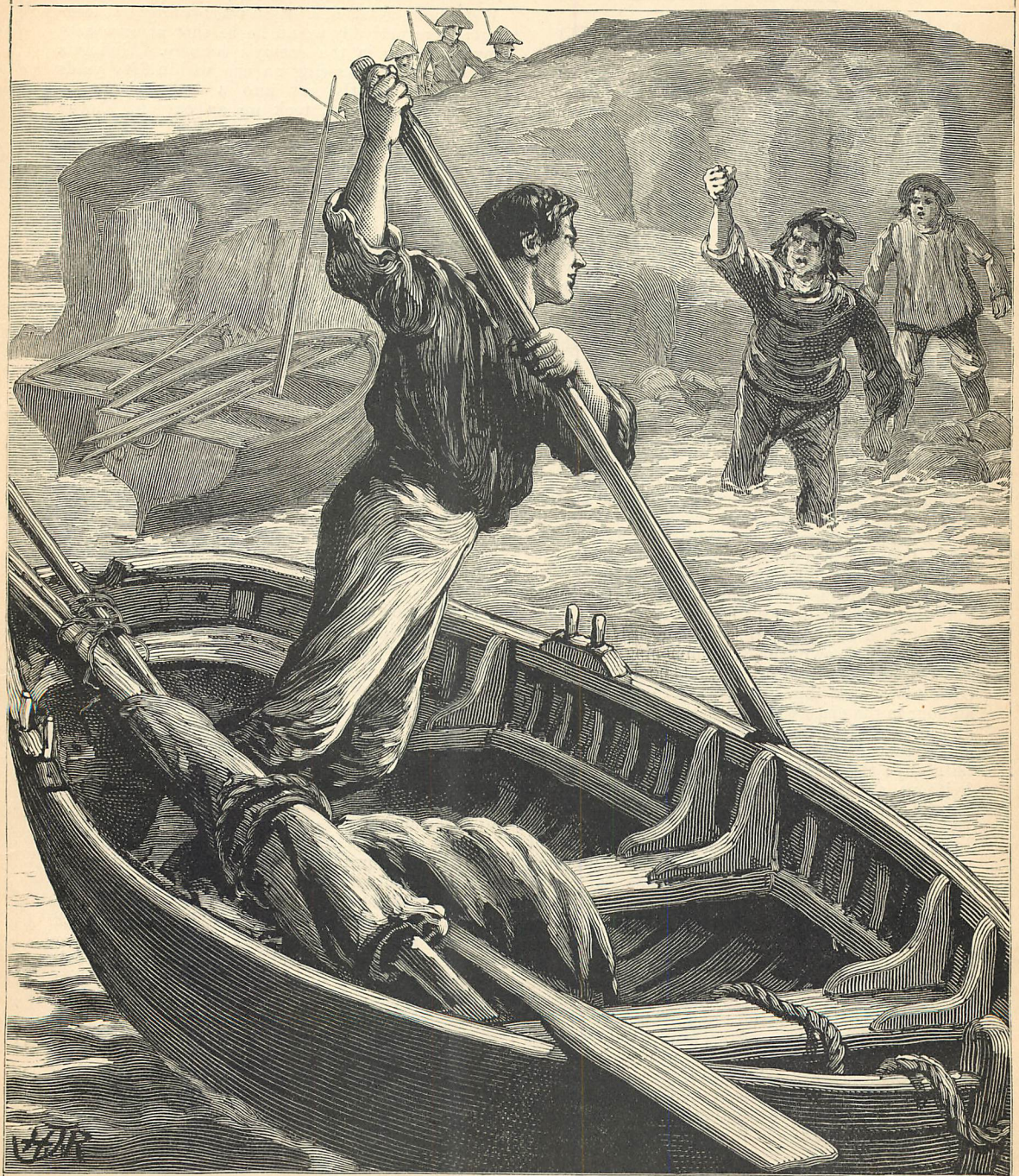
A GENEROUS REVENGE.

THE entrance of the great International Menagerie in procession into the town of Vimoutier, near Alençon, was recently the occasion of an amusing incident. The procession was headed by a large elephant, to whom the spectators were giving crusts of bread and the like. A *café* keeper, named Anne, showed a tempting piece of bread to the animal, and then put it into his pocket. The intelligent brute tried with his trunk to get possession of it, but every time he put his trunk near the pocket, Anne gave him a hard tap with his hand. To revenge itself, the elephant twisted its trunk round M. Anne's waist, and hoisted him into the air, opening his mouth as if he were about to gobble him up. Of course, all the women and children began to scream and run away. But on a sign from the keeper, the elephant placed M. Anne quietly on the ground, and released his hold. It is said that M. Anne was so frightened that he soon overtook the women and children in their flight.



An Elephant's Revenge.

HELPING GRANDPA.



Paul makes good his Escape.

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page 59.*)

WHILE the two young French soldiers were bending their heads over a light which one of them had just struck, in the effort to light their cigarettes, an extraordinary thing happened. The seat on which they were sitting suddenly rose up under them, and they both came violently to the ground, whilst some creature (which both agreed later on was almost too big to have been a human being) burst out into a loud laugh, and put a hand (they called it a paw) on the shoulder of each of them. Too astonished to cry out, they could only gaze in silence at the monstrous man now standing between them, and await the direful fate which they were persuaded lay in store for both. For these soldiers were only two rough country lads, dragged by the conscription into the ranks of the French army within the past three weeks. Paul looked to see which was the bigger of the pair, and him he told to take off his long military overcoat, and also his shako. The lad, trembling, did as he was told, and Paul struggled into the former garment, though he was quite unable to button it round his chest. With his pocket-knife he split up the back of the shako until he could ram it on his head after a fashion. He then buckled the young Frenchman's belt and side-arms around his own waist. Summoning up his best French, he then told them that no harm should come to them if they remained perfectly quiet for an hour in the place where they then were; but that all sorts of pains and penalties would accrue to them unless they carried out their part of the compact faithfully: this they both tremblingly promised to do. Without a moment's delay Paul then rose and stepped briskly along in the direction of St. Jean de Luz.

By this hour twilight had begun to fall, and between this and his ill-fitting disguise our hero hoped to escape notice as he drew nearer and nearer to St. Jean de Luz.

His plan was a bold, but at the same time a simple one. He intended to abandon all hope of crossing the frontier line, and to try his fortune by sea. To this end he tramped along, as soon as he reached the hill above the village, avoiding observation as far as might be, and making straight for the place where the fishing-boats lay hauled up at the water's edge. In the middle of the village a French officer, accompanied by a small picket, passed him, and Paul's heart seemed to stand still as he bent his shoulders in order to diminish his height and saluted. He quickly turned a corner and got out of sight.

Arrived at the beach, he cast about for a suitable boat. In war-time one does not stop to ask whose is this, or whose that. It is every man for himself. Whenever and wherever a chance offered, England took from France, and France took from the English. Scruples and qualms, Paul felt, were out of place. Were he to be taken, a prison was his brightest look-out; more probably would he be shot at once as a spy travelling in the enemy's country. Giving a glance round and seeing no one within fifty yards of him, he quietly got into a boat which lay at the water's edge, took up an oar and shoved off.

Even as he did so, two fishermen—probably the owners of the boat—ran along the beach towards him, crying out and gesticulating wildly, and before he had settled down and taken two good vigorous pulls with the oars, the same French officer with the picket at his heels turned the corner of the street above and advanced upon the shore at the double. Paul saw that he was discovered. Quickly throwing off the far too small military overcoat, which only impeded and hampered his movements, he fell to with a will, and tugged desperately at the two clumsy oars. He heard the sharp sound of muskets grounded, the word given to 'present,' and then, as the command was given to 'fire,' half-a-dozen rifles were levelled at him and the crackle of the discharge sounded in his ears just as he threw himself into the bottom of the boat.

Directly the volley had passed harmlessly over his head he sprang up again, seized the oars and rowed for his life. Every yard he could put between himself and the shore now, before his enemies could reload, meant so much less chance of their hitting him. Fortunately for him, there were no breech-loaders in those days.

If he were even but slightly wounded it would be fatal to his chances of escape. He well knew that a hard task lay before him, even if fit and well; were he to be even a trifle disabled, no choice would be left him but to surrender or to die.

Crack again came the discharge of firearms, and the beach for the moment appeared to be lit up with the flash. But the gloom, the uncertain movement of the boat on the swell, and a great amount of haste, all were against the Frenchmen's aim going true. Before they could load again the young Englishman was out of range, and steadily pursuing a course along the shore heading south.

Night had now fallen, and Paul knew that it would require much vigilance to enable him to keep the course he wished. The sea was very calm, but a light breeze had sprung up, and he set his small sail and stood out more from the shore in order to avoid the swell. And here his early boyhood's experiences on Medway and Thames stood him in good stead. Without some skill in sailing he would hardly have been able to manage the boat by himself. But neither of the rivers mentioned, especially towards the mouth of the latter, are easy ones to navigate, and Paul had got clever in understanding the mysterious ways of a boat on a strong tideway. This circumstance, as may well be understood, gave him confidence in his own skill now, when the turbulent Bay of Biscay rolled beneath his frail boat. As I have said, it was very calm; soon the moon rose bright and peaceful, as though there were no such things in the silvered world beneath as men's angry passions, as shown by the

serried masses of French soldiery drawn up and facing 'the thin red line' of the British; in some places but a bare mile separating the conflicting forces. As he gazed shorewards, Paul could almost fancy that he caught now and then the flash of a watch-fire on the heights above the beach. Stars came out to aid their queen, the moon, and in about an hour the sea lay in bright sheen, almost as light as day. Nothing could have been more fortunate for Paul, now that he had no immediate fear of pursuit. Why it was that neither the fishermen nor the men of the picket had followed him in another boat he could not understand. Even had they done so, however, it is very doubtful whether their efforts would have met with any success in the then gathering darkness, and considering the start which the fugitive had secured.

Fearful of overshooting the mark, for from conversations he had had on board the *Defiance* with members of the crew, he knew that the entrance to Los Passages was but a narrow creek of some fifty yards in width—a place very easy to miss in the obscurity of even so light a night as this—he stood off and on, gradually creeping down the coast at each tack, but never going very far from the land. When morning broke at length—for the night had seemed very long to Paul, hungry, tired and thirsty as he was—he was rejoiced to be able to make out, at about a mile's distance from where he was, the small inlet. He quickly put the boat's head up for it, and with the same light breeze which she had held all night, the little fishing vessel glided gently past the bold rocky shore to the mouth of the creek. Here Paul let his sail down and took to the oars. Between high, overhanging cliffs, on the summits of which grew groves of lime and cork trees, he rowed steadily on until his boat entered the good-sized harbour beyond, on the left of which is situated the picturesque little town of Passages. Wooden staircases on the outside of most of the houses, leading up to pretty balconies of the same material; broad wooden eaves and curious latticed windows, all helped to make up a strange and interesting picture. On the shore, a group of men were lounging about, clad in breeches and stockings, buckled shoes, broad red and yellow scarves around their waists, with short jackets, mostly slung over one shoulder, and broad-brimmed sombrero hats. A little further on, some women were chattering to each other and laughing, dressed in red, brown, or blue petticoats, and gaudy-coloured silk handkerchiefs fastened across their breasts. Their heads and feet were bare, and their countenances all tanned to a deep reddish brown with the open air and the sun. Men and women alike, all seemed to have large white teeth and very dark, swarthy complexions. But a sight which made the heart of Private Peter West rejoice most of all was that of the boats of the poor old *Defiance*—then lying in a thousand pieces, strewn over Biscay's cruel shores—moored securely, one to the other, and the manly proportions of Sergeant Magrath himself talking to a Spanish muleteer on the shore. As the sergeant did not speak a word of Spanish nor the muleteer one of English, it will readily be understood that progress between them was slow. In the midst of his speech, Magrath suddenly stopped with his mouth wide open, to stare at the unexpected vision of the scantily clad rower who had just come abreast of him.

'An' be the Powers, if it isn't Private Pater West, himself—unless it is his ghost!' he added.

But ghosts do not salute when spoken to: this tall young fellow did. Moreover, he had shipped his oars in business-like style, and as he stepped ashore, he said, 'Sergeant, I'm very thankful I'm back with you all again. Which is the nearest way to something eatable?'

And like the sensible man he was, the sergeant took his young friend by the arm, conducted him straight up to the canteen, and forbore to ask a single question as to the how, or the why, or the wherefore of his unlooked-for and extraordinary escape until a good meal had restored his strength and his spirits. Then he turned to Magrath, and told him all that had happened since they had left the side of the ill-fated transport.

'Well, well, it's a wonderful thing, and it's a lucky man ye are, Mr. Pater West. Sure, you're not made to be drowned at all, at all. Mayhap ye will be hanged instead, but we'll hope not—we'll hope not. And now come down to the shore again with me. I mean to buy that beast from the Spanish muleteer, if he's to be bought at anything in reason. Sure, the Duke is so particular with us that he makes us pay for everything we take from the peasants.* Otherwise, it would be real easy now to buy the mule with the stout bit of blackthorn I hold here in my fist.'

And grumbling a little at people being 'over-particular' in war-times, the sergeant, accompanied by Paul, returned to the shore, where he found his Spanish friend still lounging, lazily smoking a cigarette and gazing into vacancy.

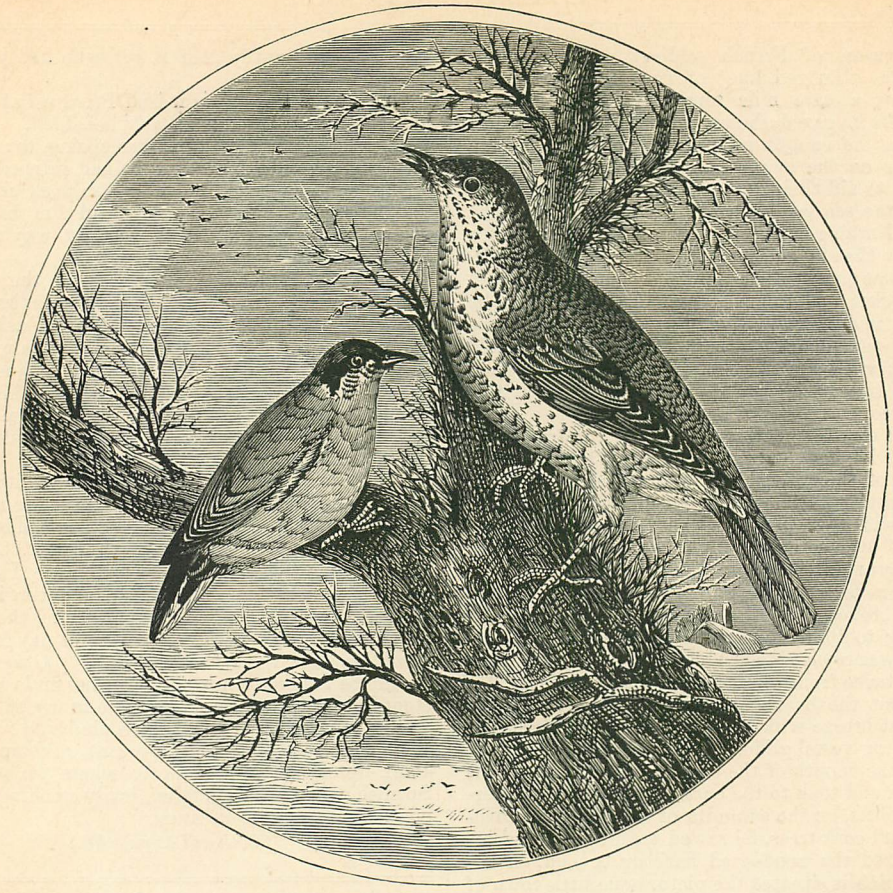
(*Continued at page* 76.)

THE MISSEL-THRUSH AND NUTHATCH.

THE Missel-Thrush is one of the largest and most beautiful of all the Thrushes, and is perhaps one of the best known of British birds; its rich, clear, and loud voice is often heard in the most stormy weather, and hence it is called by some the Storm-Cock.

The Nuthatch is a very shy bird, not uncommon, although not often seen. The following story is told about a nuthatch:—The poor bird was wounded, captured, and caged; and in order to obtain his freedom *laboured day and night* without ceasing, trying to bite through the wooden side of his prison, until at last he died from exhaustion. What an example of perseverance the little bird sets to some of our readers, who are so soon tired, and give in! The Nuthatch has a very strong beak, and works hard with it; it gets hold firmly with its claws, and swings its body to and fro, using its beak at the same time like a pickaxe. By this means it can easily break the shell of a nut, and get the kernel, which it feeds upon.

* Wellington was most severe throughout the campaign on the subject of his troops looting, or indeed taking anything without full and just payment.



Missel-Thrush and Nuthatch.

THE PICNIC.

'I SAY, Frank, now that the holidays are close at hand, let us plan a picnic — a regular out-and-out affair; and let us only ask some good fellows to join us. There is Jim Bolton, and Ned Grainger, and one or two others; we could count on them not failing us.'

So spoke Charlie Morton, a tall schoolboy — not fond of study, but devoted to all sorts of out-of-door sports—to his great chum, Frank Lascelles, whose liking for fun was quite as marked a feature of his character as it was of Charlie himself.

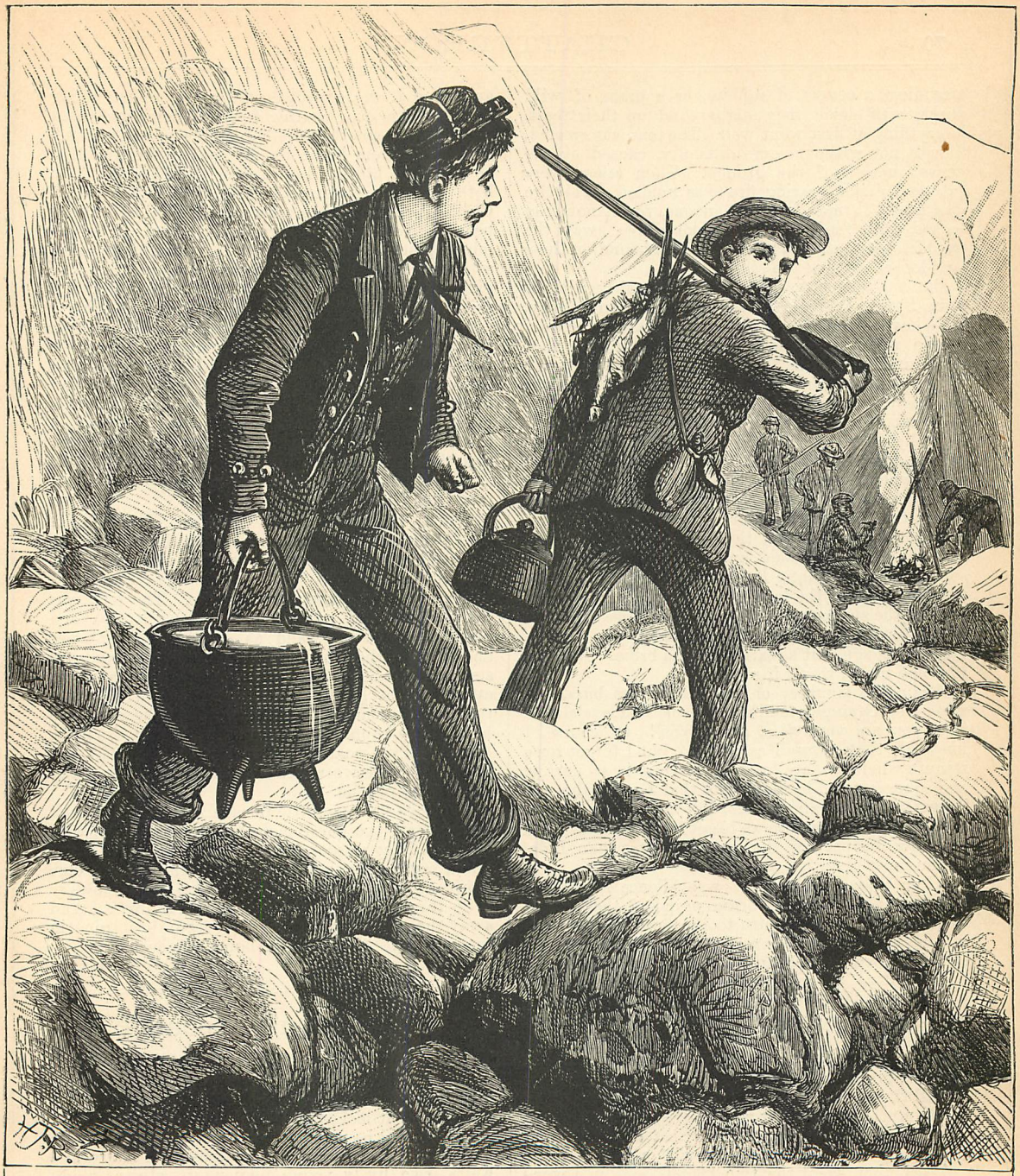
'I should like it first-rate.' replied Frank, whose home was within a mile of Charlie Morton's, 'and Jim Bolton, I am sure, would gladly join—he lives only four miles off; but as for Ned Grainger, why, how could he come? He lives in Berwick, I think, ever so many miles away.'

'Oh! but we must have good old Ned,' replied Charlie Morton. 'I mean to ask my mother to invite him to spend his holidays with us; he has no right home, you know, and I am sure he will be as glad to come as I shall be glad to have him.'

But before going further with our story, I must explain that all these boys were at school together in Edinburgh, but were just about to separate and go to their several homes for the midsummer holidays. Charlie Morton and Frank Lascelles lived with their parents in Helensburgh, on the Clyde, while Jim Bolton had his home at Dumbarton, only a few miles distant by rail from Helensburgh. Ned Grainger, on the other hand, lived much further away, namely, at Berwick-on-Tweed, where he had a home with his grandfather, and from which place he departed in high glee, after receiving Mrs. Morton's kind invitation to make one of her family during the holidays.

Well, to make a long story short, the picnic was duly arranged; the four lads already named, with other two companions, went by steamer from Helensburgh Pier at a very early hour in the morning, and, after a pleasant sail, found themselves at the head of Loch Goil, amidst some of the most beautiful scenery of the Western Highlands of Scotland.

Loch Goil is a branch of Loch Long. It is six miles in length, and about one mile in breadth. Its shores are for the most part lonely, wild, and rugged,



Charlie and Frank returning from their forage.

but are relieved by woods of hazel, which stretch along the shore. The mountains in the neighbourhood rise to the height of 2600 feet, and in many spots bordering on this lovely loch one may be as solitary as Robinson Crusoe himself on his desert island.

It was to one of these solitary spots that the six lads (having left the steamer at the head of the loch) now betook themselves, clambering, as best they could, over the great boulders of stone which lay on the shore, and carrying with them a canvas tent, rolled up to the smallest space possible, also several pots and kettles, with a goodly store of meat pies and raw potatoes, whilst Frank Lascelles shouldered his father's gun, with which he had been intrusted, at the same time making large promises of

providing a couple of rabbits, or a brace of wild ducks, with which they might wind up their feast. Everything at first went well. The tent was erected, though not without some difficulty, caused by the uneven nature of the ground. Then sticks were gathered, and a roaring fire was kindled. This fire was useful in more ways than one, for it not only cooked their food, but its smoke drove away the troublesome gnats and midges which abound on these land-locked arms of the sea.

But no sooner was the fire thoroughly kindled than Frank Lascelles exclaimed aloud, in dismay, 'We have no water! What on earth are we to do?'

'No water!' exclaimed Ned Grainger, the Berwickshire boy. 'What are you thinking about, Frank? Why, we have the whole loch close at hand, full of the clearest water I ever saw in my life!'

But at this speech the other boys all laughed.

'Why, Ned,' exclaimed Charlie Morton, 'you surely don't suppose that Loch Goil is a sheet of fresh water? Of course, it is an arm of the sea! We came on board, you remember, at Helensburgh; surely that was salt water! Then we sailed for a mile or two down the Firth of Clyde, then turned into Loch Long, and, after twelve miles or so, again turned into Loch Goil, and sailed up to the very head of the loch, and all this without once leaving the steamer. How, then, could we have got into fresh water? Taste the water, if you like; it is clear enough, but as salt nearly as brine. Nice tea it would make, would it not?'

Again the laughter of the other boys burst out, while Ned Grainger, feeling rather nettled, exclaimed, 'Oh, you are very wise, all of you! Of course, I knew all that as well as you do, but I forgot for a minute where we are, and Loch Goil is so narrow and so surrounded by mountains that I really thought it was a fresh-water lake. But never mind that; the question is, how are we to get fresh water? You all know this part of the country better than I do, so you must judge.'

After these words there was silence for a few minutes, then Charlie Morton proposed that one of their number should return to the head of the loch, where, at the gate-keeper's cottage, there was a deep well, which supplied the few cottagers near with fresh water. 'I would not object to go myself,' said Charlie, 'if some of you fellows would peel the potatoes and get things a little ship-shape. Frank, you might go with me; and while I fill my kettle, you may perhaps come across a wild bird or a rabbit, and do your best to secure it for our dinner.'

'All right,' said Frank, gleefully, who felt that he would much rather shoot rabbits than peel potatoes.

'Come along, then; we have lost a lot of time already, and had better step out with a will.'

Away, then, went the two friends, and, in a wonderfully short time, returned, Charlie panting under the weight of his brimming kettle of water, and Frank stepping out cheerily, with a couple of ducks hanging over his shoulders.

'Back already!' cried the others, 'and with such lovely birds! Oh, I say, you didn't shoot them yourself, I know! You haven't had time to do it.'

Then Frank laughed, and confessed the truth. 'No,' he said; 'the gate-keeper just laughed at us, and asked if we expected wild ducks to be sitting at his cottage door waiting for us to come and shoot them! It seems they are only to be got at a marsh miles away from here; but he sold us a couple that he had shot himself last night. He gave us them both for eighteenpence. Cheap, wasn't it? Well, Charlie paid for them, so we each owe him threepence. Now, boys, hurry up! Here, Ned, you might pluck the birds, and you, Jim Bolton, look after the boiling of the potatoes, and we will all be giving our teeth something to do in an hour after this. I can tell you I feel as hungry as a hunter.'

Well, it was, indeed, a happy picnic. The weather was all that could be desired, and the ducks were not badly roasted, seeing that the cooks had no experience. After dinner the lads rested for an hour, then they all undressed and had a dip in beautiful Loch Goil. But they were not long in the water, for the smoke of the steamer was seen, and the distant throbbing of her paddles was heard as she rounded the corner of Loch Long and entered into Loch Goil.

'Hurry up, boys!' cried Charlie. 'There comes the *Bonny Blue Bell*. She will be at the head of the loch before we know where we are, and this is her last trip for the day.'

Then there was a regular scamper. The tent was taken down and rolled together, the kettles and plates were packed, and as soon as the steamer anchored at the pier the youngsters were ready to step on board. It was six o'clock in the evening, and surely as lovely an evening as ever was seen in that lovely country. But there goes the steamer's bell! The captain shouts out in Gaelic, 'All on board! all on board!' and away they go, the sun turning each wave raised by the steamer's paddles into ripples of gold.

The boys say very little to each other, but in each young heart the question is being asked, 'Oh, why does a holiday so soon come to an end?' But never mind, boys; there are more midsummers than one. You may all be here again next year—who knows?

So three cheers for the *Bonny Blue Bell!* And away she goes, arriving at Helensburgh at nine in the evening. And now for home and bed!

D. B.

A PRINCE IN A SCRAPE.

'FRITZ is no soldier, he will undo all my work!' cried the old King of Prussia, about a boy who became one of the greatest soldiers of Europe.

Certainly it looked as though the King was right; nothing could be made out of Fritz but a fop and a dreamer. His constant companions were Katte and Keith, two lively young lieutenants, always ready for mischief. At one time the three comrades made a desperate plan: how charming it would be to escape from the country, leave the army, and fly to some foreign court! Just then the King had a journey to the south of Germany, and took the Crown Prince with him. His suspicions were aroused, for he never left Fritz without a guard, and if he could have read his son's thoughts he would have known the idea of escape never left the Prince's

mind. Fritz's correspondence with Keith and Katte spoke of nothing else. He arranged that Katte should meet him at the Haag, and disguised he would fly to the court of his uncle, George II. of England. The wild-brained young officer was greatly excited over his plan, and in carrying it out he made a terrible slip—he addressed his letter to Nuremberg instead of Berlin, where it fell into the hands of quite a different Lieutenant Katte from his chum.

Little did either the King or the Prince think what a blow was awaiting them in Frankfurt, where the letter from Lieutenant Katte, of Nuremberg, was put into his Majesty's hands. Yes, the King had to learn from one of his own officers that his son was a traitor, and was attempting to desert the army and the country. The rage of the King knew no bounds, and miserable indeed was the rest of the journey over the lovely, peaceful Rhine. Every one in the party was filled with gloom. What would be the fate of a young officer, the first prince in the land, who had proved himself a deserter?

Fritz's chief concern was for the friends involved in his disgrace. Surely Katte would have the presence of mind to save himself. As for Keith, on the very day when the order for the arrest of the three young officers was to be executed, he learnt the danger, mounted his horse as though he intended to take a country ride, and rode calmly off. When the others were taken, Keith had nearly reached the border.

The news of the Crown Prince's arrest quickly reached the Queen and her daughter in Berlin. Would there be a trial, and on what evidence would the King condemn Fritz? The Queen reminded the Princess that there was much in the royal letters which could prove Fritz a traitor, so they determined to re-write these letters, arranging them to suit their purpose. This correspondence was so large, they had to work day and night, until their hands were cramped. It was a risky trick. The King on arriving home was surprised to find the letters gave no clear evidence against Fritz, and his suspicions were aroused against the Queen and Princess. When they timidly asked after the prisoner, so dear to the hearts of both, the King thundered at them to ask no more about a man as good as dead. They must await the trial.

Katte's trial came first; already he had been stripped of his uniform and imprisoned. Fritz was imprisoned at Cüstrin. What would be Katte's sentence. Full of alternate hope and fear, it was awaited for by the Prince in prison and the royal ladies in the castle. It came like a thunderbolt—Katte was sentenced to death!

On the morning of his execution, he was to be led past Fritz's cell. The Prince saw the solemn military train approaching his window. In silence it followed the deserter. Only a minute had Fritz to call to Katte his anguish at what he had done, and the friend paused to tell him he willingly died for such a Prince and comrade.

Filled with remorse, Fritz had still to await his own fate. All were expectant that now the old soldier-King would be satisfied. A last surprise awaited them. The King demanded the life of his own son; with nothing but blood could a deserter atone for his fault.

Meanwhile a strange scene was going on in the prison. Katte had sent the Prince a message by the military chaplain. The young lieutenant had met his death as a just reward of their frivolous trifling with the honour of Prussia, of which he bitterly repented, the deepest sting in his punishment being the thought of his father.

The message of his comrade broke the Prince's heart. The lieutenant's reference to his father touched Fritz's sorest point. Katte's death was not for nothing, and, to the astonishment of all the people, the proud Prince sent a confession of guilt to the King, and then awaited the royal decision. It soon came. The Prince's life was granted him, but not his freedom. He was to serve his country as a Government clerk.

During that weary, monotonous clerkship, Fritz did not know when home and freedom would be given him again. Often his thoughts wandered to the castle, to his royal mother and the beloved Princess. What was the favourite sister doing? At last one day a great change came into the life of the Princess. The King told her that he wished her to marry, and she agreed, on condition that Fritz might come home to the wedding. On the evening of the wedding-day there was a great ball. The room was crowded with beautiful ladies and officers in smart uniforms. Around the entrance was a crowd of faces. A stranger appeared among the rest; but so changed was Fritz from the gay young officer who had tried to escape to England that not even his sister, then dancing her favourite minuet, recognised him. General Grumblow, who was dancing with the Princess, had seen Fritz during his imprisonment, and he whispered to the Princess who it was who was standing at the door.

With a cry of joy the bride rushed forward and brought her beloved brother up to the King, to thank him that on her wedding-day Fritz was home again! Little did the King then think that the son who had shown himself a traitor was yet to become Frederick the Great of Prussia.

THE BRINDLED GNU.

AT first sight this curious-looking animal raises a doubt in the spectator's mind as to whether it is a horse, a buffalo, or an antelope, as it seems to partake nearly equally of the nature of all three. It is, however, in reality a species of antelope, and is a native of South Africa, but it has long since disappeared from the more settled parts of Cape Colony, though it is still to be seen galloping in herds on the dry and burning plains beyond these boundaries, often in company with zebras, or it may be with a flock of ostriches.

The size of the gnu is that of a large ass, the general colour a yellowish brown, while both sexes have horns. The gnu gallops with great speed, its limbs being slender, like those of all antelopes. It has rather an unpleasant expression of face, and has a wild and furious appearance as it gallops along, lowering its head, whisking and lashing with its long

The Brindled Gnu.

tail, springing suddenly into the air, pawing the ground; then fighting, apparently in the most desperate manner, one with the other.

On account of these peculiarities, the Boers or Dutch settlers call it the 'Wildebeest.'

It seems, however, that this wild and rather formidable-looking animal is easily tamed when taken young, and readily associates with oxen, accompanying them to and from the field. There are two or three species, all of them belonging to South Africa, one species being a good deal larger than the others.

In the Zoological Gardens, London, there may be seen a beautiful specimen of the white-tailed gnu. A special interest attaches to this animal from the fact that it was bred in the Gardens, and is now very nearly full-grown.

D. B. McKean.

A London Street Dance.

A LONDON STREET DANCE.

—o—

THE street organ is by no means welcomed by every one in the parts of London where the richer folk live. The children at the upper window may indeed be pleased with it, especially if there is a monkey perched on it; but their father, in his study, has his patience sorely taxed, and perhaps he rushes out and, with a threat of the police, orders the smiling organ-grinder to move on.

But in the poorer London streets the music-maker soon has a crowd round the organ. If he or she (as in our picture) be grinding out a lively tune, the children dance to it. Sometimes a party of little girls, who have learned their steps on the boards of a theatre, dance really well, and then the passers-by stop to look at them.

In the great opera-houses folk pay high prices to see what is called 'the poetry of motion' in the ballet. In the humbler music-hall there is no performance more popular than a step dance, like the 'sailor's horn-pipe,' or the 'Highland fling.' It is the same taste which leads the poor folk to watch, with approving smiles, the children who set themselves to dance to the tune in the street. Though their clothes may be ragged and the street muddy, yet the little lasses enjoy their dance, and often they follow the organ to repeat it, until they are tired out. Poor children! they have so few pleasures that we may be glad that the street organ puts a little brightness into their lives.

JOHN O'GROAT'S FAMOUS HOUSE.

MANY years ago, as the old phrase runs, in the reign of a certain King James of Scotland, a traveller, whose name was Groat, and his brother arrived in Caithness. They were poor enough, but they brought with them something which was even better than gold in those old times—a letter of introduction from the King himself. This they showed to the richest gentlemen in the county, and whoever read it offered them a welcome. But the letter did more for them than that. It told that their one great wish was to obtain land, upon which they might settle and which they might cultivate, and so win for themselves, by their industry, an honoured name.

As the King was greatly beloved, his letter carried weight, and the two travellers soon became two settlers and the owners of a large piece of land.

The brothers were much attached, and for a long time all went well.

After some years each brother saw his riches increasing, and thought, 'What better thing could I do than find a good wife?'

So the two looked about, and found two industrious maidens, to whom they were afterwards married, and with whom they lived happily to a good old age.

The race of Groat increased until, in place of two brothers, there were eight different branches. It was not often that these Groats found it possible to dine from one table; indeed, it was seldom that they saw each other, for their estates had widened, and they lived a long way apart. The best means of gathering them all together was thought to be a feast. Now, this feast was quite a grand thing in its way, and for weeks beforehand it was talked over and looked forward to, just as our Christmas and New-year gatherings are.

The festal day arrived at last, and each Groat laid aside his work, and went to the house in which the feast was to be given. There were hand-shakes and hearty welcomes, and then supper was announced, and the servants stood ready to pass round the good cheer.

But just at this point in the proceedings an unpleasant question arose. It was whispered at first, but soon the whispers changed to angry tones, and in a short time the guests were nearly all quarrelling and saying disagreeable things to each other. Pride was at the root of the matter; it was the old question of 'Who should be greatest?'—who should sit in the place of honour—which gave this unexpected and unwelcome turn to the day's festivities. Each man held that he had the best right to the head of the table near the door.

It is hard to foresee what might have happened had it not been for one of the Groats, named John, whose voice had not been uplifted in the quarrel.

John O'Groat owned the ferry over to Orkney, and was a man with a good share of prosperity. He was a quiet, thoughtful man, and during the quarrel he had been turning over in his mind a plan for putting an end to it. At last he spoke. 'Friends,' he said, 'if you will each take a seat now and enjoy the meal without more ado, I can promise you, when next we meet, to settle this vexed question.' And John sat down again. His words were peaceful and restored peace, for all the noisy guests drew to the table, and the feast began. It was not so merry as it might have been but for the untimely quarrel; yet no more unkind things were said, and a great deal of curiosity was felt to know how John O'Groat would settle the matter.

The next week John was busily at work, building. His building was no ordinary house, for it had eight sides, and a door and window on every side; and inside John O'Groat built an octagon, or eight-sided, table.

Well, the time for another feast soon came round, and the builder requested each kinsman to enter the new building at the nearest door, and take the seat which might be opposite him as he entered. By so doing all would be on equal terms.

John O'Groat's plan worked well, and the legend tells that the feast was very gay, for there was now no jealousy. Good humour and family unity were restored.

JAMES CASSIDY.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

10.—Geographical Puzzle.

Find geographical names hidden in the following sentences:—

1. I feel sure that specimen is unique, because I never saw it before.—A town in America.
2. That is an exorbitant rent for so small a house.—A river in England.
3. Is not the common ass a useful animal?—A country in Europe.
4. It is not generally known that Augustus Sala mistrusted his own powers.—An island belonging to Greece.
5. After an absence of so many years, I am sure not to be recognised.—A country in Asia.
6. Have you provided a cot and a perambulator for the baby?—A territory in North America.
7. If you will give me that nut I can crack it for you.—A town in Africa.
8. You will find me at home usually in the morning.—A county in Ireland. C. C.

11.—Squared Words.

1.—1. A stringed musical instrument.
2. A plant which blooms but rarely.
3. A strong cord.
4. An equal; a nobleman.

2.—1. A space between hills.
2. Crippled.
3. A woman's name.
4. Not far.

3.—1. A measure of length.
2. A false object of worship.
3. A kind of earth.
4. Forest trees.

4.—1. A schoolboy's delight.
2. Sour.
3. A royal person.
4. A border. C. C.

12.—Buried Proverbs.

1.—(1, 2) Some of my friends live at Bath and some in London. This makes a pleasant variety.

(3, 4, 5) Look at that pretty group of children, dancing hand in hand so merrily round the May-pole. It does the heart good to see so much innocent pleasure.

2.—The poor child was terrified at the roaring of the wild animals. Nothing would pacify him, and he will never want to visit those gardens again; no temptation would induce him.

3.—Oh! what a catastrophe! May, come and look at what I have done—spilt the ink over my drawing. It is provoking after taking so much pains. C. C.

13.—Double Acrostic.

Two Northern Countries of Europe.

1. Wine, water, sugar, lemon, nutmeg.
2. Ruin, defeat, destruction, disaster, fall.
3. Horses, jockeys, betting, bells, post.
4. Stormy, boisterous, mild, east, west.
5. Chattering, mocking, nimble, lively, brisk.
6. Long, tedious, coloured, woollen, rough. C. C.

[*Answers at page* 103.]

Answers.

8.—1. Keswick. 2. Flint. 3. Windsor. 4. Essex. 5. Leicester. 6. Oxford, Hereford. 7. Ryde. 8. Belfast. 9. Cork. 10. Tain. 11. Dunbar. 12. Dingwall. 13. Montrose. 14. Lanark. 15. Ross. 16. Oldham.

9.—(1.) 1. Calm. 2. Palm. 3. Balm.

(2.) 1. Cattle. 2. Battle. 3. Rattle. 4. Wattle. 5. Tattle.

DICK AND THE COINERS.

CHAPTER I.

'THE JOLLY BLACKSMITH.'

'WELL, gentlemen, I am mighty sorry to hear as how them coiners what has been playing tricks with their counterfeit trash is still at large. I declare to you that, afore I can put your money into my till in these days, I gives it a nip atween my teeth for fear of it turning out to be some of the rubbish; though I hope no offence, gents, for I'm very well aware none of ye would wittingly try to palm off what he knew was bad.'

Thus spoke Mark Told, the landlord of the 'Jolly Blacksmith,' one Saturday evening in the days when George IV. was king.

The 'Jolly Blacksmith' was the only inn in Beechdale, a small village of five or six hundred souls, and it was in a way their club, as there was no other place where they could meet after the business of the day was over.

Mark's patrons were mostly farm-labourers and the like, though a chance customer of higher social standing now and then honoured the 'Jolly Blacksmith' with his presence.

There were some eight or nine 'sons of the soil' seated on the benches running round the inn's parlour, to whom Mark addressed his tirade against the coiners. Each had his modest glass of ale in front of him, and each smoked a long clay pipe.

The gravity of the little party showed plainly that the subject under discussion was of great interest. It had to do with nothing less than a notorious gang of coiners, who seemed to be at work in the neighbourhood.

As none of the assembly were troubled with much of 'the root of all evil,' their potations were never very deep, and when the landlord candidly avowed that he 'nipped' their coins, he referred to those of a metal which was scarce enough amongst them; in other words, silver.

For some time past much spurious gold and silver coin had been put in circulation, chiefly in the towns of Elsborough and Wilden, which lay east and west

of Beechdale, at a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. It was not very surprising, therefore, that the village, small as it was, should receive its share of the base money, and naturally coins and coiners were the leading topic of conversation between Mark Told and his customers on the evening on which we introduce them to the reader's notice.

'Nay, Mark,' said a sturdy old ploughman in reply to the landlord's remark anent the 'nipping' operation, blowing a cloud of smoke out of his mouth, 'none can blame thee for being on thy guard against fraud. You do right to test all our silver, and mind thee don't forget the gold!' and he laughed at his little joke.

'Well, for all that, John, one can't be too partic'lar when one *does* get a valuable piece. Look at poor old neighbour Fielding; what came of his carelessness in taking money without looking at it? Why, utter ruin. Sold a whole year's produce to a perfect stranger, who paid him in this counterfeit coin, and now the workhouse stares him in the face. It was a dastardly shame,' he continued, waxing righteously indignant, bringing his fist down on the counter with a bang—'it was a dastardly shame, I say, to take in an old man who had nothing to depend on save the success of his crops. And there is young Richard Willoughby a-wearing hisself to a thin shadow, he is, a-huntin' all round the country-side trying to track the reprobates to their lair—which is, of all the foolishness I ever heard on, the foolishest. As if the false money was made in a place like Beechdale! He might as soon fly to London as catch them hereabouts,' said Mark.

'Then you don't think there's any chance of them living in Beechdale?' asked the ploughman.

'None at all, John, otherwise we should have seen some suspicious characters in the village,' replied the landlord, decidedly. 'What makes you ask?'

'Because this morning I found this stuck edgeways in the ground,' and he took from his waistcoat-pocket a shining guinea-piece, and held it aloft so that all might behold it.

'Ah!' cried the assembly as one man, in a kind of pleasant excitement, for to them a guinea appeared a small fortune at one go.

'It's only counterfeit, lads!' cried old John, smiling at his companions' eager looks.

The fascinating 'dummy' was passed from one to another for inspection, and so great was the admiration of Joe Binks, the waggoner, that he exclaimed, 'Well, she be a capper, and no mistake!'—meaning that it was a very clever deception.

Old John was in the act of replacing it in his pocket when a young man rushed into the room, and, laying his hand on the ploughman's shoulder, begged him to say more fully where he had found it.

The young man's abrupt entrance caused a little surprise, and perhaps a little irritation on the part of the 'Jolly Blacksmithians.' Evidently the youth had been listening.

'Why, Master Dick, lad,' said the old man, 'I cannot tell ye no more than ye seem already to know.'

Dick Willoughby was not slow to perceive the hint as to his eavesdropping. He rather resented the remark; for he thought that there was little privacy about an inn, even if he had been guilty of listening, which, as he had only paused a moment or two to look through the glass panel ere turning the handle, he could hardly have been accused of doing.

'I called in to ask Tom not to be late to-night, as my father has gone to Elsborough, and there is nobody to see all made secure up at the farm; well, just as I reached the door, I heard the words "coins" and "counterfeit," and I saw John hold up a guinea.'

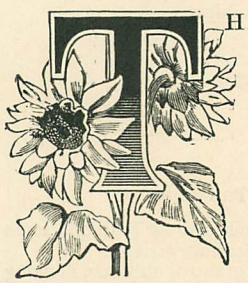
'Yes, Master Dick,' observed the landlord quickly, wishing to change the subject lest it got unpleasant, 'John has picked up a "dummy," and I have no doubt that he will be pleased to give you a full, true, and particular account of how and where he found it, if ye think that will lead to the capture of the scamps,' with a sly wink towards the countrymen, who were not ignorant of Dick's vigorous efforts to unearth the coiners.

But Dick had not heard Mark Told's sceptical observations, for he was listening with all ears to the ploughman, who, when so urgently requested, promised to point out the exact spot where the golden coin had been found.

(*Continued at page* 86.)

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 67.)



THAT night Paul slept, for the first time in his life, under a cloak beneath Heaven's canopy. His comrades had all welcomed him heartily, as one who seemed to have risen from the dead; for they had naturally looked upon as lost every man who was in the swamped boat. They themselves, it appeared, had had a most perilous journey, and were very nearly lost at the mouth of the inlet to Los Passages, where a terrible sea was at the time running.

The camp was by the side of a pine wood, which gave out sweet odours to the cool night air. The glare of the watch-fires, the stacks of arms, men sitting, lying and standing about wrapped in their great military cloaks, the form of a sentry dimly seen in the surrounding gloom, all these helped to lend an air of reality to a scene which, in Paul's eyes, seemed like the fantastic creation of a dreamer's troubled brain.

Next morning, Paul was enabled to see and admire the beautiful scenery which was around the British camp. Immediately below them lay a little wooded ravine or small valley, where fruit and corn would be brought forth in due season. A tiny whitewashed cottage or farmhouse was planted in the midst of it, together with a couple of large woodstacks. Around

Peter West distinguishes himself at the Siege of St. Sebastian.

and above them were the glorious and well-wooded ranges of the Pyrenees, stretching far back as the eye could reach, the farther ranges covered with snow. The sides of the lower hills were thickly grown with mountain ash and silver birch trees. At the rear of the bivouacking ground lay the small bay of Los Passages, its waters calm and blue under a cloudless sky. Vessels rode idly on its still, unruffled surface, while a flotilla of small boats darted to and fro, from ship to shore.

The life in camp was easy enough for all ranks, except, perhaps, for the commanding officer, whose attention always required to be more or less on the alert. This was General Macpherson, a man of high descent, a splendid soldier, but a martinet; a man of honour, but of scant mercy. 'Old Jock Macpherson,'

as the rank and file secretly delighted to call him, was proud to a degree, but his pride always centred in his regiment. Unlike so many of his fellow Highlanders, he thought very little of that 'lang pedigree' which was his, but he took a strong view of the duties of every officer in his own regiment. The consequence was that 'Jock' was hardly as popular during the 'piping times of peace' as he might have made himself; but in face of the enemy his men would have followed him without a moment's hesitation, if he had attempted to scale the side of a house under a murderous fire. With this distinguished officer, Paul was soon destined to come in personal contact.

Four days after his arrival in the camp, an orderly appeared whilst the men were breakfasting to inquire who had been on duty as sentinel during the previous night. Paul had taken his turn amongst others at this post, and at once told this to the orderly. He and three others were then commanded to appear before the General forthwith.

Old 'Jock Macpherson,' looking grim and square, sat at a rough table, whilst several of his lieutenants stood in a group at the back of him. When the four men were ushered into his presence, he scowlingly turned to Paul, and said:

'You were asleep last night, sir, upon sentry duty. We live in milder times now, but my own father, who was a Brigade-Major, would have hanged any man caught in such an act!'

Paul, who was innocent of anything of the kind, was struck dumb with astonishment for a moment. But it was only for a moment. In the next instant he had recovered himself and without thinking how such a reply would be taken, he exclaimed warmly: 'And my father, sir, who held his Majesty's commission as a Post-Captain, would have done the same!'

The officers present were amazed. Men of all grades were accustomed to knuckle under and silently bow before the storm of Sir Hector Macpherson's wrath—certainly never to make any reply to it; but here was a youngster in the ranks, but recently joined, bursting out with an impetuous reply. They awaited the breaking of the storm in breathless suspense.

Just at this moment, another officer entered the tent. He had caught the last few words, and in a moment grasped the situation. 'Excuse me, General,' he said, 'this is not the man I found dozing, at all. The one I discovered asleep is under arrest.'

The General's brow cleared. Looking approvingly at Private Peter West, he said: 'I'm glad it's not you, my lad. And I'm glad to hear you have no sympathy with a lazy loon who would let his comrades' throats be cut sooner than deny himself a nap. And I'm glad, too, to hear you are the son of a gallant naval officer. I'll not ask how it is that ye come into the ranks here. Maybe ye will be given a chance to rise out of them if ye always do your duty. Remember always the story of the man who had been faithful in little things, he was made ruler over great ones, later on.'

And with these words, Paul was dismissed from 'Jock' Macpherson's presence.

At this period, St. Sebastian was being besieged by the allied armies. From a military point of view it is in a very strong situation. It is surrounded on three sides by water, *i.e.*, on two sides by the Bay of Biscay, and on the third by the river Urumea. Across the tongue of land on which the fortress stands was built a wall of solid masonry, having turrets and bastions; all this was under the guns of the castle, erected on the summit of the hill which commands the whole of the town. Sloping far away as eye can reach are the peaks of the Pyrenees, and the great mountains which overhang the river Bidassoa, and divide France from Spain.

About two miles distant from the town were pitched the tents of the English, now closely investing the place. The camp was situated on the lower range of hills, and in position to be exposed as little as possible to the enemy. The ground being very broken and uneven was highly favourable to this plan, and the tents thickly studded the ravines, glens, and valleys with which the place abounds.

In a ruined convent—that of St. Bartholomè—was stationed the main body of the picket guard, and here also was the principal magazine for powder and shot, spades and mattocks, and all the other necessaries of the siege operations. Batteries had been thrown up on every advantageous position.

A very bitter feeling had been raised throughout the camp of the besiegers, by a circumstance which will for ever be a blot upon French military honour. It was this: a breach having been made in the high masonry, British soldiers who had been taken prisoners in a previous fight were forced to build it up again. This, of course, was done so that the English would not fire upon their fellow-countrymen. Apart from this, much praise is due to the officer in command of the French troops for the able and ingenious way in which he defended the place. At this period, he had kept his enemies at arm's length for a period of no less than five weeks, during which time the French fire had been incessantly kept up; but their artillery was no match for that belonging to the English, and moreover our advanced trenches were filled with troops who maintained an almost constant fire of musketry upon the embrasures.

Before delivering any serious assault, the General commanding the English forces thought that it would be well to take from the enemy a small redoubt which had been formed on an island in the harbour, and from which a dangerous fire could be poured into the English trenches. A small mixed force of seamen, marines, and men of the Fusiliers, under a naval officer, a captain, and two subalterns, were detailed for this duty, and of this force, Paul, to his great delight, found himself appointed a member. The idea that he was about to take part in a service to his country, was one which gave him keen pleasure. Not that he was either a fire-eater, or in any way blood-thirsty; but he had no fancy for being merely a soldier in name, and where danger loomed ahead, there, as a brave man, he wished to be.

Sergeant Magrath was also of the party, and had spoken a word or two to all those about to take part in the expedition, who were new to the game of war. He had told them to keep cool, to keep quiet, and to have their whole attention fixed upon their superior officer—'that's me,' he added, in parenthesis. 'I've been in action five times before, my boys, and yer heart is apt to either jump out of yer mouth with

over-eagerness, or else to sink into yer boots with a great desire to be somewhere else. Now, you Peter West, you will be for getting too far forward when you ought to be back; while you, you little spalpeen there—yes it's you, Private Grinaway, I'm looking at—you will be all for going the other way. And now fall in, all of ye, and be good boys, or I'll not lave ye that fortune of mine when I die!' and with this last small witticism, the sergeant dropped the man, and became once more the military machine that he always was when on duty.

It was quite dark when, in dead silence, the small force marched out of the camp. Over the broken ground they filed, and down to the boats which were awaiting them, already half filled with seamen and marines, at the water's edge. By dint of the most strenuous precautions, and using muffled oars, the whole flotilla were enabled to arrive at the island, and make good their landing, before the French soldiers took the alarm. Then, as Paul's company were stealing swiftly up to the redoubt, a sentry caught sight of the dark mass of moving figures, and fired his musket in their direction. At once the small garrison was on the *qui vive*, and turned out in double quick time. For a few minutes the fight raged furiously: the French were taken completely by surprise, but nevertheless they fought gallantly to repulse the invading force. Paul, after discharging his musket, clubbed it and ran in on his opponents; he hit out wildly and believed at the time that he was doing tremendous execution, though Sergeant Magrath told him on the following day that he didn't believe he had killed a fly. Then half-a-dozen Frenchmen rushed on him, and in a moment he was disarmed. Just at the same moment as he shook them off and broke away, the naval officer who was present in charge of the sea force was hurled violently against him, and but for Paul's strong arm must have fallen; his assailant was rushing at him with a bayonet, when Paul caught the Frenchman around the waist, and, picking him up as easily as though he had been a cat, gently dropped him over the parapet of the redoubt, near which they had been fighting, into the water below. Very few shots were exchanged: a determined rush on the part of the invaders and the whole affair was over. The fort, which mounted four heavy guns, with two officers and something like thirty prisoners, were all in the hands of the British.

The return march was quickly begun, the greatest silence being still preserved, as it was not desirable that the main body of the enemy should be made aware, too soon, of what had taken place. The wounded and prisoners were first got into the boats, then, quickly scrambling over the gunwales, the British troops were again afloat and quietly recrossing the stream.

As soon as he had cooled down, Paul began to feel that whilst he had fortunately escaped being wounded, yet that hard knocks, bruises, and abrasions were the very least one could reasonably expect to get when in action. Of these he had had his full share: a blow from the butt end of a musket had made his left arm and shoulder stiff and sore, he had lost his busby, and in some mysterious manner he had got what is vulgarly called a 'black eye.' But they were 'honourable scars,' and it is only reasonable to suppose that he felt more than a little proud at having 'something to show for it' when he marched back again into camp.

The captain of his company looked curiously at him about twenty hours later, when the roll was being called over, and said, 'Well, one would think the French must have got some big men in their army if there was one tall enough to blacken *your* eye!'

(*Continued at page* 82.)

THE MINSTRELS' FESTIVAL AT TUTBURY.

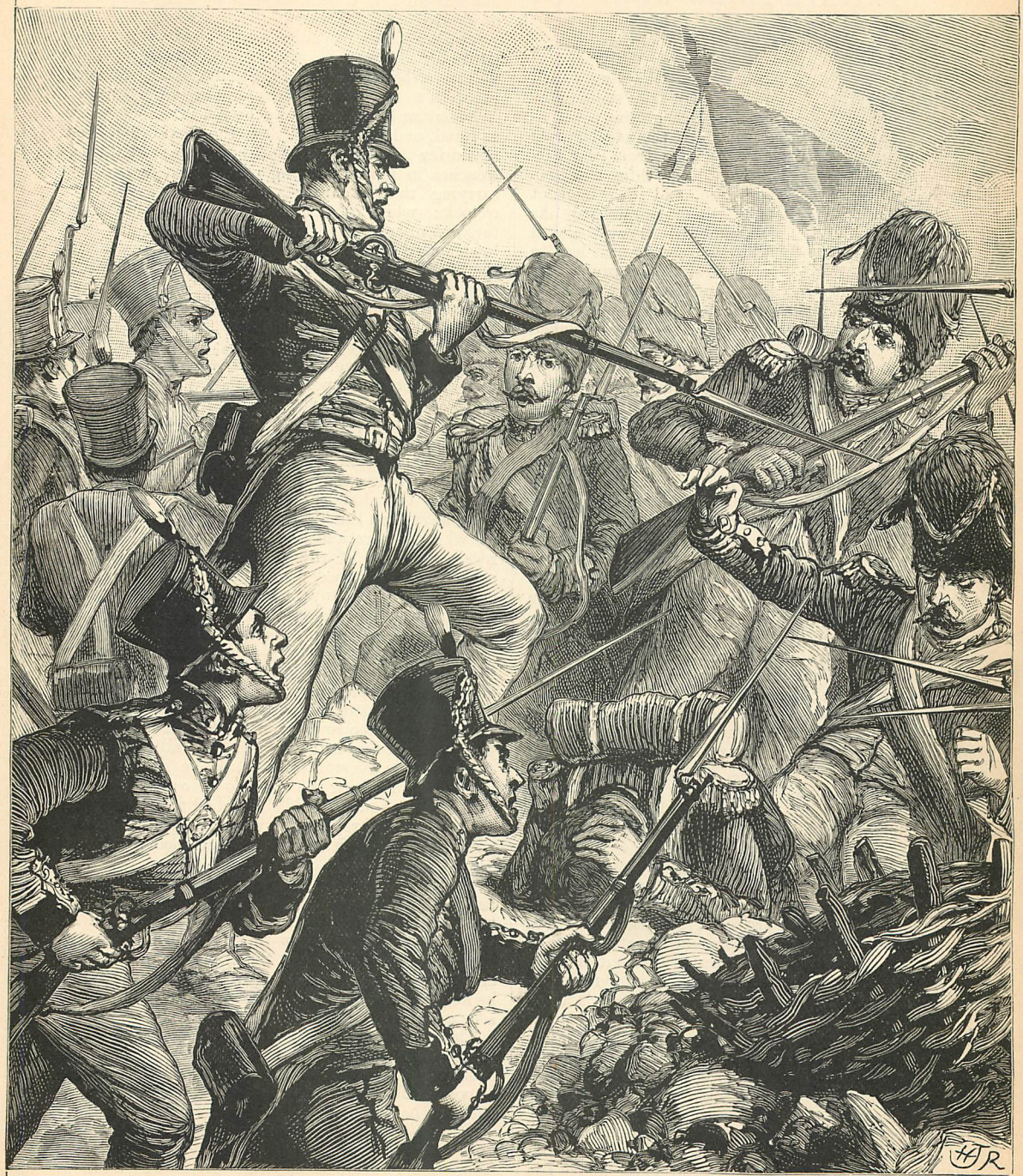
EVEN in this nineteenth century, scattered over England, there still are some of the strong castles built by the conquering Romans in the eleventh century, though they are mostly ruins. The castle of Tutbury was a place of great strength, said to have been built soon after the Conquest by Henry de Ferrars, a follower of William I. Foolishly, he joined the rebels, headed by Simon de Montford, and so lost his estate. Later on, we find the castle came into the possession of the Dukes of Lancaster. One of these, the famous John of Gaunt, added to the fortifications. But this old relic was destroyed by the soldiers of the Parliament during the great Civil War.

Near to the castle was Tutbury town, and this was often enlivened in the time of the Dukes of Lancaster by the noble hospitality kept up. As crowds of people were assembled, it was necessary to have regulations for keeping them in order. Some trouble was caused by the jingleurs, or wandering minstrels, who always resorted to weddings, feasts, and tournaments, sometimes behaving badly; therefore John of Gaunt appointed that there should be a yearly court held, when a king or leader of the minstrels was chosen, and licences were given out to those who wished to act next season, while those who had been offenders were tried and punished.

Our illustration shows a scene connected with one festivity, the stag's head being borne along by one of the foresters, who is mounted on horseback. This was an occasion when the minstrels mustered in great force, and all those engaged as keepers or rangers of Needwood Forest turned out, dressed in gay apparel, having their horses also adorned. The beginning of it was a meeting held at Berkley Lodge, in the forest, to make the arrangements for the dinner which was to take place at Tutbury Castle, at which the foresters and minstrels were prominent, also to settle about killing the stag or buck. When the day arrived, the master-keeper and his party of followers rode to the High Cross, where they met the minstrels who had marched there on foot. On reaching the cross, the keeper blew his horn, others joined in, and the minstrels answered; the whole company then moved off to the church. Having dismounted, the foresters carried in the buck's head, each man presenting an offering to the clergy, and after service the procession returned to enjoy the good dinner prepared for them at the castle.

J. R. S. C.

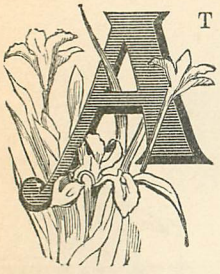
The Minstrels' Festival at Tutbury.



"In another minute the ramparts were gained."

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 79.)



T daybreak next morning a shell was thrown from the heights on the right of the town, as a signal to the artillerymen to open fire from the batteries. Everything had been prepared, and in a moment that which had looked like innocent turfed banks, belched forth fire, smoke, and lead in a perfect hailstorm. The batteries had been masked, and the artillerists had laid their guns by means of observations taken through small peep-holes which had been reserved when the turfs had been laid down. The guns themselves quickly cleared away the earthen obstacles by their first discharge. Then Paul, who, together with the rest of the infantry, was doing nothing just then, was enabled for a period of four days to witness a terrific and sustained cannonade. By sunset on the fourth day, two breaches had been made in the outer walls, and the infantry force felt that their chance for delivering an assault must be rapidly approaching.

But the time had not yet come. The strength of this wall was prodigious; the rampart gave way in huge masses which, far from aiding, would positively impede the advance of a storming party. Both the breaches were commanded by the guns of the castle, and flanked by projections in the great wall. A terrible place at which to attack such a position; but clearly there was no other way possible. In some mysterious manner it had got about in the camp that the desperate venture would be made on the following day, and every man throughout the lines seemed well aware of it. The river Urumea, shallow and narrow, lay slowly flowing between the opposing forces; to ford this it was necessary that the attempt should be made when the tide was low: that would be at about mid-day, and such, accordingly, was the time fixed for the assault. Only one ford was known to the besieging force, and it unfortunately was at some little distance from either of the two breaches. It was felt by the British commanding officers that this would prove a great disadvantage to their forces in the early stages of the attack, and a desire was expressed on all sides to find out if there were any means of crossing the stream higher up, and therefore nearer to the foot of the smaller breach. It was under this condition of affairs that Major Snodgrass, of the 52nd Regiment of Foot, made his splendid and daring exploit in reconnoitring the position. On the night of the 30th September, 1813, an unfavourable moon notwithstanding, he crept silently down to the river's brink, waded in immediately opposite the smaller breach, and finding it, as he had expected, fordable, crossed the river, the water of which reached in several parts above his waist, and landed on the enemy's side. Not content with this, he clambered up the face of the breach in the midnight darkness, and looked from its summit down upon the town of St. Sebastian on the far side. He was all this time in momentary danger of being discovered and fired upon by the French sentries, several of whom he must have passed within a few yards of. How he managed to elude their vigilance will never be known, but that he did so, and returned in safety to the camp, is now a matter of history.

About an hour before day broke, the troops were, as usual, under arms, and then the final orders were issued for the assault. The division was to enter the trenches in light marching order—that is, without carrying their knapsacks and blankets — at ten o'clock; whilst the forlorn hope was to move forward towards the ford as soon as the tide was low enough to permit of their making a dash across the river, some two hours later. The forlorn hope was composed of detachments of volunteers from various regiments; these were to be followed by the 1st Royal Regiment of Infantry, the 4th and 9th Foot, and lastly by the 47th; the reserve was formed from several Portuguese regiments, who were to act as supports. Amongst the volunteers for the advance force was Private Peter West.

Between half-past ten and eleven the forlorn hope took its place in ominous silence at the head of one of the trenches—that most advanced and nearest the enemy — where they awaited, with feverish impatience, the slow ebbing of the tide. Each man must have been thinking of his own chance of life, of what preparations the enemy were making for receiving them, of the vast slaughter that must of necessity take place under the most favourable circumstances. Many of these men were grizzled veterans who had faced shot and shell some half-dozen times before; others again, young, eager, full of rash, reckless bravery—very valuable and not by any means to be lightly esteemed in such a desperate enterprise as the present.

It is related that it was in much the same situation that a young trooper was once joking and laughing just before going into action. He rallied a rugged old soldier on his stony silence, as he sat his horse motionless, awaiting the word to advance.

'I believe you're afraid!' laughed the young man.

'I am afraid,' replied the veteran, grimly, 'and if you were as much afraid as I am, *you would run away!*'

But there was no attempt at joking in the trenches before St. Sebastian. Each man, old and young, knew the danger which lay before him at an interval of perhaps not more than twenty minutes. Probably no man amongst them was, in the common acceptance of the word, afraid; but a man may well be able to feel the danger he is in, without being accused of cowardice.

That morning, as if the very elements were aware of the impending clash of arms, rose gloomy and overcast. A storm was darkly brooding o'er the heavens, all nature was hushed and still. Right over the beleaguered city a black, sulphureous mass of clouds stood, with threatening, awful mien. At long intervals a flash of blue, forked lightning shot from east to west of the inky sky. A gleam of bayonets above the parapet of the fortifications, a change made in the disposition of one of the black-throated long guns on the castle batteries—these

were all that could be seen of the enemy's preparations to receive the band of stormers, then quivering with nervous excitement in the trenches.

To Paul, the time thus passed was a period of the most painful anxiety. Though he was brave as a lion, he yet shrank from the awful scenes which he knew were lying just before him. As an English soldier he was ready to risk and, if needs were, lose his life in the service of his country and for the honour of his flag; but life is dear to most of us, dearest of all to him who has hardly yet come to man's estate, and who is full of health, strength, and spirits. But Paul had felt that it was his duty to volunteer for this most dangerous piece of work. After all, he might, by taking up this place, keep out of it one who was loved by those near and dear to him, while there were none but his soldier comrades to utter even a word of sorrow if he fell.

Twelve o'clock. The officer in command of Paul's company put back his watch with a sigh of relief that the time had at length arrived; a sigh which sounded almost like a groan. Time had gone on leaden wings for the waiters upon fate in the trenches; action was more than a relief from such awful suspense—it seemed almost like a deliverance. A moment later and the order was given to advance. In silence the column began to move forward to the river, and the men were half-way across it when the enemy opened fire, with awful effect; a deadly hail of shot, shell, grape, and canister literally poured from the ramparts upon the devoted heads of the British troops, who fell like grass before the scythe. The fallen were actually damming up the small river with their bodies, but those in the rear pressed on. As comrade after comrade was mown down by that leaden torrent, others silently took the vacant places, only, in many cases, to fall, in their turn, and again be supplanted by those from the rear rank. But the red column of British soldiery still pressed on, undaunted, grim, and resolute, and the opposite bank was gained. Gained! yes, but at what a cost!

No time for thought, no time for regrets; onward and upwards is the cry—up in the face of death, for the immense blocks of granite masonry are so high that the ordinary man can scarcely surmount them; and, meantime, those defending the breach are pouring a ceaseless fire down upon the struggling masses of red-coated soldiers below them.

Gigantic of stature, agile of limb, Paul found far less difficulty in springing up the rugged and broken ground towards the bastion above than men of ordinary height. He was rapidly outstripping his fellows in the race for the breach—that fiery furnace out of which still came the flash of flame and the hail of shot through the heavy, sulphureous smoke.

The tide of war now seemed to turn. The rough, steep, and broken ground, the steadiness of the defenders' fire, were checking the advance. Then was tried, for the first time in the history of warfare, a dangerous experiment. Seeing that the issue of the fight hung in the balance, the English general gave orders to the gunners to fire over the heads of their comrades at the top of the breach; and the artillery-men aimed so well, that there was a turn in the doubtful fortunes of the day.

With desperate valour, Private Peter West pressed on, until, alone, he stood at the very entrance to the breach, and his fixed bayonet crossed that of the foremost Frenchman within. Only for one moment, however, for in the next the noise of a terrific explosion hurled him backward, and so appalling and unexpected was it, that it seemed to stun the French and English alike. A shell from the British lines had burst near and ignited the gunpowder train which communicated with a vast quantity of the explosive, concealed close by the breach! The defending force had intended to fire this mine, in the event of our troops gaining an entrance; but the design was, happily for the English, frustrated by the accident just mentioned. Instead of sweeping the storming party to destruction, it greatly aided them now by clearing away all obstacles to their advance. The sharp, bright flash of the explosion was followed by clouds of dense black smoke, which, for the time, completely hid the conflicting forces from each other's view, and even hid friend from friend. Springing to his feet again, Paul, with a loud shout, dashed through the wall of smoke, followed by a dozen others. They were instantly encountered by fifty French grenadiers. Amid clash of sword and bayonet, a tumultuous stream of red-coats poured through the breach and over the parapet. In another minute the ramparts were gained.

Although the French still fought with desperate valour, they were driven back at the point of the bayonet. To reach the street a drop of fifteen feet had to be made, and that gained, the fight was still continued. The French gallantly contested every inch of ground, they were driven from house to house, and the battle raged with fury until evening, when the Governor, with about a thousand of his troops, fell back upon the castle, into which they retired.

(*Continued at page* 90.)

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

The Use of Flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For Who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him!

MARY HOWITT.

NATURAL ENEMIES.

NOW, Carlo, foolish dog! you know
This cat belongs to me;
I love the little pet so much,
I could not bear to see
Her pretty fur all soiled and torn
By your great clumsy paws;
And, oh! suppose that she should drop
Into those hungry jaws.

But, no; my darling little cat,
Encircled by my arm
You need not fear that naughty dog:
He dare not do you harm.

But Carlo springs and barks away
As though he ne'er would cease,
Until the gardener chains him up,
And then the friends have peace.

D. B.

DICK AND THE COINERS.

(*Continued from page* 76.)

CHAPTER II.

THE HAUNTED MILL.

GENEROUS, impulsive, and, if you will, rash, can you wonder at Dick Willoughby's endeavours — fruitless though they seemingly must prove—to put a stop to the vile practices of the gang of coiners, and avenge, in some manner, the wrongs of poor Matthew Fielding?

From quite a little lad Dick had been a favourite of Fielding's, and the feeling was returned. It was to Matthew that Dick always ran with his little troubles and joys, whether it was a broken bat to be mended or for a proper fly wherewith to whip the stream; how to make a bird-snare, or for sticking-plaister for a cut finger.

It was now that Dick, by striving to bring to justice those who had beggared his old friend, wished to repay some of all these years of kindness and care.

Ever since the detection of the counterfeit money in Elsborough and Wilden, the idea that it was made either in the village or near it took stronger and stronger root in his mind; and when honest Fielding fell a victim to these unscrupulous men, the belief, as it were, became certainty. Dick's conduct made him the butt for a good deal of 'chaff,' but he stuck to his self-imposed task with a manful determination.

If the old farmer had been able to bear his loss more quietly, it is probable that Dick would have soon lost his interest in the coiners; but the farmer's means did not permit him to make little of his loss, and his distress was very real and acute. To see him so 'cut-up' and stand idly by was not possible for a lad like Dick, and he vowed never to give up his quest until the coiners had received their due punishment or were dispersed.

John, the ploughman, redeemed his promise two days later by taking Dick to the spot where he had found the guinea. 'This here, Master Dick, is where I picked it up;' and as he spoke he put his finger in a slight dent in the soft earth, as though there could be no question about it being the very hole which the coin had made.

It lay a few yards to the right of a little stone bridge which carried the high road over a brawling stream. On one side of the stream, standing back from the highway a furlong's length, stood Beechdale Hall, the residence of Francis Rendall, called the Squire; and on the other, nearly opposite, stood a ruined mill. The mill, at the time of which we are writing, was surrounded by a great marshy bog, which, to all save a few who knew a secret path, rendered the feat of approaching it next to impossible: for if once the person who might be intrepid enough to try, diverged ever so little to either side of the narrow track, down he sank in the ooze and slime to a very unpleasant depth.

If we except Beechdale Hall, dwellings near it there were none. The ignorant farm-labourers who passed the dismal place on their way from the fields in the deepening twilight turned their heads away from it, and did not breathe freely till it was left well in the rear; for they quite believed the mill to be haunted. Nor were many of the better educated free from the same superstitious dread.

Perhaps this was not surprising, for a more weird and uncanny-looking object could hardly be imagined. It had been built on an eminence—possibly the better to catch the wind — composed of rock and earth, which stood up out of the marsh like a great hump. At a height of ten or twelve feet from the foot of the structure it was girdled by a rude wooden balcony, with tumbled-down bulwarks, mainly supported by long, untrimmed poles, one end being driven into the ground at set intervals all round the mill's base, and the other end sloped outwards till it met the balcony's edge, where it had been securely nailed.

The general effect of solitude and decay was further enhanced by the huge, ragged remnants of sails, whose loose ribs, waving to and fro in the wintry wind, probably accounted for the strange and hideous music which the frightened hinds said that they often heard of an evening.

The 'haunted mill,' as it was generally called, was one of those peculiar properties which 'belong to nobody.' Formerly, it was said, one Habakkuk Hoskins was the miller and proprietor; and the grist brought to grind provided ample 'grist' for himself. But succeeding generations had not prospered to the same extent, and at length the mill became tenantless and totally neglected, and thus had gone to wrack and ruin. Owing to the same cause, the marsh had gradually assumed its present dangerous nature.

Dick was reluctantly compelled to admit to himself that in standing over the spot where the spurious coin had been found, he was no nearer obtaining a clue to the coiners' den than hitherto.

Certainly there was the old mill, which, though fully in the light of day, did seem well adapted, from its isolated position, for an illegal practice like coining. Dick had, indeed, watched night after night by the marsh, hoping to see some one flitting across the bog, but in vain—never a soul disturbed the stillness of the gloom. He had not satisfied

himself on the point by a thorough search of the mill itself, because the secret path had so far defied him.

But, as he chatted to the old ploughman, a voice, which rhymed itself to the murmuring music of the stream, seemed to repeat 'Hoskins' mill, Hoskins' mill;' and, seized by the whim, he determined to follow the 'advice' that very night, and to make a desperate effort to pass over the swamp.

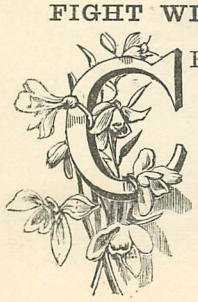
Accordingly, he bade John farewell, after thanking him for the trouble he had taken, and he walked briskly up to the bog. More than once he went round it, keenly examining the margin at every step for some sign of the path, but with no satisfactory result. At last, in despair, he sat himself down on a wedge-shaped stone, close to the marsh's edge, and tried to think out some plan to overcome the difficulty. Whilst thus thinking over the absorbing question, he noticed a small lizard glide between the thick blades of grass at his feet and disappear beneath the stone. Curious to know where it had got to, he went on his knees and drew away the grass to obtain a view of its hole. But the lizard was totally forgotten by something which caught his eye on a smooth bit of the stone's surface, a few inches from the ground. There, roughly chiselled, was the clumsy carving of an arrow in flight and the two capital letters, N.E.

Dick rose to his feet, a quiet smile of triumph on his features; he felt that at last, and by the merest accident, he had discovered the secret path. N.E. (*i.e.*, north-east) from that stone was the direction to be taken to cross the marsh in safety; and as if further to confirm this supposition, he noticed that the apex of the triangular rock pointed north-east—for he could tell pretty well where the cardinal points of the compass lay.

Not to arouse the suspicion of any casual observer of his actions he left the marsh without attempting to prove the truth or falsity of the inscription, deciding that it were the better course to wait till evening; and it must here be confessed that Dick's nightly explorations were made without the knowledge or consent of his parents, who would scarcely have approved of such conduct.

(*Concluded at page* 94.)

FIGHT WITH A CROCODILE.



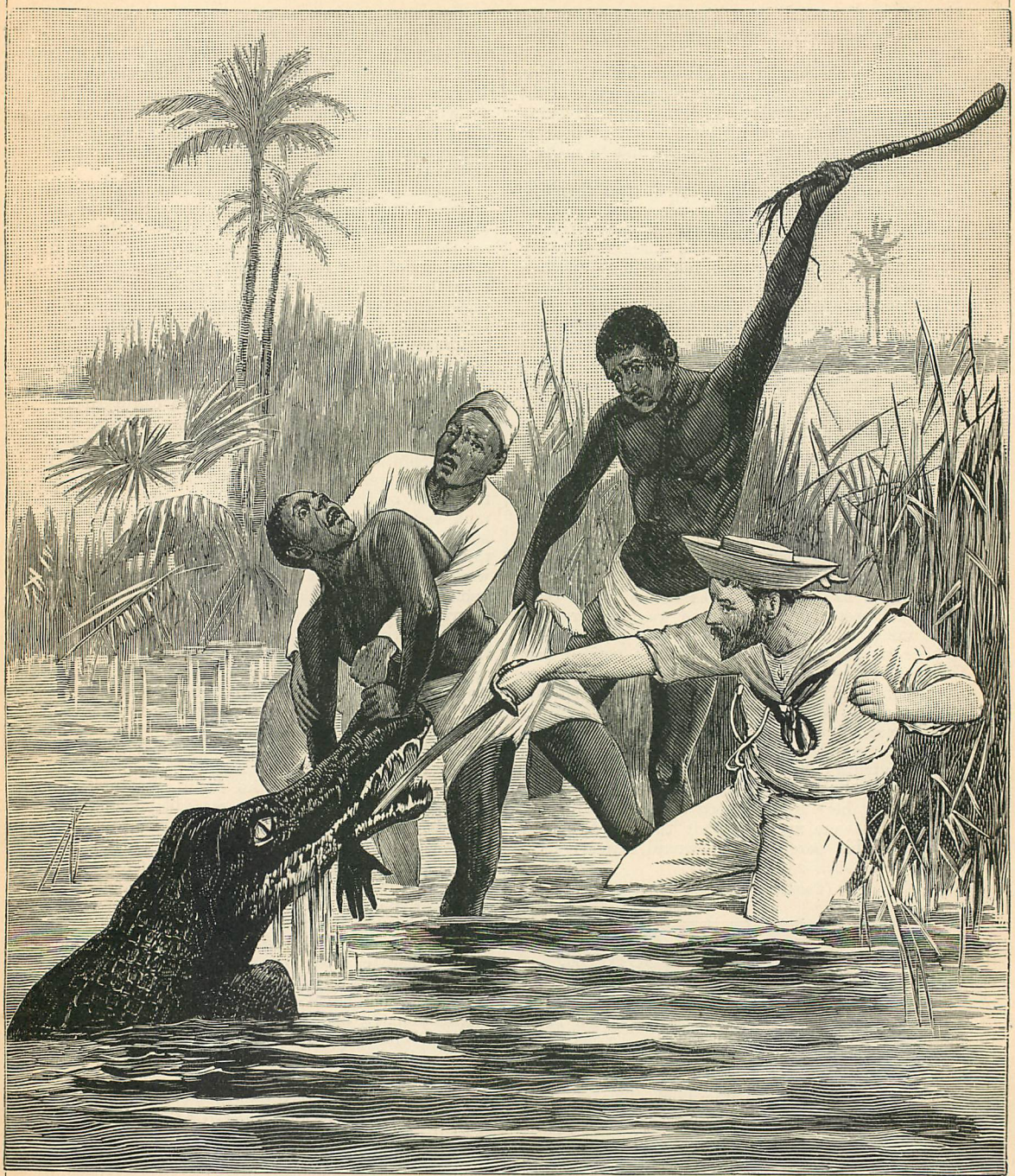
CROCODILES are the largest of living reptiles, all of them being found in tropical regions. The order includes crocodiles proper, alligators, and many others of a smaller kind. The crocodile of the Nile—the creature with which we have at present to do—is a well-known species, not now found further north than Thebes. It is almost entirely an aquatic animal, moving rapidly in the water by means of its powerful tail-strokes. Crocodiles, however, are clumsy in their movements when on shore, and suffer from being stiff-necked.

They sometimes grow to a length of twenty feet and more, though a crocodile of fifteen feet long is reckoned a large specimen. While young, they feed on fishes and small animals, which they catch by the river-side; but as they reach their full growth, their ferocity and daring become very great. They will attack the largest quadrupeds, and are not afraid to pursue even men, while women and children fall an easy prey to these ruthless monsters.

Crocodiles are in the habit of floating in the water, with merely the snout above the surface. While in this position they are not easily detected, so that unwary men and animals only become conscious of their danger when, on approaching too near the water, the watchful reptile, like a flash, rushes out upon them, seizes them in its formidable jaws, drags them into the water, and holds them underneath the surface till they are drowned. When the terrible teeth of the crocodile have once closed upon their prey, the unfortunate victim, whether man or animal, very seldom can escape.

Here is the story of one of these rare escapes.

On one occasion, an English sailor from a man-of-war ship, having got leave to go on shore for a few hours, went with an Arab friend of his along the banks of the Nile, noting the strange trees, the rank vegetation, the many dazzling insects which hummed all around—everything being so unlike anything which he had seen before. While the two men were busy in friendly talk, suddenly a scream broke upon the stillness all around—a scream of fear and agony, followed by shouts and cries, and the sudden waving of the herbage on the banks of the river in front of them. For a moment the two men stood appalled and uncertain—something terrible was evidently going on close at hand; but as the screams and shouts still continued, it was not possible for an Englishman to refrain from going to the rescue. Fortunately he had his cutlass with him; therefore, calling to his companion to follow, he rushed to the scene of conflict, where he found two unhappy natives engaged with a huge crocodile, which had rushed out of the river, seized one of them by the arm, and in spite of his struggles dragged him into the stream. His terrified friend was doing the best he could for him. Tearing up a strong root from the river, he was belabouring the monster, which, however, cared nothing for his blows, its tough, scaly hide being quite proof against any attack of this kind. There can be no doubt whatever that, save for the arrival of the Englishman and his friend, the monster would have succeeded in dragging the unfortunate native under water and drowning him; but the Englishman, thrusting his cutlass down its throat, and turning it round and round, soon compelled the monster to let his victim go—the poor arm, however, being so terribly lacerated that it had to be amputated in order to save the man's life. As for the reptile, it sheered off into deep water, leaving a crimson stream behind it; and as several days afterwards a party of natives discovered a dead crocodile floating on the surface of the water, the general opinion was that this was the same reptile which had so nearly destroyed the man's life. These natives, having succeeded in dragging the body on shore, felt themselves to be amply rewarded for their

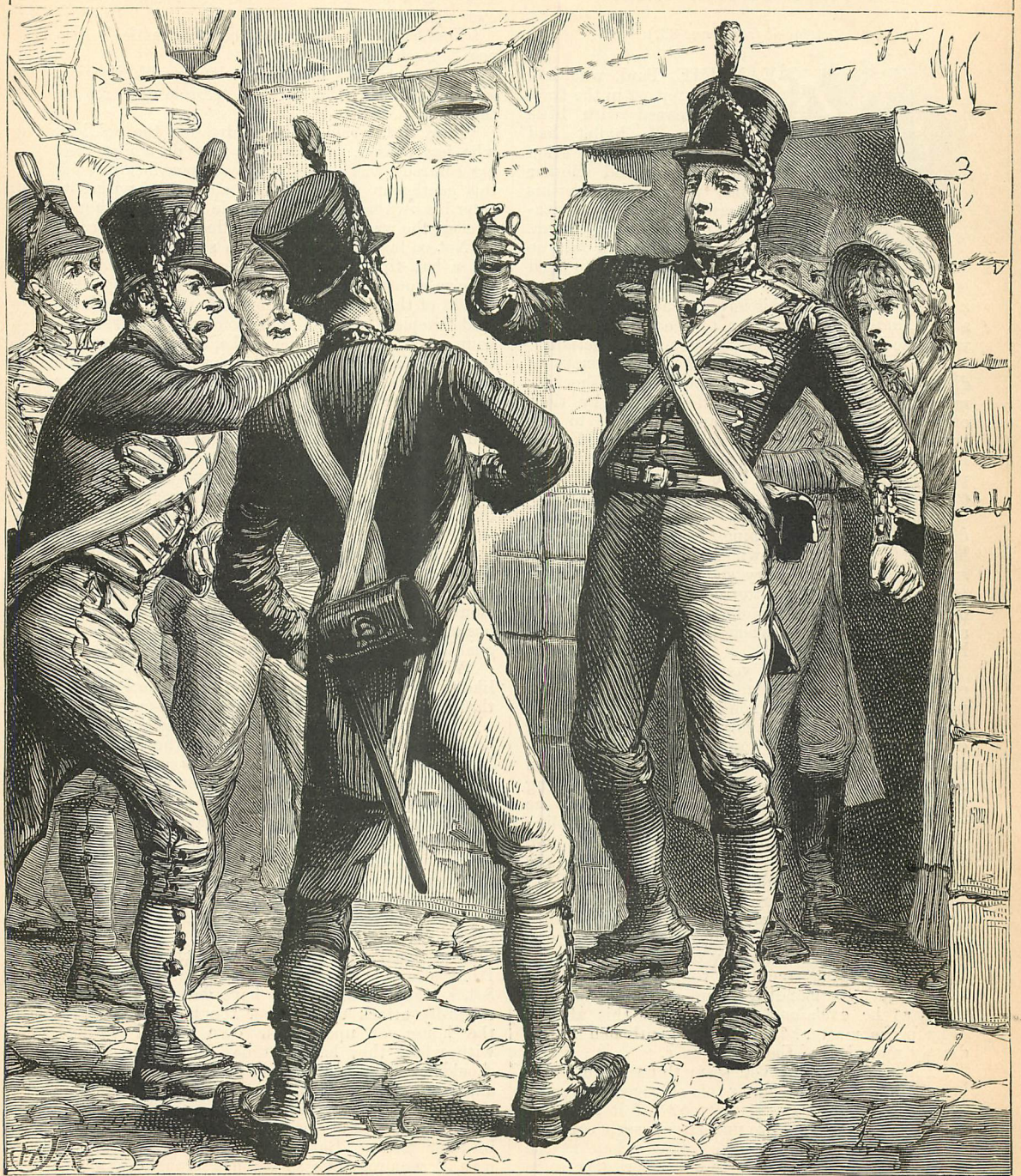


"The Englishman thrusting his cutlass down its throat."

trouble when they secured its tough and leathery skin, for crocodile-hide is of great value as an article of commerce.

The eggs of this reptile—of which there are generally some two or three score—are about the size of goose eggs, and are laid in sandy hollows, and left to be hatched by the heat of the sun.

K.



" Go away, and let these people alone! "

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 83.)

EANTIME, Paul, who had been foremost in the fray, had escaped with little injury. A bullet had struck the metal portion of his belt, and another had passed through his bearskin busby, but without doing him any harm. He had not been quite so lucky in the hand-to-hand fighting, as a thrust from a bayonet had pierced his left arm above the elbow; a trifle, indeed, in proportion to the terrible risks to which he had been exposed throughout the action.

The men had broken through all the bounds of discipline, and were looting and burning in a shocking manner, in spite of every effort made by their officers to restrain them. Paul, powerless to prevent, stood apart, in deep disgust. Here and there he was able to save from rough handling a French peasant or shopkeeper; here and there would a comrade listen to his voice, and cease from some wanton act of destruction. Presently he strolled down the streets: burning houses, carpets, rich hangings, curtains strewn about the causeways, meeting his eye at every step. He met his own captain, wounded and tottering along weakly, resting on the arm of a brother officer. Paul was saluting and about to pass by, when the captain spoke, and he halted.

'Private West, I saw you to-day just before we entered the breach. You, I believe, were the first man over the parapet. You are a plucky fellow, and if I live and get well again, I will take care you don't go without your reward. And I'm also glad to see that you are a sober man at a time like this, when so many, who ought to know better, are besotting themselves with drink,'—and with these words he walked painfully on, leaving Paul with a feeling that with such kindly words to cheer him, he would, if needs were, again face the storm of bullets and the glitter of the French steel.

Thinking such things as these, he turned sharply round a corner, and came upon a group of his own comrades surrounding an elderly gentleman, who was addressing them in angry tones, whilst a timid-looking girl clung trembling to his arm. Private Peter West's commanding figure pushed in amongst them, as he exclaimed, 'What's all this about? What's the matter?' The old gentleman immediately appealed to the new-comer.

'You sir,' he said, 'you seem to be in authority here. Why am I treated in this outrageous manner, and by my own countrymen, too? If it had been Frenchmen, I could have understood such conduct. My son is one of the wounded officers here at the castle; he was wounded and taken prisoner some weeks ago, and I and my daughter have come out here to be near him. I have a special *permit* from the French Emperor to stay for the time being in St. Sebastian, and this house is where I lodge. These men are preventing me from entering my own apartments.'

'You have just returned from the castle, I suppose?' inquired Paul.

'Yes; where we have been sitting with my poor son through the whole of this terrible day,' replied the old man.

'Now, lads,' said Paul, addressing the soldiers, who had paused, uncertain what to do whilst their big comrade was parleying, 'you have heard what this gentleman says; let him alone; he wishes to enter his own house,' and he made a move as though to clear the way through to the door of the house.

'Not so fast, Peter; not quite so fast there,' cried out a half-tipsy soldier, pushing Paul rudely back. 'We've won this town, and we're going to get the benefit of the win. I'm going to have the old chap's gold timepiece, and I'm going to have a kiss from the young woman!' and as he spoke, he made a grab at the poor, frightened girl, who shrieked aloud at the approach of the rough brute, and clung still more tightly to her father's arm.

In an instant, Paul had the fellow by the waist and flung him into the road without an effort. At that moment the door of the house was slightly opened by a frightened *concierge*, and Paul, as quick as he was big and strong, pushed the girl and her father towards it. As they fled through it into the shelter of the house, an ugly rush was made for them, but again Paul was equal to the occasion. He sprang into the doorway, and shoved the men back.

'No, no, boys; don't be a pack of fools! You would only get yourselves into trouble over such a business as that. You are neither thieves nor blackguards. Go away and let these people alone, now.'

'Who calls us thieves and blackguards, I would like to know!' shouted out the man whom Paul had thrown into the road, coming up at that moment.

'Yes, yes,' cried the rest, all of whom had more or less muddled away their wits by the drink they had obtained in the small *cabarets* of the town. 'Who calls us thieves, eh?' and they closed around Paul in a threatening manner.

'No one calls you so. All I say is that I don't want you to behave as such,' calmly answered the young man, still trying all peaceable means to subdue the angry passions of the dangerous, excited knot of men before him. He trembled to think what would happen if they succeeded in forcing an entrance into the house.

A moment's hesitation, and then the Demon Drink decided the question of the men's action. Sober, they would never have been guilty of a cowardly attack upon either the helpless party in the house, or upon their own young comrade, with whom they had that day fought shoulder to shoulder. They made a rush at Paul, uttering loud and angry cries of 'Pull him down!' 'Knock him over!' 'Who's he, to stand in our way?' and things began to look bad for the young soldier standing in their midst. But Private Peter West was a man of resource; one spring had brought him into the doorway of the house; he pulled to the door itself, which shut with a snap; then he planted his broad back against it, and put himself in an attitude

of defence. The rest paused; the doorway was narrow, and only one at a time could fairly get at its defender—and that defender, as he stood up, a good six feet four, with a pair of shoulders and a chest to match his inches, and a look of cool courage in his eye, was anything but an inviting antagonist. These men were all brave, but, despite their muddled heads, a feeling ran through most that they were fighting in a bad cause, and, furthermore, they well knew that whoever went first to the attack would be knocked down by the stalwart young Fusilier.

Before they had made up their minds what to do, a strong picket came swinging down the street, and, seeing the angry little crowd standing round, the officer asked the cause of the disturbance. As a result, the men were ordered to fall in to be marched off with the picket. The officer demanded Paul's name, and advised him to get back to his own regiment's quarters, and just as he had saluted, and was preparing to obey, the door behind them was opened, and the old gentleman issued forth.

'Sir James Cornforth!' exclaimed the officer in astonishment at beholding him. 'I never expected to see you here.'

'Ah, Campbell, this is a fortunate meeting! We are here in attendance at the castle on my wounded son. Your victorious soldiers are not very pleasant company, I can assure you. If it had not been for this fine fellow here,' waving his hand towards Paul, 'Heaven alone knows what would have happened to my daughter and me. They meant mischief, I am certain, but this young giant stood up for us, and by his means we were both enabled to escape into the house. I am most grateful to him for the service he has rendered us. Any reward in reason that I——'

But here Private Peter West broke in, 'Thank you, sir, very much. I could not accept any reward for what I have done. After all, it was very little——'

'Very little!—very little, indeed!' exclaimed Sir James. 'Well, you seem to value our lives and property not over-highly, young man—not over-highly. All I know is that if I hadn't been seen by you in the nick of time, those fellows would have had my gold watch, and far worse, sir—far worse!—one of the scoundrels wanted to kiss my daughter, sir. Yes, kiss *my* daughter, sir!' and the old gentleman fumed up and down in his rage. 'A common soldier, sir—a private soldier, sir—to dare to raise his eyes to kiss *my* daughter!' and Sir James fairly boiled over with excitement and rage at the thought of such an indignity being offered to one of his blood.

'Well, Sir James, I am very glad indeed that, thanks to this young fellow—he is not in my regiment: as you see, he is a Fusilier—you and your daughter have come to no actual harm. I shall report the conduct of this man and it will all go down in his favour in his Colonel's good books, and—— By the way, how is it that you are in St. Sebastian? Your regiment is not here.'

Paul blushed slightly. Hard soldier as he was, he was still young enough to blush. 'I volunteered, sir,' he answered modestly.

'Then you were one of the forlorn hope?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And gallantly you all did your task, my man. It will be something to remember all your days. I wish that I had been in it, too; my regiment was following in the rear, only——' and the young officer heaved a gently envious sigh, entirely ignoring the evident fact that, had his wish been gratified, he might very probably have been, at that moment, lying amidst the heap of slain that choked up the sluggish flow of the Urumea River: so apt are we all to think that, even if a regiment falls, we ourselves should escape. Turning again to the old gentleman, he added:—

'If you will permit me to advise you, Sir James, I would say, Keep close to the house for to-morrow, at least. Victorious troops are always difficult to keep in hand, and as the castle has not yet formally capitulated, it would not be possible for you to go there, just yet. And now, good night; make my kindest compliments to your daughter. I must be moving on.'

Paul was about to follow him, when Sir James laid his hand upon the young fellow's arm.

'You will, at least, tell me your name,' he said, and his tones were so kindly and earnest that Paul could not refuse.

'I am known, sir, as Private Peter West,' he said, simply.

'Your regiment?'

'The 17th Fusiliers.'

'If ever you want a helping hand, Mr. West, remember the name of James Cornforth,' and the old man shook his hand warmly, and, turning on his heel, entered the house.

'Mr.' West, he had called him, and he had shaken him by the hand. Paul had not been called 'Mr.' for so long that the title seemed strange in his ears now, whilst handshaking had entirely gone out of the scheme of his life during the past few months. He was not a proud man, very far from it, but somehow or other it felt very pleasant to be treated as a gentleman once again.

(*Continued at page* 98.)

A BRAVE BOY.

WHEN Admiral Campbell was a boy he was employed on a small coasting vessel. A king's officer came on board to take men for the Royal Navy. All the seamen were seized, leaving only the captain and the boy, Campbell, to work the ship. One man had a large family, and was in such deep distress about it that he wept like a child. Campbell was so much affected by the sight that he begged the officer to take him instead of the man.

'Aye, aye, my lad, that I will!' he exclaimed; 'for I had much rather have a boy of spirit than a blubbering man: come along.'

His generous conduct secured him the goodwill of his messmates on the man-of-war; even the captain heard the story, and, watching the boy at his post, he was soon able to promote him. His kindness made him friends everywhere, and by steady attention to his duty, he was soon raised to the highest post in the English navy.

The Press-gang outwitted.

ESCAPING FROM THE PRESS-GANG.

WE cannot look back at past times without feeling that, in very many respects, we live in better days than our forefathers did. To take only one example: think of the broken hearts and the bitter tears which must often have followed a raid of the press-gang. How often has a likely young man been seized, pinioned, and carried on board a man-of-war which soon put out to sea; his disappearance causing great sorrow in his home? On one occasion, however, the press-gang was outwitted in a very curious manner.

In the early years of this century a West Indiaman having arrived at Gravesend was boarded by the press-gang.

The mates of these vessels were always sure of being 'pressed,' and the young man who now expected this fate was the more to be pitied, as the pilot who had come on board had told him that his old mother was very near death, and that she was watching every sunrise and sunset with the hope of bidding her boy a last farewell.

With a sinking heart and an angry spirit the poor young fellow watched the party ascend the side of the ship, and in his distress he murmured a prayer for help. And help came!

The crew of the West Indiaman had been brought on deck, but while the lieutenant was examining them, a health-boat arrived upon the scene.

As no clean bill of health was found on the West Indiaman, or at least none deemed satisfactory, the vessel, with the lieutenant of the man-of-war and all his gang, was ordered to Stangate Creek to perform quarantine together for forty days! The mate blessed this thraldom, which he would have execrated an hour earlier, since it enabled him by a little daring and cunning to escape on shore, and thus avoid the fate impending.

But though he had got on shore, his difficulties were not over—his seaman's dress would betray him to the press-gang should he chance to meet them. He therefore hid himself in a hay-stack till the darkness of night had fallen, when he sought the abode of a comrade of his early days, who lent him a change of clothing. The young fellow then ran as though he were running for his life, and reached his mother's

"The poor sparrow chirped and struggled in vain."

cottage in safety. The sight of her darling boy gave new vigour to the poor old woman; she got out of bed and hid him in her garret, beneath a quantity of straw. But no one came to molest him. At the end of the forty days of quarantine, the lieutenant and his gang returned to their ship, and sailed away, in search of victims elsewhere. M.

A TRAGEDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

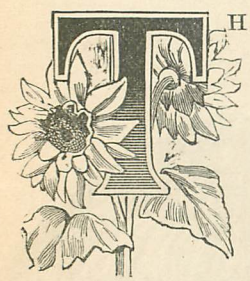
FOUNTAIN COURT, Temple, was the scene of a tragedy in natural history about eight o'clock one night, which caused some excitement among a small crowd of persons, who at the time were enjoying the refreshing evening breezes under the

trees. In the famous fountain are several fish, which are better off in the tranquil water, than the lawyers who are closeted in the stuffy rooms of the Temple. A thirsty sparrow hopped to the edge of the fountain, and while it was enjoying the cooling effect of the water, one of the fish suddenly leaped from the basin, and seized it by a leg. The bird squealed, chirped, and struggled, but another fish came to the assistance of its brother, and between the two, they dragged the poor sparrow into the water, and killed it. They then left it, and sported themselves in their element, as if, like Pecksniff, they had performed a duty to society.

DICK AND THE COINERS.

(*Concluded from page* 87.)

CHAPTER III.—UNEARTHED!



THE old eight-day clock had just chimed the hour of eleven when Dick let himself out of the house, and set off for the mill with rapid but noiseless step. There was no moon; but the stars shone with unusual brilliancy.

The haunted mill stood up gaunt and indistinct against the sky as Dick approached; but he had no idle fears of ghosts and mysterious noises. On reaching the 'guide,' he stood a few minutes and listened intently; nothing broke the solemn quietude of the night save the groanings and creakings of the mill's sails shaken by the wind.

Very gingerly he took the first step into the swamp, preparing for the worst; to his joy, it was firm under him: the water not covering his instep. Foot by foot he felt his way onwards, till at length, much to his relief, he landed on the island without accident.

Again he stood and listened, and again the same silence reigned. Now began the ticklish part of his undertaking; and, if the coiners really were within the ruin, the dangerous part, as well: his life might depend on his coolness and tact.

Fortunately the door of the miller's cottage had fallen in, so there was no fear of rusty hinges squeaking and raising the alarm. After much groping, and 'barking' his shins several times, he found the entrance into the mill. His hopes of discovering the coiners were beginning to fail him: the place seemed deserted; he was afraid that his theories would turn out to be naught else but theories after all. But just as these conclusions were agitating his brain, a bright line of light shot up, as it were, from the floor, rendered doubly brilliant in the thick darkness.

Very much astonished by the phenomenon, Dick moved carefully forward to ascertain the cause of it. A moment's examination of the floor sufficed: it was the light in a cellar beneath, which filtered through a crack in the trap-door opening up from it. His discovery put him all in a tremble of excitement. *The coiners were below!* He could now hear them talking and laughing in subdued tones.

The opening was large enough to allow him to see plainly all that transpired, by applying his eye to it. There were four men in all; two being employed in stamping the coins with the dies; another rolling a thin sheet of golden metal; while the fourth stood working the bellows of a small forge. The smoke ascended a chimney which must have gone a good height up inside the mill.

Dick knew the man blowing the bellows, and it gave him a shock to see that it was Francis Rendall of Beechdale Hall—the Squire—the associate, and evident leader, of a gang of coiners!

What cause could there be for his having fallen so low? Alas! Dick knew only too well—the bane of many a man before Rendall—gambling and horse-racing. Although still a young man, he had run through a large fortune; had staked his house, and, but for the merest chance, he would have been homeless. Evil fortune pursued him at every turn; and, in despair, he had taken to coining to replenish his empty coffers.

His companions were unknown to Dick, being, probably, from London.

'Well,' observed one of these latter, '*I* don't consider fifteen pound profit over and above what we "gave" old Fielding for his produce so very bad: you never seem satisfied, George; what is your opinion, Rendall?'

'Very reasonable, Bob,' replied Rendall, working the bellows regularly the while.

'And see, they are genuine guineas,' and he threw on a bench a little cloth bag tied round the mouth with red twine: the result was a clear metallic jingle. 'By rights, gentlemen, this belongs to Matthew Fielding. Where are your morals? I'm ashamed of you!'

A general laugh greeted this pleasantry.

Young Willoughby watched and listened as one fascinated; as indeed he was. The danger of his position and the flight of time were forgotten, till Rendall, looking at his watch, exclaimed, 'Time we were off, my lads; it will soon be daylight.'

'Are you going to take this?' inquired one, holding up the bag of gold, which, as had been said in heartless jest, belonged to poor Fielding.

'No; not now. To-morrow will do: it will be all right here.'

Dick stayed to hear no more. He got quietly outside the mill, hurried across the marsh, and so over the bridge, and a couple of hundred yards up the high road, when he waited behind a thick hedge for the coiners' approach.

He had not long to wait before all four passed him at a rapid pace, going straight to Beechdale Hall.

He had no thought of following them; on the contrary, he ran in the opposite direction: he went back to the mill!

Yes; and with the intention of securing that bag of gold! But he had no prickings of conscience for

what he was about to do. The money was Fielding's—even the coiners themselves had acknowledged that—and into his old friend's hands he would place it before the sun rose much higher. He found the cellar as dark as pitch; but the embers in the forge not being quite dead, he soon had light enough for his purpose. Surely no miser ever clutched his money with greater joy than did Dick the bag of gold. On the point of rushing up the ladder, a happy thought struck him: he would bite the biters!

Untying the string, he emptied the guineas into his pocket, counted back the same amount of spurious ones, of which there was no lack, tied up the bag again, and left it on the bench as though it had never been touched.

Early that morning, old Fielding heard a loud, impatient knocking at his door, and on hurrying downstairs, he found the visitor to be Dick Willoughby. You may imagine his surprise at the tale of the young man's adventure: but the hard, genuine gold was no fiction; no, it was all true, but passing strange; and he rejoiced at the unexpected turn in his fortune.

On the afternoon of the same day, several detectives from Elsborough, in the guise of labourers, straggled into the village. It was the head officer's wish to capture the coiners red-handed in the mill, and in pursuance of this object he placed himself and his men under Dick's guidance.

At nearly the same hour as the youth had sallied forth on the preceding evening, half-a-dozen shadowy figures were moving towards the haunted mill.

The coiners were already at their work, talking and laughing just the same as when Dick first beheld them. But a sudden change ensued; something had happened which not a little upset the leader—Francis Rendall. Dick knew the cause, but not so the police-officer: the former had said nothing concerning Fielding's money, and it was the bag of counterfeit coins which had been discovered.

Rendall carelessly threw the bag to one side, and the ring emitted was not the true ring, as none knew better than he.

'Ho, boys!' he cried, excitedly, 'all's not right! Who knows anything of this?' he continued sternly, at the same time rolling the bag's contents on the bench.

Consternation reigned supreme. Each vehemently protested his ignorance of the matter, and Rendall saw they spoke the truth.

'Then we are betrayed!' he hissed, with an oath. 'Hark! what is that?' he exclaimed, in trepidation. 'Ah! look—look there, men! the trap-hatch! The police! They are on us! We have no time to lose!'

As the detectives raised the trap-door, the lamp was dashed out, a large can of water thrown over the forge, and all was cast into utter darkness. A hurried, scrambling commotion succeeded for a moment or two, and then complete silence!

The policemen turned up their lanterns only to find the cellar empty.

'There are more ways than one to Hoskins' mill, it seems, Master Willoughby,' said the chief, keenly annoyed.

'Yes, sir; and I am as much surprised as you can be.'

'Here's where they have gone, sir!' cried one, pushing back a panel in the wall. The officers dashed into the dark passage without hesitation; Dick following. By the glance afforded by the lanterns, this subterranean exit was the incomplete work of nature finished by man. After numerous difficulties in the shape of slabs of stone artfully fixed here and there, to bar the progress of any curious person, the party emerged from the tunnel on the stream's bank, not far below the bridge where John the ploughman picked up the counterfeit guinea.

This second way to the mill cleared up what had to Dick been somewhat of a mystery, namely, never having observed any of the coiners go across the marsh when he had been on the look-out there at night!

The delays in the tunnel caused by the obstructions, placed there for the purpose of baffling any stranger, proved the coiners' safety: they were never heard of more. And I don't think that Dick Willoughby was sorry. He had done all he ever hoped to do in restoring Fielding his stolen money—*plus* fifteen pounds!—and he had broken up the gang. He was quite willing to think that, if they had escaped man's justice, they were still in the hands of an infinitely higher Judge than any earthly one.

WALTER FOSTER.

HOME FROM THE DAY'S TOIL.

HOW sweet, when falls the silent evening hour,
And golden clouds are gathering in the west,
When closed the petals of each wayside flower,
And little birdies cower in the nest:

How sweet to hie us home—my girl and I;
All day we've toiled among the golden sheaves,
While darling baby was content to lie
Encircled in a nest of fallen leaves.

And father? Ah! he waits for us at home,
Crippled and lame, but loving-hearted still;
How glad he'll be to see his loved ones come
Back from their day's work on the breezy hill.

Ah, dear! 'tis hard when men are stricken down—
Leaving the work they fain would do, but can't,
To woman's weaker hand, who now must toil
To keep from their poor door the wolf of want!

But sadder still if love should fly away!
As it is said to do when troubles come.
Oh, Jenny! may you never have to say
That you and baby had a loveless home!

No, no! We may be poor, but let us love,
Though we must labour to the close of life;
And if my children and my own goodman
Love me, why then I am a happy wife!

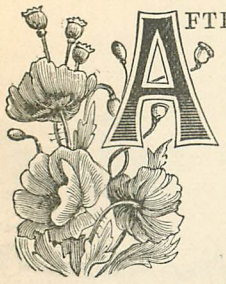
B.

Home from the Day's Toil.

"Paul's gaze fell upon the greatest soldier of the age — the Duke of Wellington himself."

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 91.)



AFTER the storming and capture of St. Sebastian, a temporary lull took place in hostilities, that is, as far as the division to which Paul belonged was concerned. The great armies of Soult and Wellington still faced each other at many a distant point, and the calm was but a prelude to the renewal of the storm. Our hero, much to his delight, had been made a sergeant, as reward for 'distinguished conduct in the field.' Far better, in his own private opinion, was an incident which happened to him a little later on.

Amongst others, the regiment to which Paul belonged had been ordered to march in the direction of the river Bidassoa, which divides Spain from France.

On the route, four officers, three abreast and one a little in advance, rode across their column, and continued with them until they reached their midday halt. The one who rode in front was a spare, well-set-up man of the middle height, and about some fifty years of age. He was dressed in a plain grey tunic, buttoned tightly up to the chin; grey trousers with long boots pulled over them, a cocked hat, and a light steel sabre at his side. With a bronzed face and keen eyes, he rode calmly along, taking in every detail, though seeming to look at nothing, and Paul's gaze fell, for the first time, upon the greatest soldier of the age, perhaps of any age — the Duke of Wellington himself.

The division having halted for the midday repast, a general officer rode up and saluted his commander. He spoke a few words to him, the grey Duke nodded, and then Paul was ordered to step forward: 'You were first at the breach; you have acquitted yourself well.'

These were the only words he spoke, but a kindly smile accompanied them, and Paul knew not whether he stood on head or heels, so great was his delight. After this, a few more were called forward and received words of encouragement from the great Commander. He was a man not given to speaking overmuch, but whatever he said carried a force and weight with it which high-flown words of praise from any other would have failed to convey. Praise, even so curt as this, when coming from the Duke of Wellington, was praise indeed. So beloved by his troops was he, so great was the confidence which he inspired in them, that it is doubtful whether the English army contained half-a-dozen men who would not, at his bidding, have followed him to certain death.

As a sergeant, Paul found his new work hard at first. He was very young for the duties of a class of men who have been described as being 'the backbone of the British army;' but, on the other hand, he held a great advantage in his superior education, and, whether in those times or the present, there are few things better calculated to advance a man from the ranks than this, coupled, of course, with steady conduct. Sergeant Magrath lent him a helping hand with his new duties, and after a few weeks he managed to settle down well to his new rank.

Slowly, but none the less surely, was the great Napoleon, disturber of Europe's peace and all but conqueror of Europe itself, being driven by successive reverses out of Spain, and across the river into his own country once more.

St. Sebastian for long withstood the allied armies of England, Spain, and Portugal; but when that fortress at length fell, little was left of Spanish territory between it and the boundary line of river and mountain on the other side of which lay France.

But the passage of the allies any farther than this was destined to be vigorously resisted. Soult constantly hovered about, close upon the line of the so-far victorious march. The great French general did but await his chance to fight a decisive battle when all things were to his own advantage. A mightier soldier even than Soult, however, was directing the movements of the allied army, and as surely as a great chess-player moves the pawns to counter his adversary's attack, so surely did Wellington, time after time, anticipate his foe in this wondrous game of strategy.

Soult had made desperate efforts to relieve St. Sebastian, but in spite of all his valour and stratagem, those efforts had failed; beaten back now, and upon French territory once more, he was again to measure swords with the greatest captain of the age.

Paul frequently obtained leave to go over to St. Sebastian to visit the wounded and take them a few little comforts. His was always a welcome face and form amongst them; 'the big Fusilier' they called him, and there was not a man amongst those lying in the temporary hospital there who felt even a passing qualm of jealousy at his rapid promotion. The authorities had passed him altogether over the grade of Corporal in order to find a fitting reward for his dashing gallantry. In our own days, his conduct would doubtless have earned him that most coveted of all a soldier's decorations, the Victoria Cross, 'for Valour' as its inscription runs.

It was on one of these errands of mercy that Paul, as he left the hospital quarters, met old Sir James Cornforth, who was accompanied by his daughter.

The latter at once came forward, and, offering her hand to Paul, said: 'I wanted so much to thank you, Mr. West, for the way in which you protected us, that day. My father often speaks of your gallant conduct then. And you had been fighting all day too, and must have been quite worn out, when you risked another fight for our sake. You will remember the 31st of August as a red-letter day!' she concluded, laughing slightly, and looking up at the commanding figure towering above her.

'Yes, Miss Cornforth,' said Paul, 'I shall remember

that day, always — for many reasons,' he added, quietly.

'I see you have got your stripes now,' exclaimed the old gentleman, looking with satisfaction at the new-made sergeant's arm; 'you are no longer Private Peter West.'

Paul laughed gently, but made no other reply.

Sir James continued: 'My son's wound, thanks be to Providence, is getting on well, but I fear he will be unable to move for some months—certainly for several weeks yet. We shall remain at St. Sebastian with him, until we can remove him to England to complete his recovery there. He is an only son, and so that must be an old man's excuse for thus "fussing"—yes, that's the word the young rapscallion himself uses to me—about him. Ah, well, he is a good lad, though I must say an awful young rascal for his jokes. Poor fellow! when we first came out to nurse him, all the joking was pretty well knocked out of him, I can tell you. A bullet right through his body, sergeant. Yes, that is a thing that takes the fun out of most of us, eh?'

Paul assented and expressed the hope that Sir James's son would soon be convalescent; then they parted, and the young man returned again to his own lines.

'That is a fine fellow, that Sergeant West; a pity he is not a gentleman and an officer,' said Sir James to his daughter as they walked back to their charge.

'Oh, father, although he is in the ranks, I feel sure that he is a gentleman—a gentleman in the best sense of the word,' replied Maud Cornforth, with a slightly increased colour in her cheeks as she spoke. 'The mere holding of a commission, honourable as it may be, can surely never make any difference in what a man really is. And he is handsome, too.'

'Eh, handsome? Well, yes, I suppose he is—I suppose he is. Anyhow, he is a very deserving young fellow. One of Nature's gentlemen. I should like to ask him to dinner, but I suppose it wouldn't do? No, mustn't do that, I suppose,' and there the conversation ended for the moment.

Meantime, Paul was trudging along on his solitary way back to the lines, revolving many matters in his mind. Within the past year, what a number of important things had happened to him! It seemed almost as though he had only really lived for the last twelve months. In rapid review, there passed before him the dreary days at his father's old home on the Rochester highway, the evening walk, the sudden bend in the road which brought him on to the ruffians who had assailed the man then dying at their feet; he even seemed again to hear that last despairing cry for help, a cry to which he had so quickly responded; the short struggle, his succour to the injured victim, followed by his own unjust arrest and appearance before the justices. Then he thought of the journey in the cart, his escape and his enlistment in the Fusiliers; of his sea journey and its disastrous termination, of his own life saved when the boat was swamped, of his escape from the Basque fishermen and the French picket. Then passed before his eyes in quick review the long journey in the open boat, his rejoining the regiment, and finally, the terrible charge and clamber over the rough stone and rock before the breach of St. Sebastian; of the smoke, the noise of thunderous discharge of cannon, rattle of musketry, clash of arms, shouts and groans, all intermingled in one fearful din; he thought of those half-dozen words spoken to him in commendation by the greatest captain of the century, and of the promotion with which he had been rewarded; and then—yes, then, his thoughts reverted to a sweeter theme, and in imagination he saw again the face of Maud Cornforth, and his ears seemed to be listening to her words of modest thanks for the services which he had been able to render her and her father. And whilst he thus thought, he walked once more into his own camp.

(*Continued at page* 108.)

THE HORSETAIL.

HAVE you ever found a plant called the Horsetail? It grows like a hollow-jointed cane, with spiky leaves like fir needles coming out on all sides. This little grass has a wonderful history, for it is the oldest in the world. Plants of many kinds are found in a fossil state in the oldest rocks, sometimes buried deep in mines, and sometimes in rocks which have been torn out of the earth by fierce earthquakes and hurricanes, but the oldest of these fossil plants are quite different to every flower and leaf that grows upon the earth nowadays, except the horsetails. They, and they alone, seem to be descendants of the grasses which grew before the Flood and before the time of Job, and even before God created Adam.

You may find the horsetails growing in shallow ponds and in wet fields and marshes, growing beside the forget-me-not and the water daisy. Is it not strange to think that it grew there so long, long ago?

F. A. Fulcher.

THE CHAFFINCH AND BLUE TITMOUSE.

IN England the Chaffinch is one of the earliest songsters; it begins to sing in February, and does not cease until June. It is one of the most common of the field birds, and is well known in every part of the country. It is a brisk and lively little bird. Its food in winter is mainly seeds and grains, which it is very expert in picking from their husks. In summer it feeds on grubs and insects, which would do much harm to the growing crops if not destroyed.

The Blue Titmouse is a beautiful little bird. It

Chaffinch and Blue Titmouse.

generally measures about four inches and a half long. It is sometimes called the Tomtit or the Bluecap. It is well known, for it is very bold, and may be seen hunting among the branches of trees for insects, or running up the smooth bark of the stem, or clinging to some twig that sways to and fro in the breeze as firmly as if it was tied to it. It runs along the boughs of trees so quickly that one might almost mistake it for a blue mouse! It feeds chiefly upon insects, and does good service to the gardener by eating up the insects which crowd upon the trees and plants in the spring-time, and which, if not destroyed, would make the fruit very scarce in autumn.

An amusing story is told of a tamed Blue Tit. When let out of its cage in summer, it roosted upon the top; but in winter, although in a warm room, it used to choose the hottest place in which it could remain in safety during the night—namely, under the fender. The cage of this clever little Tit was covered with close netting, which it several times cut through that it might escape into the room. It would then fly to the children, and seize hold of whatever they were eating at the time, and once it so teased the youngest child for a piece of apple that she was eating, that she began to cry, and ran out of the room.

MINNOWS AND WATER-SPIDERS.

'WILLIE, Willie, come here! Have you heard the news? Have you heard what has happened to poor Ned Brown?' cried Mary Oliver, running into the barn, where her brother was busily engaged with his favourite pursuit of boat-building.

'No; I have heard nothing. What is the matter with him?' asked Willie, dropping his knife, and jumping to his feet in a moment.

'Why, he has broken his leg!' cried little Mary, breathless with excitement; 'he was jumping over the garden wall, when the top stone fell off and struck his leg, and his leg is broken; isn't it dreadful, Willie?'

'Bad enough,' said Willie, 'and in the holidays, too! poor chap, I am sorry for him; I wonder if he would like this boat I am making?'

Minnows and Water Spiders.

'Oh, I don't think he would care for a boat,' said Mary, 'for his father has given him such a beautiful fresh-water aquarium with two spiders in it; they are so pretty, Willie.'

'Spiders, pretty!' echoed Willie. 'I hate the very sight of them, and kill them whenever I can.'

'But these are water-spiders, Willie, and they are so funny; they build a nest down below among the weed, and they carry down a bell of air with them, and keep it down till they want it; and it is just like a sparkling diamond or a pearl.'

'Oh, come, you know, I don't believe that!' said Willie. 'Who told you such nonsense?'

'It is no nonsense,' replied Mary, earnestly, 'for I saw them myself, and Ned wants you to come and see them too; but Willie,' she continued, 'he wants

to get some minnows to swim about among the water-weed; do you think you could get a few for him, Willie?'

'A few minnows—of course I can,' said her brother; 'there are hundreds of them in Farmer Dawson's brook. Come along, Mary, and you can help me; bring a bowl to carry them in, and see if I don't have twenty or thirty before you could count up to a hundred.'

No sooner said than done. Willie went to the brook, and then he fished with a string and a worm tied at the end of it, but no hook. As soon as a minnow nibbled at the bait, Willie with a twist of his arm jerked the tiny fish out of the water, when Mary caught it and put it in her bowl. Very soon many minnows had been caught, and the brother and sister went together to give them to their friend with the broken leg, Ned Brown. He was greatly pleased to get them, and he asked Willie to take a look at the spiders.

Willie had never before seen a fresh-water aquarium, and was delighted with the spiders, with their lovely bells of air. 'Who first told you about them?' he asked of Ned Brown.

'My father,' replied Ned; 'and he is going to give me a book which tells all about them.'

'Will you lend it to me when you are done with it?' asked Willie.

'To be sure,' said Ned, 'or, I will tell you what we will do. You can come to-morrow, and we will read it together.'

'All right,' cried Willie; 'I never knew before that spiders were such fun.'

THE DEATH OF COLONEL RAINSBOROUGH.

MANY of the scenes and incidents which occurred during the great Civil War were quite as startling as any of those described by the writers of fiction; such, for example, was the daring attempt made by some of the Cavaliers to seize and carry off Colonel Rainsborough. The end proved that the deed was unwise, and wrong too, for it caused the death of the Colonel and another officer; but the scheme was a singular and bold one, though it failed. It happened after the fatal battle of Naseby, which proved the ruin of King Charles's cause.

About the beginning of June, A.D. 1648, the Cavaliers had, by a clever contrivance, gained possession of Pontefract Castle, a very important post, and strongly fortified, which was soon besieged by the forces of the Parliament. They did not get on well with the siege, so some more soldiers were sent in under Colonel Rainsborough, and had got as far as Doncaster. Just then, a noted Cavalier, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, had been taken prisoner by his enemies, and the King's party feared that he might be put to death. Some of those in Pontefract Castle, when they got news that Colonel Rainsborough was expected to arrive at Doncaster on November 1st, proposed to make an attempt to seize him there, and keep him prisoner till Langdale was released. It was a great risk for those who undertook it, because Doncaster was fifteen miles from Pontefract, and the troopers of the Parliament were scattered over the country between; moreover, the Colonel was sure to be surrounded with guards. What made the enterprise possible was that the troopers on both sides had almost the same style of dress—that is, steel caps, buff coats, jack-boots, breast-plates sometimes, and they all carried the same stout swords and long pistols.

A little before midnight, therefore, twenty-two picked men, all well mounted, left Pontefract with this object, commanded by Captain Paulden and two other officers. After numerous narrow escapes from the scouts of the Parliamentarians, they crossed the river Don by means of a ferry-boat; and the party came to the entrance of Doncaster before the sun rose. Then Captain Paulden gave them directions what to do. Six were to hold the gate by which they entered; six were to ride on through the town, and overpower the guard at the other end by the bridge; six, with himself, were to patrol the town while the deed was done, and Lieutenant Austwick with two privates were to take Colonel Rainsborough prisoner. At the gate they found a sergeant's party watching, and, when challenged, Captain Paulden answered that they brought orders from General Cromwell. Having entered, they turned round and drove off the guard, who had laid down their weapons, and who fled towards the country. The appointed six for the other end spurred on to the bridge, and secured that; the Captain and his six watched in the streets, and the three who had the most difficult task rode to the inn yard, where a sentry stood at the gate. They told him their pretended errand, and he let them enter the yard, telling them the way to Colonel Rainsborough's apartments. When they came to the foot of the stairs, Lieutenant Austwick and one trooper dismounted, and went up, the remaining trooper holding the three horses. At the door of an ante-chamber they met the officer on duty, who told them that the Colonel was in bed. When they said that their business was important, the officer let them enter his room. Lieutenant Austwick presented the Colonel with a sealed packet, and while he examined it, the Lieutenant seized his sword, and the trooper threw the officer to the ground. Supposing that the town was taken by the Parliamentarians, Rainsborough made no resistance, but consented to dress himself and surrender. Thus far all went well. On reaching the inn yard, however, and seeing only one trooper, with three horses, he refused to go with them, though Lieutenant Austwick had mounted his horse for the purpose of carrying the Colonel behind him. A scuffle ensued, during which the trooper dropped his sword and pistol. The officer picked up the pistol and was about to fire it, which would have raised an alarm, but he was mortally wounded by Lieutenant Austwick. A desperate struggle followed between Rainsborough and

the two, for he had picked up the sword, and he also was killed. The clash of weapons woke some of the sleepers, for the town contained about 1200 soldiers, and heads began to appear at the windows, while some ran out into the street. The panic and confusion were so great that the troopers succeeded in joining their parties, and rode off and made their way back to Pontefract unhurt.

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

14.—Anagrams.

Words with Definitions.

1. A PIT for Eno. Both soft and loud.
2. It enters. Payment for use of a valuable commodity.
3. Can he, Molly? A depressed state of mind.
4. No drug. Surface of the earth; foundation; cause.
5. My Norah. 'A concord of sweet sounds.'
6. A—— did sin. Contempt.
7. I ran at D——. Beaming with light.
8. Lamp in cot. Expression of dissatisfaction; disease.
9. Fee, churl. Looking on the bright side.
10. Our belt. Affliction, disaster, difficulty.
11. Mad age. Injury; compensation for wrong.
12. Cad, vie. More often given than taken.
13. Green mess. Sent on an errand.
14. Men ran. Mode of acting; custom; behaviour.
15. A fire out, V. Preferred to others.
16. Cry, a hit! The greatest of virtues.

C. C.

15.—Geographical Acrostic.

A LARGE island in the Indian Ocean, the most westerly of the islands belonging to the Eastern Archipelago. It is celebrated for its very high mountains, and contains many forests and cultivated plains. It produces gold, copper, and tin—also cotton, sago, rice, and many rich tropical fruits; abounds in wild animals, and many small birds of beautiful plumage. It has a very temperate climate considering its position, as it is situated on the Equator.

1. A large lake in North America, which derives its name from being the largest in that country, and is supposed to be the greatest body of fresh water in the world.
2. The most northern point of the Shetland Islands.
3. A city in Italy containing a very beautiful cathedral; it is built of white marble, and is considered to be the finest church in the world.
4. A chain of high mountains, extending along the western coast of South America.
5. A river which separates the counties of Cornwall and Devonshire.
6. A city in Kent on the river Medway; it contains the ruins of a castle.
7. A town in Berkshire on the Thames; also a town in Maryland, U.S.

C. C.

16.—Changed Words.

1. Change Pig to Cat.
2. „ Ant to Fly.
3. „ And to The.
4. „ Lad to Boy.
5. Change Bear to Lion.
6. „ Core to Seed.
7. „ Kate to Dora.
8. „ Jane to Mary.

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 119.]

Answers.

10.—1. Quebec. 2. Trent. 3. Nassau. 4. Salamis. 5. Siam. 6. Dacota. 7. Utica. 8. Meath.

11.—1.
HARP
ALOE
ROPE
PEER

2.
GLEN
LAME
EMMA
NEAR

3.
MILE
IDOL
LOAM
ELMS

4.
CAKE
ACID
KING
EDGE

12.—1. Handsome is that handsome does.
2. Waste not, want not.
3. A cat may look at a king.

13.—*Norway—Sweden.*

1. Negus.
2. OverthroW.
3. Race.
4. Wind.
5. Ape.
6. Yarn.

CRICKLEWOOD: A SUBURBAN RETREAT.

SOME few years ago Willesden was a quiet, retired, thoroughly rural village, a favourite haunt of the holiday maker, summer rambler, botanist, and sketcher.

Now all this has altered—London has reached its outskirts; the builder has invaded its once tranquil meadows and field-paths (and fields also), and these have almost entirely disappeared. The lanes are, for the most part, green no longer, but have been turned into stylish-looking streets. Cricklewood, lying a little farther out—it is a fringe of Willesden—has still some of the country left about it, as our picture shows.

It would seem that the manors of Willesden and Harlesden were held by the Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral at the time of the Domesday survey—the original grant was by King Athelstan—and have been held by them ever since.

When you visit Willesden, do not forget to look in at the Church of St. Mary; it is interesting. It has some fine paintings, ancient monuments, and historic brasses.

You may perhaps know that the scene of some of Jack Shepherd's—the notorious highwayman's—exploits is laid by his romancing biographer at Willesden. Cruikshank has drawn him picking pockets at Willesden Church, and tradition has buried him in the churchyard. The church register says nothing about him, nor does any memorial stone.

James Cassidy.

Cricklewood.

"There, at the end stand father's boots,
Guarding the little row."

LITTLE BOOTS AND SHOES.

I AM alone! The light burns low,
The sewing and mending done,
And the little feet are all in bed,
Resting every one.
I am weary, but as I go
My short night's rest to get,
I see the little shoes by the door,
And I wait a moment yet.

There, at the end stand father's boots,
Guarding the little row,
Laden thick with the heavy earth
From the fields where they must go.
Tired and weary are his feet
When he comes home at night;
But tired with work for his little ones,
And so his heart is light.

Annie's shoes are standing next,
Just as they always are:
When you see him you may be sure
That Annie won't be far.
Dear child, how her little shoes are worn
With all the steps they've run,
She's always doing errands for me
And helping every one.

God bless her! Whatever should I do
Without that child of mine?
She's quite a little woman now
Although she's only nine.
Oh, Annie, when you grow up, my dear,
The best wish I can pray
Is that your heart may be as warm
And as willing as to-day.

Oh, Tom, what a little rogue you are,
Your boots are all in holes:
Burst out again at the sides and heel,
And a bit right off the soles;
I had them mended up last week
And now they're just as bad,
I'd give you a beating—if I could!
My darling little lad.

For I look at your merry, roguish face,
And think, when I am grey,
These little feet that plague me now
Will be my help and stay;
And I pray that when you are a man,
And your feet must wander wide,
They may bring you (as now they always do)
Back to your mother's side.

Baby's shoes! what tiny things
They look as they're standing there,
They have only walked a step or two
As yet in the cottage here;
But as through all your life you go
And meet the toil and fight,
God keep your innocent soul as clean
As your little shoes to-night!

A tiny pair comes last of all
That there in the corner stand,
Whose dear feet walk this world no more,
But are gone to a fairer land;
And there in the light of her Father's love
She walks the streets of gold,
Yet I weep as I kiss the little shoes
That never shall grow old.

I cannot bear to lay them away,
Nor hide them out of sight,
For I love to think of our darling child
Who is gone to the land of light.
O God, I pray for the feet I love
Who are still in this world of sin;
Lead them, dear Lord, to their heavenly Home,
And bid them enter in.

I often lead them wrong, I know,
For my own feet go astray.
Oh! keep us by Thy saving grace
And guide us day by day;
And at last, when we get to the end of the road
And all our journey o'er,
May all I love be gathered safe
And walk on the golden shore!

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

THE COMMON NEWT.

A FRIEND tells me that he shall never forget the look of disgust he saw upon the face of an old country-woman, when she passed him as he held a specimen of the Smooth Newt in his fingers, by the side of a pond. She had, no doubt, been told, and always believed, that this humble animal had a dangerous or poisonous power, of which people ought to beware. Really, it is quite a harmless creature, also beautiful, especially during the spring months, when both males and females appear in their bright colours, the male having a handsome golden crest. Through the cold season of the year, the smooth newt is clad in dull attire. One of the curious events in its history is that from time to time it sheds the whole of the skin, and manages somehow to pull it off almost entire. When this has been done, the next thing a newt does is to swallow the skin, and if you happen to see it in the act, you might almost fancy that one newt was making a meal of another.

The smooth newt leads an aquatic life mostly, but now and then some of them quit the ponds or ditches, to have a walk upon the land. One has been noticed running amongst the plants on a flower-bed early in February. By March they are generally active, seeking their food, which consists of small worms and various insects. As the season advances, and the sun gets warmer, they like to rest on the top of floating

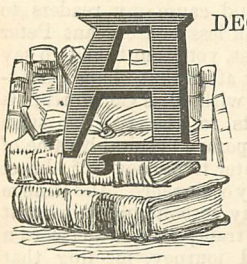
grass or weeds. About May, the mother newts make themselves busy laying their eggs, which takes much time, as each is wrapped separately in a leaf carefully chosen. They sleep through the winter months, but not under water; some hiding-place is sought amongst heaps of rubbish. A party of them has been found snugly coiled up under a big stone.

When the little newt appears from the jelly-like egg, it does not resemble the parent; in fact, it is a sort of tadpole, and swims about the water in a lively manner. It has bright black eyes, and breathes through a small apparatus which is like a fan, and it has two fore legs which serve as fins. As it gets larger, a pair of hind legs begin to grow, and at length it becomes a full-sized newt. This species is called the smooth newt, because another is rough or warty. Another name for it is the Eft, and in Ireland the Lewner.

Amongst the strange notions about it, one is that it is a sort of salamander, and able to stand fire, for which reason in some places it is believed that licking a newt three times will cure a burn! Another idea is one which is quite groundless, namely, that the animal can jump down people's throats! J. R. S. C.

THE SIX DECADES OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The First Decade: A.D. 1837 to 1847.



A DECADE means a period of ten years. It will be useful to review the sixty years' reign of Queen Victoria in the six decades of which it is composed.

Her Majesty came to the throne at the death of her uncle, King William IV. She was only eighteen years of age when the heavy cares of governing the mighty Empire of England were laid upon her. Like all her family, she has great courage, and she filled the post of sovereign with ease and grace on the day she was called to it. She sat in the sovereign's chair, at the head of her council of old princes, warriors, and statesmen, as much at her ease as if she had sat there for years. This calm presence of mind is a most useful possession for a queen, and it has never failed Queen Victoria during all these years. Amid all her own and her country's troubles, dangers, and doubts, she has shown an undaunted heart worthy of a monarch. Her chief guide at first was Lord Melbourne, a man given to keeping things as they are. And perhaps this was well for a youthful ruler. The coronation followed in due course, and was as sublime as England's power and wealth could make it; and then came a yet more important matter than even a coronation, namely, who was to be the husband of our Queen? Elizabeth Tudor kept the world asking this question about herself for years, and, after all, disappointed her many suitors, dying as she did, unmarried. But Victoria, more wise as we think, felt that a good and loving husband would make her happier, and she chose one in every way worthy of her high position as a Queen and of herself as a woman. Her choice fell on a noble-looking and gifted Prince; and the wedding took place whilst she was yet under twenty-one years of age.

This union of hands was also a union of hearts, and when, alas! death carried away the good Albert to another and better world, no widowed wife was ever more truly pained than our beloved Queen. Indeed, the English people have never so really taken any of their kings and queens to their warm hearts as they have taken Victoria, and that chiefly because she has suffered the common lot of human sorrow like themselves, and they have felt that her grief is real and true and lasting.

But we must return to the first ten years of Her Majesty's reign. In those years five children blessed the Queen's union with the Prince Albert. These were—the Princess Royal, now the Empress Frederick of Germany; the Prince of Wales; the much-lamented Princess Alice; the Duke of Edinburgh (now the Duke of Saxe-Coburg); and the Princess Helena. We may say that the bringing up of these princes and princesses was not left to chance, nor to the hands of other people wholly; but the Queen and her husband from the first bestowed much care on their little ones.

The first ten years of the Queen's reign were marked by some notable events. Few readers of *Chatterbox* can remember the letters which used to be carried by the postmen before the year A.D. 1839. We have one before us as we write. It has no envelope. It is folded up and sealed, and on the face of it is the direction. There, too, is a great '5' scrawled over the address, which means the charge of it is fivepence. Below the '5' is the word 'Cambridge' as a postmark. We have seen also '7' and '8' on letters. Sevenpence or eightpence was a large sum for a poor man to pay when he received a letter. Rowland Hill enjoys the distinction of being the leader in the war of penny post against fivepence, sixpence, or more. He and his colleagues carried the day. By that change, which many people thought would damage the Queen's exchequer, we have all reaped great good: families separated have been, as it were, united; the arts of writing and composition have been much improved; and the Post Office has gained riches instead of losing them.

Early in the Queen's reign we used to hear much about the Chartists. The word is nearly forgotten now, but then it was in every one's mouth. The Charter was a bulky petition to Parliament, signed by hundreds of thousands of Englishmen. Those who signed wished for a greater change in the law than had been made by the Reform Bill. Our readers will understand us when we tell them what the Chartists desired. These were:

1. The right of every man to vote..
2. Votes to be given secretly, or by ballot.
3. Members of Parliament to be paid for their services.

4. Members to be chosen, though without having any property.

5. Electoral districts to be equal.

6. A new Parliament to be chosen every year.

Some of these 'six points' have been granted since those Chartist days; but leisurely. The mistake which the Chartists made was, in trying to force their points on the nation before it was ready for them. They made the Queen and her ministers very anxious indeed. The country was unsettled; bread was dear; the revenue was getting less; the people were out of humour; and dreadful as it seems, the good Queen's life was more than once in danger from assassins. But God saved her, and moved the hearts of her servants to consider the people's wants, and pass humane Acts, such as the Factory Act, in A.D. 1844. And so the grievances of those who had to work for their bread were, in some measure, relieved.

An awful calamity fell like a thunderbolt on the nation in the Queen's eighth and ninth year of reigning. This was the potato disease. No one yet knows what caused it. An Irish gentleman tells us that he walked one evening in the country, admiring the appearance of the potato crop, which then, in A.D. 1845, almost covered the soil. A day or two afterwards, he noticed a disagreeable smell. He saw that something was wrong with the potatoes. In a short time the plague had set in, and the whole crop, or nearly so, was rotten and quite unfit for food. The disease visited England also; though, as Englishmen did not grow so many potatoes, it was not felt so much as in Ireland. In that island there were dreadful scenes of famine. Men, women, and children died by thousands of hunger, in spite of all that could be done to carry food to their homes. As a writer says, 'Neither ancient nor modern history can furnish a fact like this, that upwards of three millions of people were fed every day at or near their own homes, chiefly on rice or Indian meal.'

One result of the potato famine was the alteration of the Corn Laws by Sir Robert Peel. This change was chiefly brought about by two earnest men and excellent speakers, John Bright and Richard Cobden. They never rested until corn was made cheaper. Sir Robert's friends were offended at his doing what he did, and they turned him out of office by defeating him on a Bill for the better government of Ireland.

We had several small wars during the first ten years of the reign. The policy of Russia had made the Afghans restless, and about the time the Prince of Wales was born, a dreadful outburst of their vengeance took place at Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan. The English envoy was murdered and the British force surrounded. Our soldiers were allowed to retire, but it was into a trap. Deep was the blood-stained snow in that awful mountain pass, and terrible the sufferings of the English. All perished except one man, who was spared that he might tell the tale. It stirred the nation to its depths, and in no long time vengeance was taken on the treacherous Afghans by Generals Pollock and Nott.

We cannot even touch upon all the events of these ten years. Many people were ruined by a mad speculation in railways, just as others had been in the century before by the South Sea bubbles. Railways, however, are not soap-bubbles, but solid things which pay a fair interest, and most likely always will do so. At the time we speak of, men lost their senses, and sold their houses and land to buy railway shares at a price which was ruinous; and, like the dog and his shadow, they lost their small bit of solid meat in their eagerness to get a larger piece.

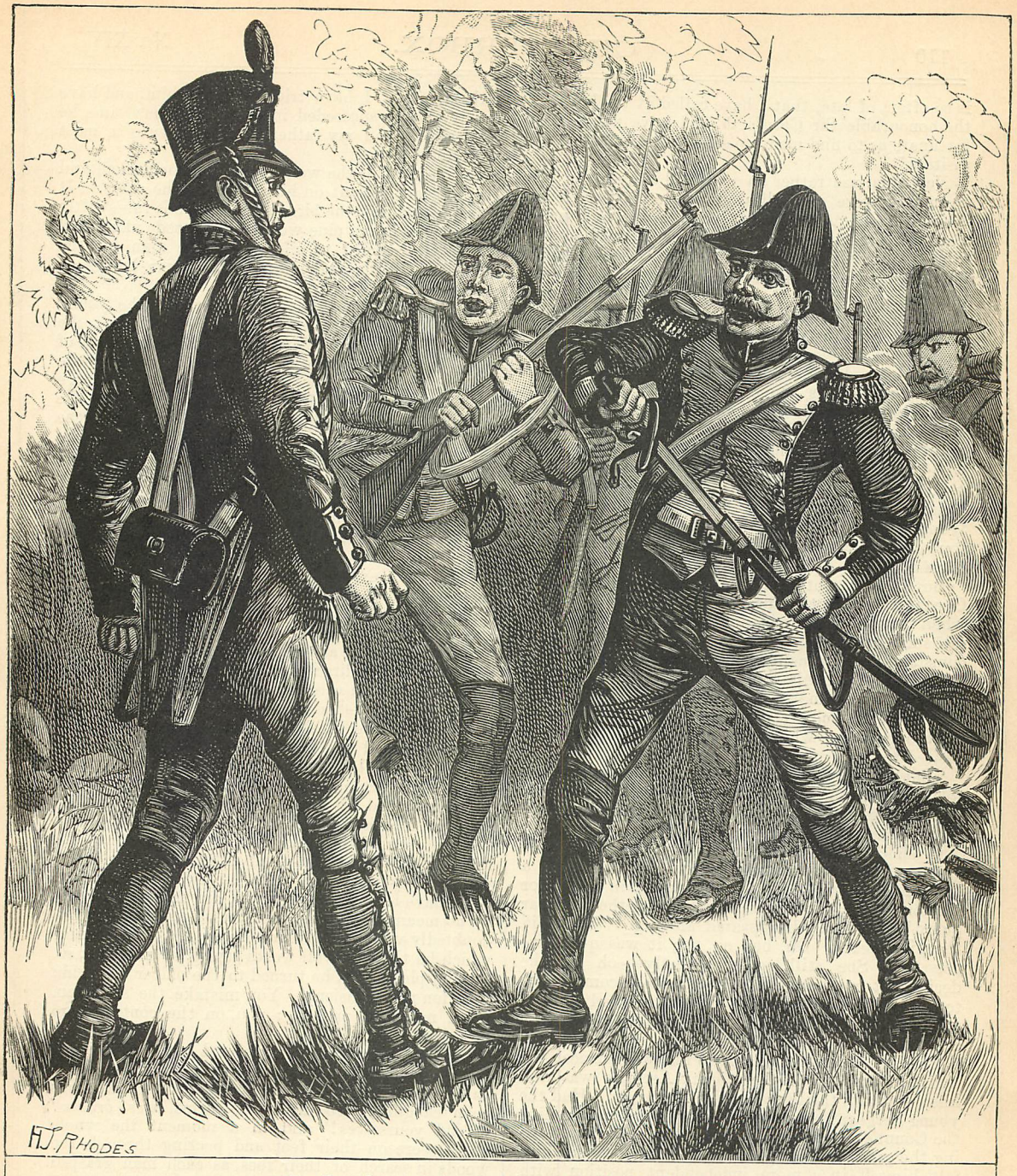
We may just mention one famous name which kept people talking and wondering long after the hero who bore it was dead. We mean that of Sir John Franklin, who sailed for the icy seas in May, A.D. 1845, and perished with all his companions. When he did not return, the heart of England was anxious, for she ever loved her sailors, and a long search was made for Sir John. These voyages, though they were in vain, so far as saving any of Franklin's party, settled the question as to their fate, and told us much more than we knew before about that strange part of the world; but no one has yet reached its crowning point, the mysterious North Pole, and it seems now almost like wasting men's lives, and throwing away money, to attempt it.

G. S. O.

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 99.)

SORRY as I should be lest anything I record in these pages should cause my readers to think less of Sergeant Peter West, yet I am bound to say that after that chance meeting with Miss Cornforth, his visits to the St. Sebastian temporary hospital became of greater frequency—of almost daily occurrence. And strange to say, it soon came about that he hardly ever had his long tramp without, either on the outward or homeward journey, meeting that interesting young lady herself. Furthermore, their interviews seemed to get longer and longer each time that they met, until at last, without word of mouth, they, somehow, used to start off on little walks together in the town. Not a word ever passed between them that might not have been proclaimed from the housetops; but, almost insensibly, a kind of confidence grew up between these two foolish young people which was very sweet to both, and time used, indeed, to fly with lightning wings when they were in each other's company. It was during one of these walks that Paul disclosed to her the secret of his flight from the peace officers and of his enlistment. He also told her of his real name, and the station in life he occupied by birth. All of these things interested Miss Cornforth mightily, as being in some sense a vindication of the sentiments which she had expressed to her father. She said she should like to tell Sir James the whole story, and Paul agreed that she should do so. As for



"The Frenchmen made a furious rush at the big Fusilier."

himself, he had nothing to conceal from a friend. Of course, he was in no better position, as regarded clearing his character in the eyes of the public, now, than he had been at the time of his flight.

One day whilst walking together, engaged in conversation, they were met by a pompous-looking individual attired in the garb of the Spanish Legion. He wore very fierce-looking moustaches, curled up at the ends and waxed out to the very tips; his face was swarthy and not wholly pleasant to look upon. He walked with much swagger, and took off his sombrero with a flourish, stopping right in the way of the pair.

'Ah ha! at last I have the great pleasure to meet Mademoiselle Cornforth. May I be permitted to take the place of the Orderly now escorting her? It

is so often, of late, that I have called at the house of the honourable Sir Cornforth, and have not been so fortunate as to find mademoiselle at liberty to receive visitors.'

Now this was rather an awkward situation. The Spaniards were our allies, and as such the Count Alfonso Xavier Asturias da Gonzalez was, in a sense, Paul's superior officer, and he had, as in duty bound, saluted him when he first intruded his unwelcome presence on them. Furthermore, Paul was obliged to obey him, and if Gonzalez ordered him to leave them, the young Sergeant knew that he would have to obey. The Spaniard stood twirling his waxed moustaches and waiting to see what Miss Cornforth would do under the circumstances. That young lady, however, was bound by no military oath, and quietly replied, with a look at Paul:

'Thanks for the offer of your escort, Count, but I could not think of taking you out of your way. You were going up the street, I think? I, with this gentleman, am going down, towards my father's house.' She placed a slight emphasis on the word 'gentleman' (at which Gonzalez gave an impudent stare at the Sergeant's uniform) and then she attempted to pass on.

But the Count Alfonso Xavier Asturias da Gonzalez was not a man to lightly retire (except when the enemy came in sight; he had proved himself such a remarkably retiring man under those circumstances, not a month before this, that Wellington had sent him and his column to the rear, in disgrace, which fact was known to Miss Cornforth), and with another of his most elaborate bows, he still blocked up the path by which the lady and her cavalier desired to pass.

'But certainly, if mademoiselle wishes to keep the soldier-servant with her, he could walk behind us. Is it not so? And we, you and I, may walk together as far as the pap-pa's house?'

'I should have thought, Count, that with your great military experiences'—here Gonzalez gave a little kick out with his leg and smiled in a superior fashion—'you would have made by far the best rear guard'—the smile disappeared at once. What did the girl mean? Oh, but no, no; it was quite impossible. She still smiled sweetly — oh no, he decided, it must have been meant as a compliment to his military prowess. Still, he admitted to himself that, in view of recent events, it *had* given him a nasty twinge.

Paul had hard work to keep his countenance: the military 'ardour' of the mighty Asturias was well known within the lines of the allied army. Had the young Sergeant been aware that the order cancelling the Count's commission, was at that moment awaiting the great warrior's return home, he would have felt himself in a more independent position with regard to him.

'Another time, perhaps, Count. To-day I fear you must do without my company,' exclaimed Miss Cornforth, and with a bow as sweeping as his own, the young English girl passed resolutely on.

Even Gonzalez could not follow her in face of this, and, clinking his huge spurs angrily, he clattered down the street.

'That man haunts me like a shadow!' said the girl, angrily. 'I have tried to evade him, and have nearly always succeeded in doing so, every time he has called upon my father. His presence is most distasteful to me.'

Soon after this the walk came to a conclusion, and the Sergeant set out on his return to the camp. It was a lovely day, the birds sang, squirrels ran swiftly up the trees in the pine woods, as he strode along, and all nature seemed to silently rebuke man for the bloodshed, death, and misery which war brings so surely in its train.

Musing over such thoughts as these, the young man, with head bent down, walked through the woods by a narrow path which would only admit of one at a time with comfort. Here and there, by the sides of the path, were cut small clearings, and large red sandstone rocks broke up the surface of the ground abruptly. Thinking, as he approached the lines, that he might cut off an angle by so doing, he left the path and plunged into the dried bracken and fern, threading his way between the slight pine-trunks until, at a distance of less than twenty yards from the track itself, he walked, without warning of any kind, right into the middle of a party of French soldiers.

They were evidently scouts sent to spy out the movements and disposition of the British troops in camp; the nature of the ground was a great assistance to them in their task, wooded as it was very thickly in parts, and broken up into glens and ravines in every direction. They had probably come from Irun (which was then still held by the troops of Napoleon), situated some four or five miles up from the mouth of the Bidassoa River.

So astonished was Paul at first that he could only mutely wonder how it was that he had thus blindly fallen into such a hornet's nest. He saw that the party consisted of four private soldiers and a *sous-officier*. The latter quickly sprang to his feet—they had all been sitting and discussing a meal at the moment of his arrival—and called out '*Halte là!* you are my prisoner.' But, as my readers will, I hope, have long since perceived, our friend Paul was by no means lacking in resource. Trapped as he undoubtedly was, he had immediately hit off a scheme which he thought well worth trying at any rate, so, smiling pleasantly, he turned to the officer and said: 'Pardon me, monsieur. You mistake the situation. I am not your prisoner; you, on the contrary, are mine!'

'*Mille tonnerres!*' exclaimed the astonished Frenchman, recoiling a step or two; 'how is it that we can have been so foolish as to have thus been caught? To arms! to arms, *mes braves!* defend yourselves!' and in a moment the whole party were on their feet and peering through the woods in search of their foes, as each man grasped his musket or sword.

It was a dangerous position, but somehow Paul never seemed to grasp the idea of peril in the matter; only the humorous side of the situation appealed to him, and he had great difficulty in restraining his laughter. Nevertheless, by a great effort he did so, and with a grave face again addressed the *sous-officier*.

'Monsieur,' said he, 'you will, I am sure, agree

with me, that brave men should not shed each other's blood needlessly. Why sacrifice human life when no good can come of it—when, in fact, the contest is a hopeless one? Am I not right?'

The Frenchman sighed. 'You have reason,' he said; 'it is the fortune of war.'

'Then be good enough to follow me,' said the young Sergeant, and he again plunged through the underwood in a direct line for the English camp. The rest followed for some little distance, when after vainly trying to make out the force by which he had supposed that Paul was accompanied, the French officer began to grow suspicious, and think that he had too readily surrendered his liberty. He came abruptly to a halt, and in somewhat altered tones exclaimed, 'Monsieur, I have grave doubts that you have been fooling us in telling me you had a largely superior force to mine, and that we were, therefore, your prisoners. Where is your force? I do not move a step farther until I am compelled.'

They were now within something less than two hundred yards from the advance sentries, and Paul was safe. So, gravely turning to the French officer, he said: 'Monsieur's memory is not of the best. I never told him I had a superior force. I wished very much, it is true, to take you prisoners. I made the proposal that you should surrender yourselves, and you very obligingly did so; I have enjoyed your company back to my own lines exceedingly, I assure you. You see it would not do for you to shoot me now, because the report of a musket would at once alarm the camp, and you would all be captured, in very earnest. And if any, or indeed, all of you,' looking with the good-humoured content of the giant at a handful of pigmies, 'wish to attack me without firing a shot, well'— and he turned his gaze from them on to his own massive limbs and muscles, —'well, I should advise you not. Good-day!' and touching his great bearskin busby with a pleasant smile to the *sous-officier*, he started off for the camp.

(*Continued at page* 114.)

DR. ABERNETHY'S MEMORY.

A FRIEND dining with Dr. Abernethy on Mrs. Abernethy's birthday had composed some verses in honour of the occasion, which he repeated to the family circle after dinner.

'Ah!' said Abernethy, smiling; 'that is a good joke, now, your pretending to have written those verses.'

His friend simply rejoined that, 'Such as they were, they were certainly his own.'

After a little good-natured bantering, he began to show annoyance at Abernethy's apparent incredulity, who, thinking it time to finish the joke, said, 'I know those verses very well, and I could say them by heart.'

His friend was amazed at Abernethy's repeating them throughout correctly, and with the greatest ease. He had fixed them in his memory, though only once read to him.

ICE-YACHTING IN CANADA.

IN Canada, where the cold of winter is very severe, and yet where the sky at that season is bright and sunny and the atmosphere dry, the people are in the habit of amusing themselves with many out-door pastimes, which in the damp and chilly English winters, would be quite impossible.

True, during a severe winter in England, the young people can enjoy skating; while in Scotland, not only skating, but curling on the ice are favourite pursuits. Still, we all know that in Great Britain, many winters are never quite cold enough to freeze the lakes thoroughly; they are only cold enough to chill us to the heart with damp, and to make us ache all over with rheumatic pains. But in Canada, how different! When the frost of winter sets in, it can be counted on, it is certain to last for weeks, or even for months; therefore the farmer's wife kills off all her fatted poultry and places them in rows upon some shelf, where they remain frozen hard, until they are required for the table. In that favoured country, too, all pleasure-seekers get out their skates, not *hoping* that the frost may last, but knowing that it will; knowing, too, that the sun will shine, so that they do not suffer from the intense cold at all, if they protect themselves with proper clothing. Skating with ordinary skates is therefore a favourite pursuit with the Canadians, who have also devised for themselves an amusement known as Ice-yachting.

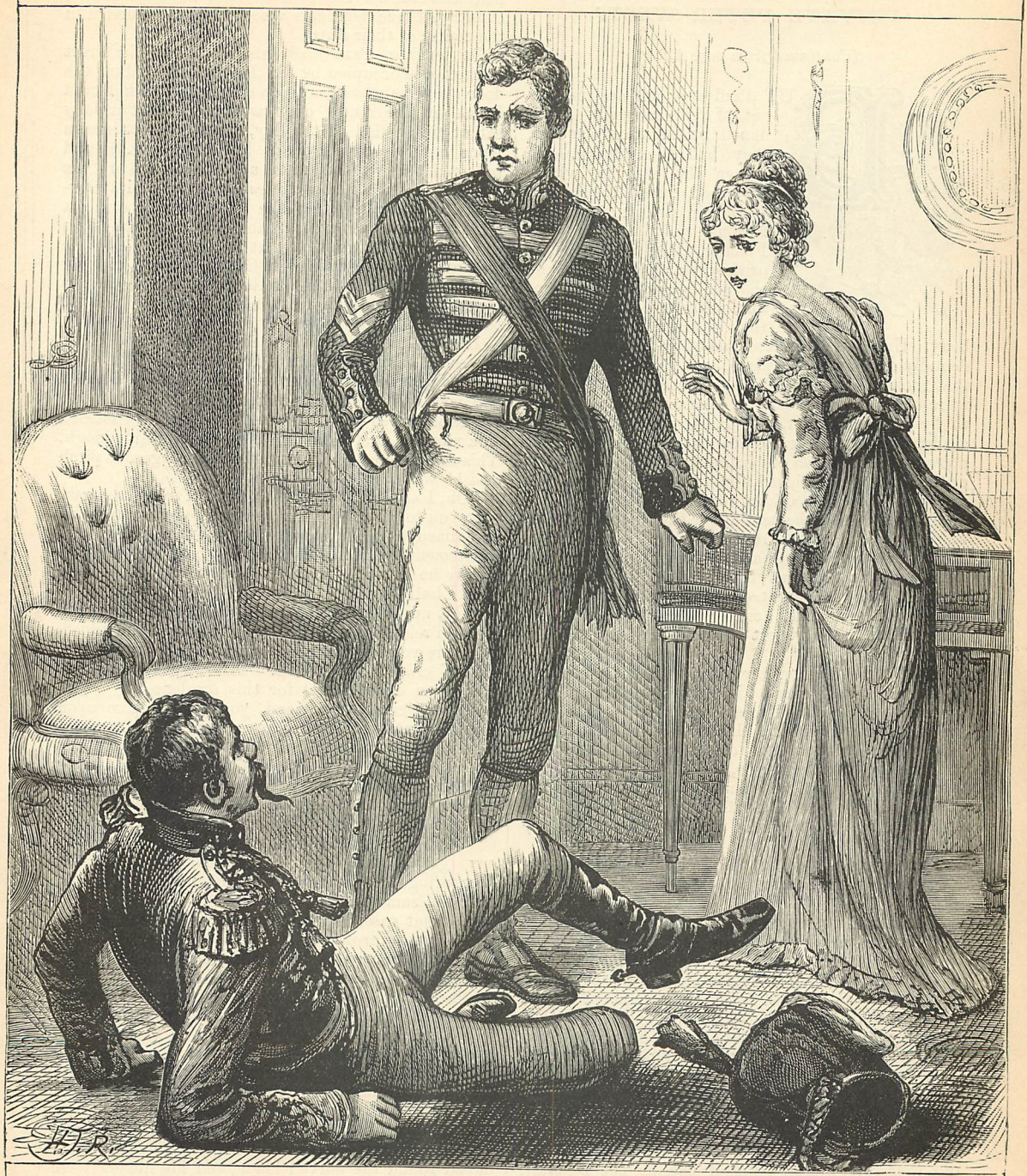
Our readers, however, must not suppose that an Ice-yacht is in every respect like the yachts which are constructed for swift sailing on the sea. The Canadian Ice-boat or Ice-yacht is not so much a boat as a triangular frame-work of wood, running by means of a sail, with the broad end foremost, on three skates or runners, three feet long by eight inches deep. There is but one large sail, usually triangular, fastened to a boom and yard which may be over thirty feet in length.

Such an ice-boat, when firmly constructed, may be steered by the rudder skate in almost any direction (not in the teeth of the wind), and may attain an average speed of thirty or forty miles an hour; sometimes indeed, when all the conditions are favourable, as much as sixty-five miles an hour. If the ice is at all encumbered with snow, the speed is, of course, seriously reduced.

Another mode of progressing on the ice among the Canadians is to be driven along in a small carriage placed on skates, and drawn by a tame reindeer. These useful animals are capable of going at great speed, but it is essential that they be well trained, for they are inclined to be rather obstinate and ill-tempered.

It is a pretty sight, however, to see several of these little carriages drawn by reindeer, their harness dotted over by little bells, which tinkle merrily as their owners proceed on their way. In Montreal, Canada, the inhabitants are in the habit of holding an annual Ice Carnival, one of the features of which is the building of a great ice palace and ice monuments of various kinds. D. B.

Ice-yachting in Canada.



"Fate has again sent you to me just when I most needed your help."

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 111.)

BUT Paul was not destined to get off quite so easily. Maddened by the way in which they had been duped — or rather the way in which they had duped themselves — the Frenchmen made a furious rush at the big Fusilier. They dared not fire, or they would have brought the whole camp upon them, but, with side-arms drawn, they attacked their foe in a body. Unluckily for them, one of their number accidentally discharged his piece, and they knew at once that their only chance of escape was in flight, so close were they to the chain of sentries. They turned to fly on the instant, but Paul, who had received a slight sword-cut across the back of his hand, did not mean to let them off entirely. He made a dash at the *sous-officier*, picked him up under one arm, and grabbed one of the others round the waist with his other hand. Then he set out for the camp, tramping along with a small Frenchman under each arm, kicking and squealing and cursing as they went. Before fifty yards had been covered in this way, a party of men, a mounted patrol in charge of an officer, came cantering across the fields to the spot from whence the report of the musket had been heard.

Great was the laughter when they came in sight of the big Fusilier and his strange burdens. Paul soon related what had taken place, and pointed out the direction in which the three men had gone. The officer at once gave directions to his men to thoroughly scour the woods, and to take the fugitives if possible. 'They may have found out something of our position and strength that would be useful to Soult, and awkward for us that he should know,' he said.

Paul gave up his prisoners, and they were escorted into camp; then he went and reported the matter to his colonel.

Next day a messenger rode in from St. Sebastian to deliver a message for Sergeant Peter West. It was from Sir James Cornforth, and to the effect that he (Sir James) would much enjoy the pleasure of a chat with him on the following afternoon, if the Sergeant could get leave and could spare the time. Paul sent a reply that there would be no difficulty about the leave, unless anything unforeseen should occur, and that he should have much pleasure in waiting upon Sir James during the afternoon.

Sergeant Paul started in good time to keep his appointment. Swinging along at a good pace, he reached St. Sebastian sooner than he expected to do, and therefore, finding himself passing the hospital, he went in for a chat with his old comrades. From one of these he heard that Miss Cornforth had become a constant visitor to the wards—needless to add, a bright and welcome one—and that her father had also shown the interest that he took in his country's brave defenders who had been wounded in the course of their duty.

On leaving, Paul made his way down the street to the house occupied by Sir James, and finding the door open, he was about to walk across the hall and knock at the study door where his host usually sat at this period of the day, when a slight scream from an upper room made him start. A second followed and without more ado, he dashed up the stairs. Instinct seemed to lead him to the drawing-room, and as he flung the door widely open, a sight met his eyes which caused the very blood to dance through his veins at fourfold rate. The gallant Count Asturias da Gonzalez was gripping Miss Cornforth tightly by the arm, whilst she was struggling to free herself from him, white with terror to her very lips.

In a second, Paul had the Spaniard by his collar. He seized him with such force that the Don went sprawling backwards over the sofa, his back against the wall, with his legs high up in the air. The situation was so ridiculous that Paul's anger vanished in a moment, and he broke out into a hearty laugh. This exasperated Count Asturias to a dangerous pitch and he was mad with rage.

'Oh, I am so thankful you came in! Fate has again sent you to me just when I most needed your help,' exclaimed the girl, sobbing with mingled fear and excitement. 'He has persecuted me for weeks, and to-day he dared to try and kiss me! The wretch; how I hate him!'

'Get up,' said Paul sternly, pulling the sofa away so as to release the Count's legs, 'and go!' he added.

'Dare you to treat me, your superior, your officer, thus?' cried the Spaniard. 'Know you that I will place you under arrest for this insolence?'

'Come, come, my friend, you can't impose upon me like that, you know. Your commission has been cancelled and you are no longer my officer or any one else's. Your valour seems to consist in terrifying women; the only time you were in action, you mislaid your courage, somehow. Be good enough to leave this house at once: you see the door?'

'And if I refuse to walk through it—what then, my grand *sous-officier*?' replied the Spaniard, recovering his feet and his grand manner at one and the same time.

'In that case, if you refuse to walk through the door, I shall throw you out of the window.'

The Spaniard rolled a cigarette and lit it, puffing a cloud of smoke from his mouth and nostrils. Paul walked straight up to him, took the cigarette out of his mouth and tossed it through the open window.

'No smoking in the presence of a lady,' coolly observed the big Fusilier. This was more than the Count could stand. Uttering a savage cry, he drew a small, glittering *navaya* from his belt and struck furiously at his adversary with it. Paul was quick, but not quick enough to escape. Instead of catching the Count's wrist, as he had intended, his left hand closed round the curved blade, and his fingers were severely cut. Heedless of the pain, and before the Spaniard could deliver a second stab, the young soldier had him tightly in his grasp. Lifting him up, he took him, despite his desperate struggles, to

the open window, and, suspending him for a moment in mid-air, he calmly dropped him out into the street below. He then picked up his adversary's hat and quietly handed it out of the window after its owner.

A moment or two later Sir James entered the room in great astonishment. He had been taking a nap, according to his custom, in the small library on the ground floor, and had only just been aroused by the noise of the scuffle above. Waking up with a start, he had gazed out of the window just in time to catch sight of the Spanish Don descending into the street below. He had at once run upstairs to learn from his daughter what was the matter.

At the explanation which followed, the old gentleman laughed very heartily, but when it was finished, he looked somewhat grave and said: 'My dear young friend, you must be well on your guard against this man. Like all his race, he is vengeful and will not submit tamely to such treatment as being thrown——'

'Assisted,' put in Paul, mildly.

'Ah! it is all very well for you to laugh, young man,' said Sir James, reprovingly and shaking his head, 'but the Count will not take the act as "assistance." You have thrown him out of the window—not but what he richly deserved it, and had you not been here and I had, I vow that, old man as I am, I should have tried my best to have punished the man's insolence—however, the fact remains and I have small doubt but that if it lies in his power, he will have your life for this. You are not safe alone; I should think of you as in less danger even in action, than with him lurking about in any lonely spot.'

Paul laughed lightly. 'Fear not for me,' he said. 'If the excellent Asturias is so misguided as to attack me, I shall double him up like a muffin!'

'Always careless, always rejoicing in your own splendid strength and courage, you quite forget that this man would not attack with honest fists—probably not even in his own person—but with a hired bravo and a long *navayà*—ah, that reminds me: I saw blood on your fingers. You are wounded? Nay, now, draw that left hand out of your breast; you cannot hide it from me. So! now run, dear Maud, and fetch some lint and bandages. We will patch you up until a surgeon can do so with better professional skill than lies in us. Not but what my daughter—especially since her daily visits to the hospital—is fairly proficient now in the art of binding and bandaging. She has nursed her dear brother right well, and has had plenty of experience in binding up his wounds. Thank Heaven, he will soon be so far recovered as to journey back to England, say we—to return to the ranks of the fighting, as he insists. We shall see, we shall see; but I hardly dare to hope that we shall prevail upon him to turn his face from the front, if he is well enough to take his place again amongst his comrades. He is but nineteen, a cornet in the 52nd Lancers. Some day I shall hope to make you two acquainted.'

Just then, Maud Cornforth returned with lint and bandages, and Sergeant Peter West, somehow or other, felt that it was well worth a slash with a *navayà* to have the advantage of so fair and gentle a nurse to bind up his wounds afterwards!

'Ah, it is a deep cut, indeed. Surely you should lose no time in seeing a surgeon?'

But the Sergeant was not to be moved on this point. He laughed at the wound, said he had come all the way from the lines to enjoy an afternoon of their company, and was not to be cheated of his pleasure for any number of cut fingers.

'Well, well,' said Sir James, 'if you will have it so. And now I will come to the subject on which I wished to speak to you to-day; my daughter has told me of the circumstances under which you enlisted in England; of the false charge made against you, and of the fact that your real name is Paul Westbury, and I find that you are the son of a very dear old friend of my youthful days, Captain Cornelius Westbury. As to the way in which I became acquainted with him, and how we were bosom friends, I must tell you a story: a story of events which occurred long, long before you, my lad, were born.'

The old man paused and passed his hand across his brow. Maud Cornforth, having finished her task of binding up the wounded hand, had flitted, with a sunny smile, from the room. Sir James waited until the door had closed behind her, and then he began his tale.

(*Continued at page* 123.)

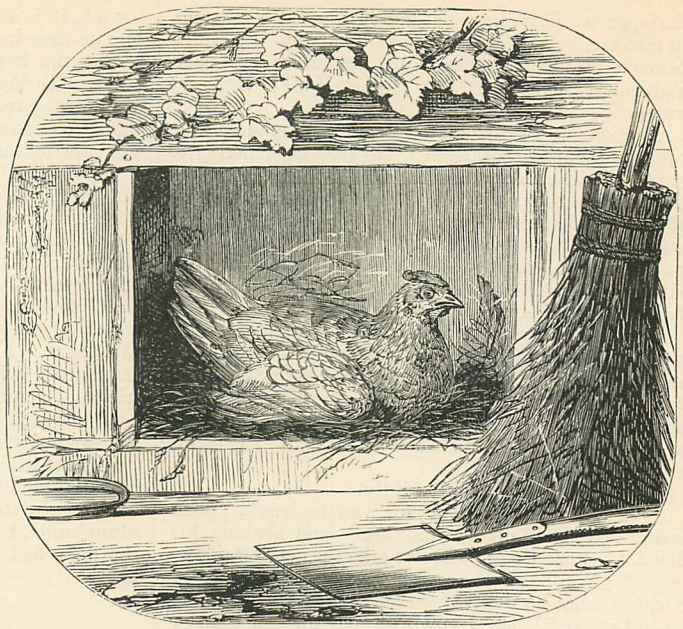
A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

SHORTLY before the death of Oliver Cromwell, in 1656, England was visited by a terrible tempest. In the midst of the hurly-burly, a boy living in Lincolnshire went out into the open air, and began leaping to and fro, at one time with the wind at his back and at another with his face to it. With the wind in his face he could not expect to jump as far as when the storm was at his back. By laying down pegs to mark the extent of his leaps, both when he went with the wind and when he went against it, he was trying to get some idea of the force of the tempest. This may appear a very odd way of measuring the strength of the wind, but it shows that the boy had a taste for inquiries and experiments in science. This boy afterwards became the immortal Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest philosopher of whom Britain, or even the world, can boast.

THE OAK.

THE wooden walls of old England owe their strength to the timber of the oak, which, from its size and durability, is better suited for ship-building than that of any other tree. There are many gigantic remains of this monarch of the forest: that called William the Conqueror's oak, in Windsor Park, is supposed to be 1200 years old, while the famous Bentley and Winfarthing oaks are at least two centuries older. In some parts of England we meet with 'Gospel Oaks,' so called from the ancient practice of reading the Gospel under them on Holy Thursday.

There are above a hundred species of oaks, the greater number being natives of America. Oak bark is used in tanning and dyeing. Cork is the bark of an evergreen species of oak, which grows in the south of Europe; this bark is stripped every eight or ten years without killing the tree. Galls are nut-like excrescences growing on oak-trees, and are the dwellings of insects which eat their way out after undergoing the usual transformations. Oak-apples are spongy substances which deform the leaves. A writer in the olden times of ignorance and superstition says that 'Oke-apples being broken in sunder do foreshewe the sequell of the yeere, as the expert Kentish husbandmen have observed, by the living thing founde in them: if they finde an ant, they fortell plentie of graine to ensue; if a white worme, murren of beasts; and if a spider, a sicknes will followe amongst men.' R. B.



THE BRIGHT CHANGE.

A BUTTERFLY basked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow;
'Why art thou here with a gaudy dye,
While she of the bright and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?'

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track—
'I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings,
Would'st thou call the loved one back?'

THE BANTAM HEN.

A PRETTY little bantam hen
Sat quiet on her nest,
And seven round and smooth white eggs
Lay warm beneath her breast.

The other fowls were out all day,
And all alone was she;
And yet she never seemed to mind,
But sat quite patiently.

Only each morning she ran out,
As quickly as she could,
And went up to the feeding-place
To get a little food.

And then right back again she came,
With pretty wings outspread,
And covered up her eggs again
As soon as she had fed.

For three long weeks she waited there,
And then, one morning bright,
She found that seven little chicks
Had come out in the night.

And, oh, how very glad she was!
And now she did not care
For all the long and dreary days
That she had waited there.

And so, my children, learn from her
Patient and good to be,
And you will find it is the way
To live most happily. J. W.

ALEXANDER AND BUCEPHALUS.

IN Macedonia's ancient court,
Where in great Philip's day
That mighty conqueror held the realm
Beneath an iron sway,—

'Bring forth the horse Bucephalus!'
The warrior monarch cried,
'That I may know if any dare
That fiery steed to ride.'

Then forth upon the king's command
The milk-white horse was led:
He stepped as if the common earth
He scarcely deigned to tread.

And there he stands before them all,
Tossing his snowy mane,
With air as free as if once more
He trod Thessalia's plain.

Then zeal to win their sovereign's grace
Kindled men's hearts like flame;
To prove their prowess 'neath his eye
And win the hero's fame.

What though they knew that heretofore
No rider had been found,
Who had not by Bucephalus
Been hurled upon the ground!

Yet each brave man disdained to fear,
Eager to try his fate,
And recked not risk to life or limb
Because the stake was great.

Then, as each mounted that wild steed,
Accepting fortune's gage,
It seemed as if a fiend inspired
The horse with sudden rage.

Scarce had he started on his course,
Swift as the lightning's ray,
When, looking down, he seemed to meet
Strange terrors by the way.

The foam is dropping from his mouth,
His nostrils breathing fire,
His wild eyes fastened on the ground,
Scared by some vision dire.

Then, with a mighty plunge and rear,
Behold him swerve aside!
Until it seemed no mortal man
Bucephalus might ride.

For not one horseman of them all
Prevailed to hold his seat;
Like wounded warriors they lie
In brave though dire defeat.

Who is that youth beside the king,
Whose glances proud and free
Seem like an eagle's glance to scan
What none beside might see?

'My royal father, grant me leave
Forthwith my fate to try;
I'll wager realms I shall not fail
To win the mastery.'

The word is said! he mounts the horse,
Burning his power to test;
And, turning round his charger's head
Full toward the glowing west,

He seemed as he were aiming straight
To reach the golden sun,
And dared not halt a moment's space
Until the goal were won.

And where is now the vision dark,
Which, when he first had sped,
Had chilled the heart of that brave horse
With fear and anguish dread?

Now that he faced the glorious sun,
All shadows of his fear
At once were hidden from his gaze
And cast into the rear.

And when, subdued by that firm hand,
He galloped back again,
Gentle as lady's palfrey slim,
Led by a silken rein,—

'Could ye not find,' outspake the Prince,
'The cause of all his fear,
The moving shadow of himself
Cast by yon fiery sphere?

'Swiftly I turned his gaze towards
The source of all his woe,
As, on the battle-field, the brave
Turn round and face the foe;

'And facing him, all shadowy fears
Like cowards fled away,
As at the dawn grim terrors fade
Before the light of day.'

'Take him! the horse is thine, my son!'
The royal father cried,
Turning upon the dauntless youth
Glances of joy and pride.

'Go! spread thy conquests far and wide
In realms beyond the sea;
Henceforth this Macedonian land
May not suffice for thee!'

EDITH C. RICKARDS.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

17.—WORD PUZZLES.

SUPPLY the blanks in the following sentences with words having the same sound, but with different spelling and meanings.

1. He wishes to go to —— in order to —— more of the world.
2. I shall go out —— the —— is fine or not.
3. That handsome —— will need a —— deal of care to keep it well polished.
4. What did you do with the —— I gave you this morning to buy —— flowers?
5. I think the —— the coachman asked was not at all a —— one for so short a distance.
6. If you will come —— you shall —— a piece of good news.
7. I have —— two games of Halma and —— of chess.
8. It seems a pity to —— down that fine old —— tree.
9. My —— child, do not make such a noise, or you will frighten the ——.
10. The lord of the —— is very popular, he always has such a gracious, pleasant ——.

C. C.

18.—Geographical Puzzles.

Find geographical names hidden in the following sentences.

1. What a strong wind! I almost lost my hat coming across the common.—A country in Asia.
2. Where is the newspaper? Under the table.—A country in South America.
3. Those children are very dear to their parents.—A town in an island to the south of England.
4. Is that letter from Henry or Katharine?—A city in the north of England.
5. You must wait there for Dudley and Amy.—A town in a western county of England.
6. The doctor says a voyage to Madeira is the only chance of recovery.—A country in Italy.
7. You must give Edith a net dress for the ball.—An island on the east coast of England.
8. Let all your dealings be just and fair, O men!—An important city in Italy.
9. It must be difficult to rob a thief.—A city in Somersetshire.
10. You have no umbrella. You should get one.—A town in Buckinghamshire.
11. It has not been at all a pleasant day.—A port in South Africa.
12. Have you taken that book back to the library?—A county in the east of England.
13. There is a great rent in my new curtains.—A river in England.
14. Here are three good fat hens and one turkey.—A city in Greece.
15. The invalid must not be disturbed for days.—A town in a midland county of England.
16. I must introduce you to my great-aunt one day.—A town in England.

C. C.

19.—Conundrum.

What is that of which there are only two in every year, and yet there are two in every day and one in every week?

[*Answers at page* 134.]

ANSWERS.

14.—1. Piano, Forte.
2. Interest.
3. Melancholy.
4. Ground.
5. Harmony.
6. Disdain.
7. Radiant.
8. Complaint.
9. Cheerful.
10. Trouble.
11. Damage.
12. Advice.
13. Messenger.
14. Manner.
15. Favourite.
16. Charity.

15.—*Sumatra.*

1. Superior.
2. Unst.
3. Milan.
4. Andes.
5. Tamar.
6. Rochester.
7. Abingdon.

16.—1. Pig, Pit, Pat, Cat.
2. Ant, Any, Lay, Fay, Fly.
3. And, Ant, Tan, Tea, The.
4. Lad, Bad, Bay, Boy.
5. Bear, Lear, Lean, Leon, Lion.
6. Core, Sore, Seer, Seed.
7. Kate, Date, Dare, Doer, Dora.
8. Jane, Mane, Mare, Mary.

THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

In the beginning of the present century, the Zulus, one of the many native tribes of Africa, were but a small clan, but being warlike and courageous, and having become embroiled with most of the neighbouring tribes, they were so successful in war that more than one hundred clans fell under their power, and were compelled to submit to the Zulus.

Their chieftain, Ishaka, during the first quarter of this century, ruled South Africa from the Zambesi to the Cape Colony quite as completely as Napoleon in his day held Europe, and by much the same means. But after that date the Zulus became restricted in their dominion by the arrival of pioneer Europeans in the Cape Colony and by the Dutch Republic and Natal. Ishaka was succeeded by his brother Dungaan, who, however, was soon assassinated, and was followed by Umpanda, who reigned over a third of a century, dying A.D. 1873. He left as his successor Cetewayo, who reigned up to A.D. 1878 as chief over a Zulu-land which included not only the Zulu-land of to-day, but a large portion of what is now within the borders of the Transvaal and Anatonga-land.

In A.D. 1878 great changes took place. Sir Bartle Frere, who was then High Commissioner for South Africa, assuming that British interests were threatened by the existence of this large and independent nation, offered terms to King Cetewayo which led to a war. Soon five British columns were sent into the country, but owing to divided counsels and mismanagement, they all proved unsuccessful, the main column being almost destroyed by the Zulus at Isandula, in the north-east of Natal, on the left bank of the Buffalo River. On this memorable occasion the British camp comprised only four companies of the 24th, with a native contingent; while the Zulus numbered 18,000 men, all of them trained warriors.

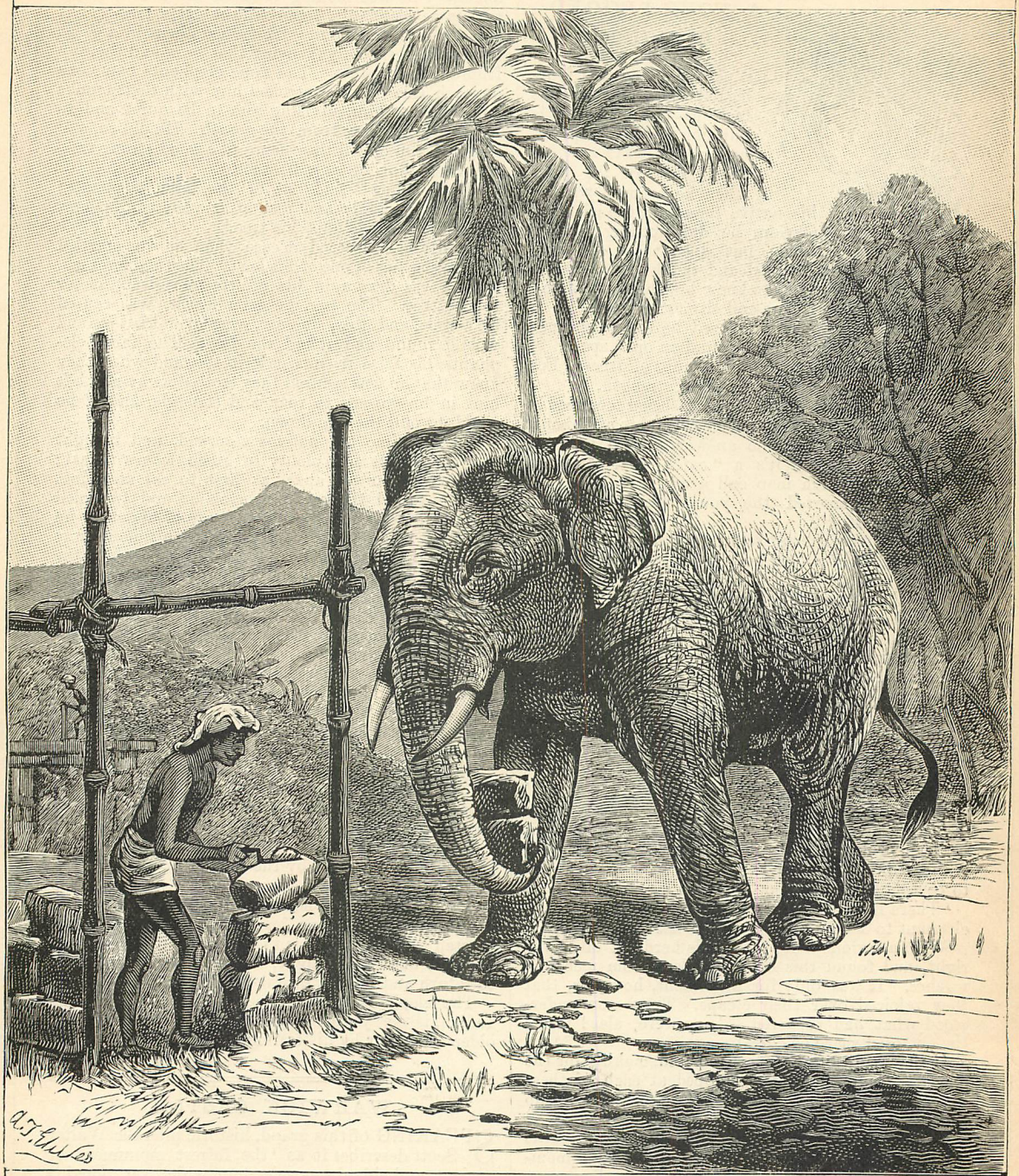
The gloom caused by this terrible disaster was, however, slightly relieved by the heroic defence of 'Rorke's Drift,' the very next day after Isandula: when one or two young officers, with eighty men of the 24th, who had been left to guard the stores and the hospital of Lord Chelmsford's force, were attacked by 4000 Zulu warriors. Eighty against 4000! Could any one be mad enough to look for victory to the poor handful of British soldiers, whose only defences consisted of a rampart built up of rice-bags and biscuit-boxes! Yet with British pluck these men kept the enemy at bay, and six times drove out parties of Zulus who had got within the barricade.

In the picture before us we see one of the few survivors of the terrible affair at Isandula. The uncovered and drooping head, the trailing reins, the nerveless hand of the wounded man, show how much he has suffered, yet suffered in vain; while the fact that he is all alone in his flight shows only too clearly the completeness of the disaster which has overtaken his gallant comrades. He has one friend left; the horse which has carried him safely through many a

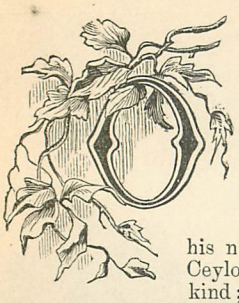
The Only Survivor.

difficulty, and may possibly do so once again. Yet, if the weary animal gets a foothold on the shore, it will not be by the help of his master, for that master s not even able to get his own foot into the stirrup, far less able to give the help needed to enable the weary horse to get a firm foothold on the shore. It is a sad picture of the misery caused by war.

B.



The Assistant Elephant Builder.



A FOUR-LEGGED BUILDER.

OUR picture shows us a four-legged builder, nearly as high as the house he is building. Mr. Elephant was not always so industrious. In the days when he roamed wild in his native forests in the island of Ceylon, he did nothing of this kind; but since those far-away times he has been trained and taught many useful things. Should you like to know how he was caught, and many of his brothers and sisters?

Near the forest where he lived he and his friends saw, one day, a fence rising round an open space.

The posts of the fence were trunks of trees. For miles it extended, and was of great strength.

'I wonder why that ground is being enclosed?' asked an inquisitive young elephant to his neighbour.

'Ah, my boy!' was the answer, 'you'll find out quite soon enough; it's a "catch-me-if-you-can" arrangement, which men call a corral.'

'Humph!' snorted the young elephant; 'they won't catch me!'

The wise old elephant said nothing, but he looked sad, and moved his long nose as though he meant to say he hoped not.

In a short time the fence was finished, and the young elephant noticed that openings, like great doorways, were left in it.

It was evening, and great numbers of the elephants were asleep, standing against the forest trees; some were kneeling and dozing, others were lively and frisky, and bent upon trampling down certain fields which were not far off, when all of a sudden the forest seemed surrounded by moving fires, while shouts came from all directions.

'Our masters are after us! run for your lives!' trumpeted some of the most fearful of the elephants.

A general stampede followed, and the lights came nearer and nearer, and the dark figures of men, with white, shining sticks and spears in their hands, were to be seen by the light of the many torches.

'There is only one way of escape,' said the young elephant to his fellows. 'On! it lies to the right.'

With a furious rush, the whole herd set off to the right, and found this one way clear from men and torches. It was only for a moment, however, that they rejoiced over their escape. They soon understood what had occurred. They were, alas! inside the enclosed space or corral.

Hither and thither they scampered, making for the open doorways, but were stopped at each of these by dark-skinned men, who were at work barring up the opening with strong tree-trunks. Presently all the doorways were barred up, and only two elephants remained outside the corral. These were not members of the entrapped herd, but tame elephants, once caught in a corral themselves, but now ready to help men to catch their old friends of the forest.

The young elephant stood quite close to one of the doorways. Soon the men near, noticing how anxiously he was looking towards the door and the two tame elephants, removed the cross tree-trunks and let him come out. He rushed about in a great fury at first, stupidly fancying that he would thereby frighten his masters. The tame elephants came one on each side of him, stroked him with their trunks and talked to him, advising him to be quiet and to follow them away from the corral. He did so, and they led him on till they came to a good strong tree, the men following at a distance.

'Poor fellow!' said one of the tame elephants; 'stand here awhile and rest after your excitement, under the shade of this fine tree.'

Hardly had he stood at ease when he was startled by a strong tug at one of his legs. The tug increased, and he was drawn, in his efforts to resist it, closer to the tree. The tug, he soon learnt, was caused by a rope, and this, he saw, was over his leg, and wound round and round the tree. The tame elephants, his false friends, saw it too, and when they knew that he was secured they trotted away and left him in his misery to roar and struggle, and, if he could, to pull the tree down.

After a time the natives returned, and brought him cocoa-nuts and plenty of green leaves to eat; but he was far too angry at first to eat anything, and he tossed the cocoa-nuts about and trampled them under his feet. But, in spite of his rage, he could not help getting hungry. After a time he was glad to take all the nuts and good things which the natives brought him. In a few days he began to be tame and gentle, and in a little time he could be made to do anything his master liked. One by one the other elephants in the corral were let out, and tamed in the same way.

His work, as shown in the picture, is to assist his master in building his house. His great strength enables him to convey more than one stone at a time in his long trunk. This trunk serves for nose, hand, and arm.

The trunk of the elephant is about eight feet long. It can be made shorter or longer as the animal chooses, and can be moved with great ease in every possible direction. It has such very great strength that he can knock down a man with it, and pull up trees of moderate size by the roots.

Travellers tell us that some of the elephants are as careful about the neatness of their work as men could be. An elephant has been known, it is said, to step back a few yards to see if it had laid a block of wood or stone straight, and then, if not satisfied, to return and push it into its right place.

The elephant shown in our picture as helping the Indian, is the young elephant of the corral, grown older and wiser by his training and teaching.

JAMES CASSIDY.

WARWICK CASTLE.

SPEAKING of this grand, historic pile, Sir Walter Scott describes it as 'the fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which yet remains uninjured by the ruthless hand of time.' Warwickshire, which in Anglo-Saxon times formed part of the Kingdom of Mercia, had a great fort standing above the river Avon, and on the site of that Celtic

fortress now stands Warwick Castle. Shortly after Warremund, a doughty warrior, had rebuilt the Castle, it was besieged, taken, and afterwards destroyed by the Danes. It remained in ruins until about the time of King Alfred, when it was partially rebuilt and made thoroughly habitable again. In A.D. 915 it was converted into a strong fortress again, but again fell before the Danes, in A.D. 1016. It was once more erected, and then inhabited for nearly half a century by the Earls of Mercia, when William the Conqueror took it, and gave it to one of his Norman followers, Henry de Newburgh, whom he then created first Earl of Warwick.

Time after time have its walls and towers been besieged, and in the Wars of the Barons (in the time of Henry III.) it was almost razed to the ground. Fortunately for later generations, the rebels spared the two splendid towers, Cæsar's Tower and Guy's Tower, which stand there to the present day, grim and majestic, as though triumphing over time itself. Cæsar's Tower is the most ancient part of the whole pile. Guy's Tower was built by Thomas de Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, in the year A.D. 1394.

The approach to the Castle is by a road hewn out of the solid rock. Through the grand gateway, and passing beneath the portcullis, a lofty flight of steps brings one to the Great Hall. Through the open doors a magnificent vista, more than one hundred yards in length, bursts upon the vision; no more splendid suite of apartments is to be seen throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles. In the Great Hall itself are to be seen the leathern doublet in which Lord Brooke, who fought as a general in the Parliamentary Army, was killed at Lichfield, A.D. 1643; the helmet of Oliver Cromwell himself, and the belted knight in suit of shining steel armour. In the arched Chapel passage stands the equestrian painting of Charles I., by Vandyke. Amongst the manifold attractions of the Castle may also be counted the Gilt, the Red, and the Cedar Drawing-rooms, the State bedroom in which 'Good Queen Bess' slept, and in which the bed of Queen Anne, with its crimson velvet hangings, now stands.

In A.D. 1871 the Great Hall, and many of the more ancient portions of the Castle, were gutted by fire; but although many of the valuable contents perished in the flames, the building itself was entirely restored by the late Earl. It would, indeed, have been little less than a nation's loss had this magnificent Castle been destroyed, and fortunate indeed was it that the greater portion of the ancient home of Beauchamps, Nevilles, Plantagenets, Dudleys, and Grevilles was saved. To read all the lore which appertains to Warwick Castle, and then to go and inspect it, is a splendid lesson in the history of England.

FOX RUSSELL.

THE BLACK-CAP AND NIGHTINGALE.

WE give this month the pictures of two of the sweetest and richest of all British song-birds—the Nightingale and the Black-cap, though it is only at the very end of March that they arrive from warmer climes.

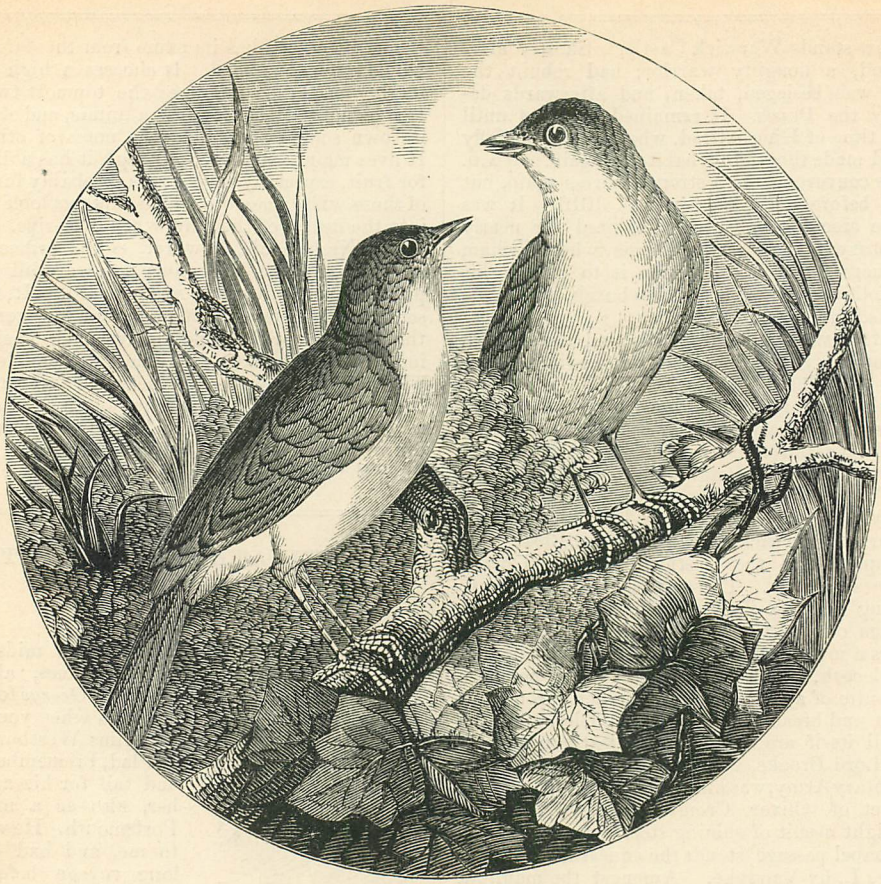
The Black-cap has its name from the dark feathers which crown the head. It chooses a high perch for its singing-place, sometimes the topmost twig if the tree be not very lofty. It is a mimic, and often spoils its own song by catching the notes of other birds. It lives mainly on insects, though it has a liking also for fruit, especially raspberries, probably for the sake of those white maggots which make *us* look so closely into the hearts of the fruit when over-ripe.

The Nightingale, however, is the prince of bird-songsters, and its melodious notes are all the more prized because they are rarely heard. It visits the southern counties of England, and but very seldom the northern, or Scotland, or Ireland. It sings most in the evening, or at night, unless in some deep wood, where it is now and then heard in full song during the day. The Nightingale has often been spoken of as a pattern of modesty and humility, in that it withdraws itself from the eyes of men while it pours forth the glorious song which delights their ears.

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 115.)

'I HAD been a midshipman,' said Sir James, 'aboard the old *Royal George* for a couple of years when your father, Cornelius Westbury, a slim, fair lad, I remember he was, and tall for his age, joined her, also as a middy, at Portsmouth. He was senior to me, and had been one long voyage before. We soon struck up a close friendship, and were not long in finding out that, as against the two of us combined, the rest of the ward-room was useless; those were the days when bullying amongst the youngsters was far worse even than it is now—and it is quite bad enough still, I'm told. Of course when he first came on board, he was bullied, and I, as having two years' experience of that ship's company already, was able to do a bit in the way of protecting him. However, what I was going to say was this—that we two soon became inseparables, and could make it lively for any of them who were inclined to annoy us—but they weren't bad fellows on the whole—only rough, you know; it was rather the fault of the times in which we lived than of their own natures. We sailed for the North American station, and after a terribly rough passage across the Atlantic, made the mouth of the St. Lawrence. From this point we cruised along that wild, stormy coast, backwards and forwards, off and on, for eighteen months or more. Then a dispatch-boat came out to us with orders to go up to Quebec to refit. You may guess how thankful we were to obey. All that dreary time we had only touched here and there, at intervals, to fill our water-beakers and get fresh meat and vegetables; so, as soon as a favourable wind permitted, we sailed up the broad St. Lawrence



The Black-cap and Nightingale.

and soon anchored beneath the citadel of Quebec—then, as it is at present, an entirely French town.

'Cornelius Westbury had now become a junior lieutenant, but though he had ceased to wear the midshipman's dirk, his friendship for me never lessened in the smallest degree. So when he proposed that I should accompany him on an expedition up the country to see something of its natural beauties, and to shoot, I need hardly say how gladly I accepted. No difficulty was made by the captain—who was very fond of your father—about granting us leave, and, well armed and provided with a couple of Indian guides, we started away in the highest of spirits for the Richelieu River, which runs at right angles to the St. Lawrence, and leads directly to the Mohawk country. We were in two canoes, which held us and our small amount of luggage easily. A couple more red-skins were hired to assist in the paddling, and we two sailors were as merry as boys just home from school.

'Well, we paddled most of the day, and at night we hauled up the canoes on the river-bank, cut down pine or fir branches to form a bed, collected some dry wood, and made a fire—cooked our food, and after eating, lay down and slept as only those who have toiled all day and take their rest beneath the stars, breathing the fragrant odours of the pine woods, can sleep. Ah, it was a glorious time that, my boy, a glorious time!'

The old man paused as a smile passed over his handsome face: the smile of happy youthful memories, so dear to those of us who have 'passed the Rubicon.' Then he resumed:

'By the time we had got up into a good game country, and begun our shooting in earnest—we had only just taken stray shots as we came along, often from the canoe—we came into what was, strictly speaking, the Mohawk territory, but at that time, over-run by the war-like Iroquois. Almost the whole way up the Richelieu River were situated the block-houses of the old French settlers; they were of different size and strength, of course, but nearly all were so built as to withstand, for a time at least, an Indian attack. But of the chance of danger from anything worse than the big, dark-furred bear, neither of us thought for a moment.

'The whole of the scene was charming in the eyes of young fellows who had been cooped up on board a man-of-war for eighteen weary months. The stone-built manor-houses of the seigneurs, the gable-ended wooden buildings, the cottages standing in the

"Our guide uttered in low tones the warning, and we all crouched down."

midst of clearings, the mills, the numerous dams across the small tributaries which all helped to swell the volume of the great stream; these, and a hundred other items filled our programme of delights to overflowing.

'For a week or more we shot day after day, and thoroughly enjoyed our free, outdoor lives. Then early one morning our guides silently presented themselves to us, their troubled faces telling an eloquent tale without the aid of speech—a thing of which they were always chary.

'"What is it?" asked Cornelius. "You are not easy in your mind."

'The old Indian addressed took the pipe from his lips, and with a guttural grunt, jerked out the one word: "Iroquois."

'"You have seen them?"

'"No."

'"Come, come, speak out!—time is precious. What has happened?"

'And then we managed to drag out of them that they had come upon a camp-fire not more than two leagues away from where we were: that it had not been deserted more than twenty-four hours, and that by many little signs they had come to the conclusion that they were close on the track of a war party of Iroquois—a party numbering at least eighty braves.

'"What are we to do, then?" said Westbury. "Is it possible to get back in the canoes?"

'The red-skins shook their heads.

'"The Iroquois have also canoes," they said, meaningly, and we understood that to be a hint that escape in such a direction was, at all events at that time, impossible.

'I remember your father got very impatient with the Indians at this point.

'"Why on earth don't you say what we *are* to do then?" he asked. "If we can't go on the river, where can we go? We don't want to sit here and wait for the Iroquois' convenience as to scalping us!"

'"The block-house," was all the answer we received, but it was enough.

'Within half an hour we had packed our little stores—or rather as much of them as we could conveniently carry—and started on our march through the forest. One of our Indians was a renegade from the Iroquois nation, and knew not only the ways of his people, but also, fortunately for us, the quickest and safest route through the woods to the block-house of Saulte de Moutons, some twelve miles distant. All day long we pushed forward, walking in single file and in dead silence. The oldest man of our Indians, the renegade, wooden as his face was, was clearly under the impression that our situation was one of the greatest danger, and he did not neglect the most trivial appearance of "sign" which revealed itself to his woodsman's eyes. Well he knew what his own fate would be if he fell into the hands of the tribe he had deserted. As I afterwards found out, we ourselves would have been in no better plight, for every male prisoner taken by these demons was tortured and roasted at the stake, without exception. We passed through open glades amid the pine forests, crushing the wild flowers under our feet in scores as we strode along. Every now and then, we came to small streams flowing out of the forest depths down to the mighty river beyond. Where they were too broad to jump, and too deep to ford, a bridge was very simply made by one of the Indians cutting down a young tree with his axe, so that it fell across to the opposite bank, and upon this we all passed over, one at a time, dryshod and in safety. At times, so dense was the growth of tangled underwood and tree-trunks, that we had to literally cut a path through it with the axes, and grope our way along in the semi-darkness. The squirrels darted here and there, scratching the bark of the trees overhead, the birds sang out, wild fowl rose from the still, glassy lakes, and altogether the journey would have been entirely delightful if it had not been for the ever-present dread of seeing some hideous, painted face peering from behind each tree-trunk that we passed. Once our guide uttered in low tones the warning "Waugh!" as his quick eye caught a suspicious sign some distance ahead, and we all crouched down hurriedly; but it was a false alarm, and we trudged on, getting within sight of the stockade surrounding the block-house, just as the sun was going down in a perfect glory of red and yellow sky. Pacing slowly up and down, close to the heavy oaken-framed gate, was an Indian sentinel, tall, silent, wrapped about in his buffalo robe, and fingering a long, straight-stocked musket. His face was a remarkable one—I remember it well, for whereas he had the grim, square, merciless mouth, high cheek-bones, and aquiline nose of his race, his eyes were lighter in colour, and his long black hair was not so coarse in texture as is generally found in the North American Indians. After a little parleying on the part of our guides, we were admitted within the gate of the stockade, and the French-Canadian owner of Saulte de Moutons stood before us, and gave us the kindliest of welcomes. He told us that his name was Gilbert Chaudière; that we might always be sure of finding his hospitality extended to us, and that as long as we liked to remain, he would be only too glad to keep us as his guests. As to the alarm about the Iroquois, he said he feared that it was only too true; scouts of his were now out in the forest, and from them he expected to learn something of the enemy's movements within a few hours.

(*Continued at page* 130.)

THE SCORPION AND THE TORTOISE.

A TORTOISE and scorpion had once formed such a friendship, that the one could not live without the other. These companions, one day, finding themselves obliged to change their habitation, travelled together; but in their way meeting with a large and deep river, the scorpion, making a stop, said to the tortoise, 'My dear friend, you are well provided for what we see before us, but how shall I get over this water?'

'Never trouble yourself, my dear friend, for that,' replied the tortoise; 'I will carry you upon my back, secure from all danger.'

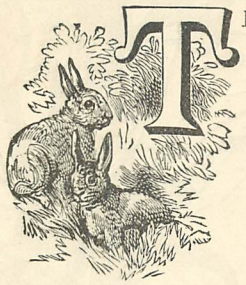
The scorpion, on this, without hesitation, got upon the back of the tortoise, who began to swim across. But he was hardly got half-way over the river, when he heard a rumbling upon his back, which made him ask the scorpion what he was doing.

'Doing!' replied the scorpion, 'why I am whetting my sting, to try whether I can bore this horny cuirass of yours, that covers your flesh like a shield.'

'Oh, ungrateful wretch!' cried the tortoise; 'wouldst thou, at a time when I am proving my friendship—wouldst thou, at such a time, pierce with thy venomous sting the defence which nature has given me, and take away my life? It is well, however, I have it in my power both to save myself and reward thee as thou deservest.'

So saying, he sunk his back to some depth under water, threw off the scorpion, and left him to pay with his life the price of his monstrous ingratitude.

DAISY GOSSIP.



THOUGH in its growth it is but a lowly plant, almost as much has been said or written about the little daisy as about the stately rose. The daisy is not fragrant; it is a flower which has not the beauty, nor the size, nor the varied colours which many possess; but young and old love it—wherever we see its blossoms, they seem to smile upon us like friends. Though it is so common, we do not tire of seeing its petals of white and crimson. Like the early snowdrop, or primrose, it attracts us because it ventures forth bravely, even before the winter has bid us good-bye. Was it called a daisy because the yellow centre seemed to the people of long ago a sort of Day's eye, over which the crimson-tipped petals folded at night to protect it from rain and cold? This may have been, for we know that it does generally open in the morning and shut at night, also when heavy clouds cross the sky. The name of daisy, or 'eye of day,' is certainly an old one, and in early English we find it is written thus, *daieseyghe*, rather longer. Some one has said that during summer the daisy is now and then lazy; and it is true that we may start out at seven, and find the flowers not yet awake, and as early as six in the evening, they may be going to sleep, but much depends upon the place where they grow

In some parts of England, there is a saying, that when you can put your foot upon twelve daisies at once, you may be sure that spring has come Along the Borders, not long since, there was still found the old belief that if any one who was thin and pale could get out-of-doors, and walk upon the daisies, he would become strong and have the colour back in his cheeks.

Formerly, people made a sort of salve from daisy leaves; it was supposed to be good for sprains and bruises. One of the Scotch names is 'gowan,' perhaps from an old word which means *beautiful*, and another is 'bairnwort,' because it is specially the flower of children, who delight to make chains of daisies. We have a large number of garden flowers, which are known as Marguerites. This was at first the French name of the wild flower, it being the crest of a Queen Margaret, in the time of the Crusades. It became the favourite of other royal Margarets, especially of her of Anjou, sister of Francis I., who used to call her the Marguerite of Marguerites, that is, 'pearl of pearls,' for the Latin of this name means a pearl. The old herbalists fancied they saw in the daisy, and similar plants with spreading white florets, some resemblance to the moon, and so they said that the flower was under the care of the moon 'or the goddess Diana. In some European countries, it is believed that toothache may be cured by chewing three daisies.

One day, a gentleman walking over a field was surprised to see a stout farmer kneel down, and put his face very near the ground. He asked him what he was doing, and then he heard that the farmer was biting off the flower-head of the first daisy he had seen that year. The flower was afterwards to be carefully kept, in the belief that it would bring good luck. In one of the fairy tales, we read that the small green elves used a daisy as a cradle to rock their infants to sleep in, and the seat of honour for the Queen of the fairies was a tuft of daisies. The poet Burns tells us how the daisy has often been a link between two school-fellows:—

'We twa hae run aboot the braes
And picked the gowans fine,
But we've wandered mony a weary fit
Sin the days o' auld lang syne.'

J. R. S. C.

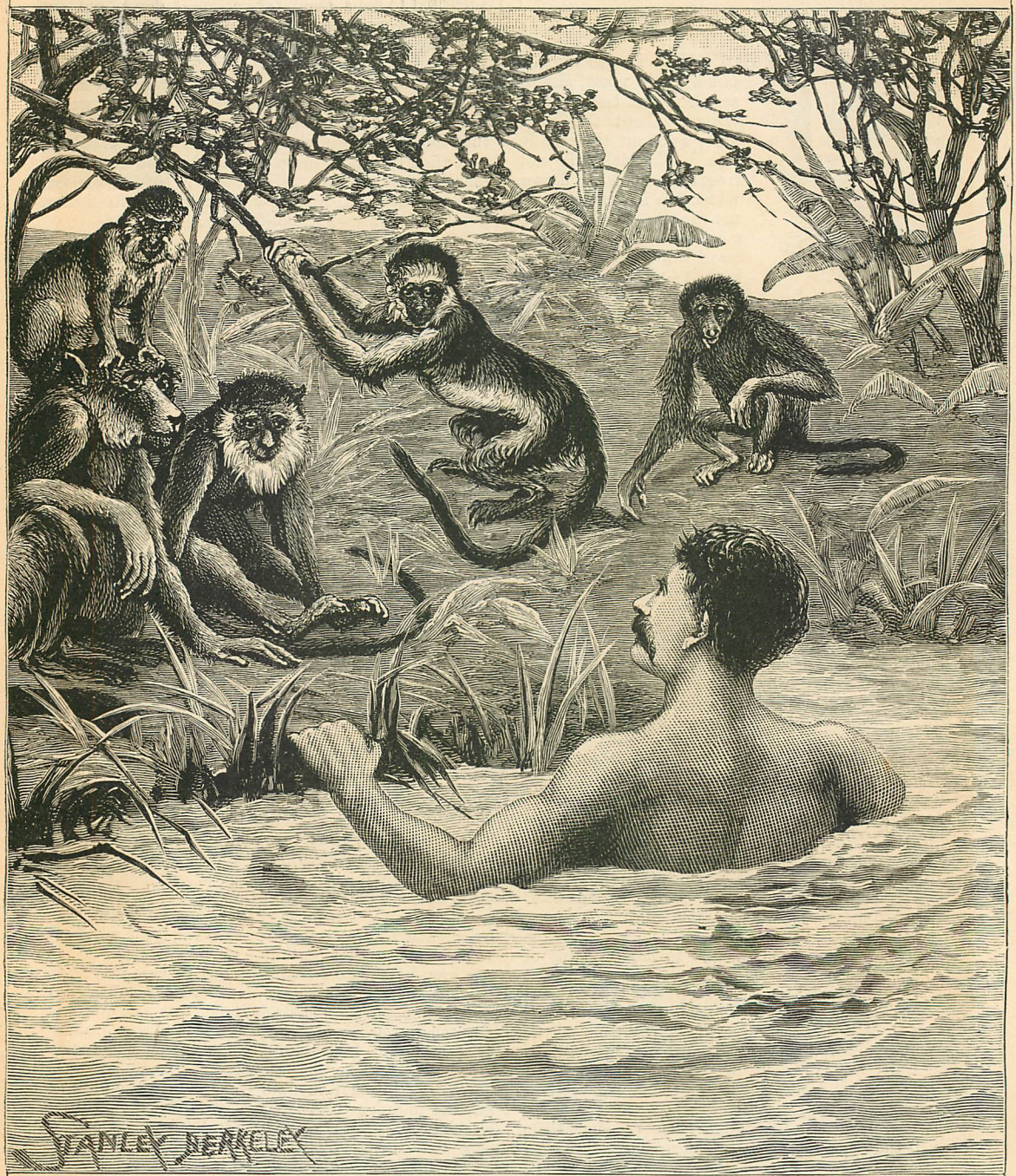
THE FROG AND THE GEESE.

TWO wild geese, when about to start southwards for the winter, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese expressing their willingness to do so if a means of conveyance could be devised, the frog produced a stalk of strong grass, got the two geese to take it one by each end, while he clung to it in the middle by his mouth. In this manner the three were making their journey, when they were noticed by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the plan and wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. The proud frog, opening his mouth to say 'It was I,' lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MONKEYS.

SEVERAL years ago a sportsman in Upper India, who had been shooting wild fowl on a sultry day, undressed, and plunged into a pool about four feet deep in order to enjoy a quiet bath. He had scarcely plunged in when his attention was attracted by a noise among the branches overhead, and, on looking up, he saw that some twenty or thirty grey monkeys were seated gravely watching his proceedings. Soon one grey-bearded old fellow quietly came down from the tree, and took his seat on the bank and stared with all his eyes. His example was followed by the others, one by one, till all were on the ground. There they sat in a semi-circle—keeping quite still, all solemnly gazing at the strange spectacle.

At last one small monkey leaped upon the back of another in order to see better, steadying himself by clasping his hands over the forehead of his friend. The two monkeys looked so ridiculous that the bather laughed aloud. At this unexpected outburst the whole troop of monkeys took to their heels, scuttled up the trees, and with loud and angry chattering, shook the branches in their indignation at being laughed at. Not one of them again came down from their leafy shelter. M.

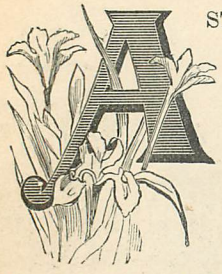


Strange Behaviour of Monkeys.

A MISCHIEF MAKER.

A Grateful Stork.

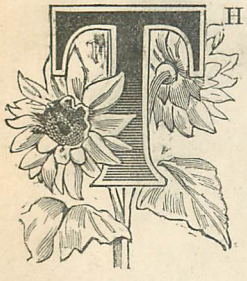
A GRATEFUL STORK.



A STORY of a stork is told by the *Neckar Zeitung*. About the end of March a pair of storks took up their abode on the roof of the school-house in the village of Pappenhofen. One of the birds appeared to be exhausted by its long journey and the bad weather which it had gone through. On the morning after its arrival, the bird was found by the schoolmaster lying on the ground before the school-house door. The man, who, like all Germans, thought it a great piece of good luck to have the storks' nest on his house, picked up the bird and took it indoors. He nursed it carefully, and, when it was well, he used every morning to carry it to the fields a short distance from the house, where its mate appeared regularly at the same hour to supply it with food. The stork is now cured, but is still faithful to its preserver. Every evening it flies down from the roof, and gravely walks by the side of its friend from the school-house to the meadows, accompanied by a wondering crowd of village children.

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 126.)



THAT night, just as we were about to turn in and rest our weary bones, the two scouts came into the block-house, and the information they brought was anything but cheering. A large body of Iroquois were on the war-path—the braves were painted, and they had neither squaws nor *tepees* (tents) with them. They were moving through the forests towards Saulte de Moutons, and they had already burnt several outlying farmsteads, and murdered their unfortunate inhabitants.

'"Gentlemen," said Monsieur Chaudière to us, "you are tired and need rest badly. My son will show you to your room, and I should advise you to get some sleep whilst you can. Later on, perhaps, there will be small chance of it, for I will not disguise from you the fact that an attack may very probably be made upon us this night. I think the situation so serious that I shall at once order all my people living in the out-lying cottages to come within the block-house without the delay of a moment. You will excuse me?—Jean!" this to his son, a great strapping young fellow, dressed in a buckskin tunic, ornamented over the front with porcupine quills and coloured beadwork, leather leggings, with a fringe of racoon tails depending upon them, "you will take these gentlemen to your room, and see that the shutters are closed, not only there, but all round the house," and with these words he left us.

'Your father and I were so dead beat with our tramp through the forest—for remember twelve miles of *that* kind of travelling would weigh well against thirty over an ordinary civilised road—that we were asleep almost as soon as we lay down. We had not undressed for fear of being suddenly called up in the night.

'As nearly as I can recollect, we had gone to rest at nine o'clock or thereabouts, and it was little past midnight when an appalling screech from without the stockade, instantly followed by an outburst of musketry fire, apparently from every side of us at once, caused us two—your father and myself—to jump to our feet, seize our guns, and hurry down to the room in which we had been sitting during the evening. Here we found our host, his son, and some ten or a dozen sun-burnt, weather-beaten Canadian farm-hands and hunters—for rifle and spade were equally well handled by them—assembled. Monsieur Chaudière was giving them their instructions, and a minute later, every man silently, and in the darkness, walked off to his post. Those already at the stockade were firing through the long, narrow slits with which it was loop-holed, five feet up from the ground. In the darkness, however, it was almost impossible to see the wily foe, and it was only every now and then that the defenders got a chance at them. Although the Indians kept up a hot fire, to the tune of such horrid yelling as I hope never to hear again, their bullets very rarely penetrated the stout oak of which the palisades were made, and before your father or I had been called upon to fire a single shot, the Iroquois drew off, either to concert fresh plans, or to carry out some cunning scheme which should be more effective than the first assault had proved; we did not know which.

'We waited in silence for over an hour, wondering what would be their next move. Our men were peering into the darkness on every side, and at last the man stationed by the oak gate, which was strongly barred, and clamped with iron, suddenly cried out:

'"They are coming with a battering-ram!" and a moment after he spoke a thundering crash sounded on the gate. (We afterwards found that they had used a recently cut-down tree for the purpose.) All our men rushed to the spot thus threatened, and as the gate yielded, and the savages, with fearful din and war-whoops, rushed through into the stockade, we met them with a terrific fire. But those behind them pressed on over the fallen bodies of their comrades, and our men had no time to load again. Already two or three of them were down: whether dead or only wounded we could none of us pause to see. We clubbed our guns and fought desperately, for, I should think, over half an hour; then the enemy suddenly retired again. We re-loaded, attended to our wounded inside the house, and making no further effort to hold the stockade, retired within the block-house ourselves.

'There was not a man amongst us but was wounded more or less badly—nearly half were killed. But

knowing the worse-than-death treatment which we might expect if we fell into the hands of the savages, each man had knifed and clubbed without mercy, and the slain red-skins lying just within the gate of the stockade told of the deadly nature of the struggle. Saddest of all, our kindly host was amongst those who had fallen. A bullet had passed through his heart just before the Indians drew off.

'"Our last chance is to make for the river, get our canoes, and push out as far as we can from the shore," said a grizzled old trapper, a great part of whose life had been passed in Indian warfare. "The stream will take us along down to Saulte de Loup. We can't hold out here, that's certain. I'm for going at once, before it gets any lighter. I don't think any of them are that side of the house at all. What do you say?" he continued, appealing to the rest of us.

'We all agreed that holding out was impossible—that if we could slip away at the back and over the corner of the stockade, we might be able to get off without being seen. Once afloat and out of range of their guns—the river was very broad just at this part—we should be pretty safe.

'"But there is a sight of things in the house that no Iroquois shall ever get hold of—powder and bullets and such-like—and I'll settle the account, p'raps, of some of these red scamps before we get afloat too," muttered another trapper. He disappeared from the room, and soon returned, dragging a white canvas bag of gunpowder after him.

'"Are you ready to go, boys?" he said. We all assented, and filed silently out of the room, your father and I being the last two, except the man who was disposing of the powder-bag. In a couple of minutes' time he also had joined us, and with the utmost caution we crept down to the corner of the stockade overlooking the river. Fortunately all our wounded were able to walk, though to some the process was a very painful one. We reached the canoes, and were pushing out into the stream, when the man Arnaud—he who had placed the powder in position, whispered to the rest, "Wait! Push off a few yards. I can make a rush at the last moment, but they will have something else to take their attention by that time," and the grim speaker moved silently out into the gloom, whilst we embarked and waited a short distance from the bank.

'We could not see what took place, but we heard later on all that had happened. Arnaud had noiselessly climbed a tree overlooking the windows of the house, and sat there patiently, rifle in hand. In less than ten minutes he had seen the dark forms silently gathering within the stockade, and evidently preparing for a final rush, quite unaware that the defenders had already vacated the position and gained the river-bank.

'The savages, at a given signal, advanced with whoops and yells on the doomed block-house. Waiting till they were around it as thickly as a cluster of flies, Arnaud saw his chance, and raised his gun. Taking steady aim at the white bag of gunpowder, lying just outside the window, he fired at it. With a roar and a flash the very house seemed to lift, and death and destruction hurled through the air in all directions. The Canadian slipped down the tree from which he had wrought such signal retribution upon the red-skins, and half wading, half swimming, he gained the nearest canoe. Then we all paddled down-stream for our lives. Fortunately for us, however, we were not followed, or, at all events, not molested in any way. Probably too many of the Iroquois had been killed or wounded by the explosion to allow them to send any strong force to attack us from the river-bank, and the only canoe which we did not use ourselves, we had driven holes through before leaving it behind, and the Iroquois had brought none of their own with them. Within the space of four hours we had safely reached the shelter of the fort at Saulte de Loup, and our time of danger was over.'

Sir James paused for a moment and then added: 'Cornelius and I had always been the best of friends, but that common danger made us more like brothers. Not long afterwards my father died, and I left the Navy in order to enter his business. He was an East India merchant, and very rich; and now I am an East India merchant, and—well, not very poor, you know,' he concluded, laughingly.

The chocolate soon afterwards made its appearance, and an hour or so before sundown Paul took his departure, and reached the camp without adventure.

Next morning the long-expected route came, and within half an hour of its being made known, Sir James Cornforth and his daughter rode into the lines to say farewell to Paul. The young Sergeant of Fusiliers was ordered with his regiment to the little town of Fontarabia (Fuenterabie), but a short distance from St. Sebastian; yet the move was generally understood to be only the prelude to a renewal of hostilities, and the Cornforths, both of whom, in very different ways, had come to love Paul Westbury, were very anxious that he should not leave without a word or two of farewell.

They neither of them got off their horses, and few words passed between them, on the one hand, and the young soldier on the other. 'Good-bye and God bless you, my brave lad!' said the old man, kindly. 'You will come to us at Carn Brea as soon as this war is over, and you return to England, won't you? We shall go home, and my son will rejoin his regiment in a week or ten days' time, in spite of all I can say or do to prevent him. Perhaps he is right, you know—perhaps he is right. If all fond fathers were to prevent their sons fighting their country's enemies, we should become a nation of nursemaids and Miss Mollies, and that wouldn't do at all, would it? Well, good-bye, my boy, once more: after all, you are as much in God's hands on a battle-field as you are at home,' and then the old gentleman moved his horse a few paces forward, so as not to overhear the young people in their farewells, for he had, by this time, pretty well guessed how things were between them. Sir James, although very rich, saw no difficulty in their unequal rank or means. To him, Paul was the son of his dear old friend of bygone days, and in his eyes it enhanced the young man's position that he wore the uniform of a brave soldier.

"Death and destruction hurled through the air in all directions."

Maud Cornforth looked down from her horse at the open, honest face which was turned up to hers. 'Good-bye—Paul,' were the only words she uttered; but as she rode away, she left the happiest man in the British army behind her.

(*Continued at page* 138.)

THE SIX DECADES OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

SECOND DECADE: A.D. 1847 TO 1857.

THE second ten years of the Queen's reign were marked by revolutions and a great war. At home, in France, and in Germany, the minds of the people were much inflamed. In our own country the Chartists seemed disposed even to draw the sword, and decide their matters by civil war. Fortunately, it never went so far as that. But it is a fact that the Duke of Wellington (who did not die until about the middle of this second ten years) was entrusted with orders to meet force with force, if necessary. The Chartists intended to gather in their full strength, and insist on the Charter or war. Most happily, the attempt was a failure. The leaders of the Chartists were ready, but the bulk of those who had signed the Charter were not. They shrank from crossing swords with the military force commanded by so sage and experienced a leader as the Iron Duke.

But a greater force stood behind the regular troops —we mean the special constables. These were the ordinary London citizens, who volunteered to stand forth and do duty in the streets and on the bridges of the great city. These men, 200,000 in number, must have shown the Chartist leaders that if they had their thousands ready to break the peace, there were tens of thousands on the other side to check them. All the soldiers were kept out of sight, and this was well and wisely done. The Duke would never have ordered them out, except as a last resource. Happily, the dark and threatening cloud dispersed without a storm.

In France things took a more serious course. The King of the French, Louis Philippe, was forced to leave his palace, and he took refuge, as so many foreign princes have, in England. The Queen treated the Royal Family of France with much kindness, and allowed Louis a house at Claremont to live in. A revolution also broke out in Germany, and the present Emperor's grandfather had to leave Berlin, and find a hiding-place for a time in the Prussian Ambassador's house in London.

The Queen's fourth daughter, the Princess Louise, was born in this year of disturbance. It was about this date that the splendid new Houses of Parliament were finished. The old ones had caught fire in King William's days, some think from the over-heating of flues, caused by the burning of a great number of wooden tallies, which were used in former days for keeping the public accounts. It was now also that the Queen bought an estate at Balmoral from Lord Aberdeen.

The Queen was again, in A.D. 1849, attacked by a man, who fired at her as her carriage was being driven up Constitution Hill. She showed great courage, and quieted the terror of her three little children by her cheerful words. In this year also Her Majesty paid a visit to Ireland, and had a very warm welcome; in memory of which she created her eldest son the Earl of Dublin.

The readers of *Chatterbox* are not old enough to remember Queen Adelaide. She was the widow of William IV., and, as he had been a sailor, she was carried by seamen to her grave, when she died, toward the end of the year A.D. 1849. She was a lady much loved and respected by all who came near her.

In the next year, Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, was born. He was named Arthur after the Duke of Wellington, and Patrick to please the warm-hearted Irishmen. Soon after his birth the Queen was once more assaulted; this time a ruffian actually struck her a blow on the face. She was hurt, but not seriously; and, to show her loyal subjects that she was safe (for many alarming rumours went about), she appeared on the same evening in a public place, and was hailed with ringing cheers.

In the same year, A.D. 1850, Sir Robert Peel was thrown from his horse, and carried to his house in a dying state. The Queen's uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, died also about the same time. He was the seventh son of George III.; the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, being the fourth.

The first Great Exhibition was now much talked about. It was a favourite scheme of Prince Albert's, but many people threw cold water on it, and it needed much faith on the Prince's part to carry out the plan. It was opened on May 1st, 1851. A building of glass and iron (the idea of Sir Joseph Paxton) was erected in Hyde Park, and therein great crowds assembled day by day, for more than five months, to inspect the beautiful things. The opening of the Exhibition was made grand and imposing. As it was the birthday of the Duke of Wellington, and his godson Prince Arthur, the old warrior came up to the palace after the opening ceremonies were over, and brought his namesake a cup of pure gold, and some toys which he had specially chosen.

Soon after the Great Exhibition was closed, the world was astounded by a sudden stroke on the part of Louis Napoleon, by which he became Emperor of France—and Emperor he remained for nineteen years. For a good part of that time, also, he was certainly the foremost man in Europe; but his empire then crumbled into dust, almost as suddenly as it had arisen.

This action of Louis Napoleon was not liked by people on our side of the Straits of Dover, and what was said and written here caused much angry feeling in France. Our nation felt uneasy, for we knew that we were ill prepared for war if it were to come. The great Duke spoke some ominous warnings on England's danger, before he fell asleep for ever. The death and burial of Wellington revived the memories of the mighty war which ended at Waterloo. He was buried with much pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, his body being placed under the dome, near to that of the hero of Trafalgar.

Not long after Wellington sank into the grave, we were launched into a war with the colossal power of Russia. In this the French were not our enemies, but our faithful allies. The Tsar of Russia wished to annex Turkey, and England and France were not willing that he should do so, and the end was a bloody and costly war. It showed us how well founded were the warnings uttered by the Iron Duke. We were ill prepared for a great war; and though our soldiers fought just as bravely as ever, the army was badly served, and everything seemed to go wrong. The troops suffered very much during the hard winter of A.D. 1854–5, and no one seemed to know how to keep them healthy, and properly supplied with warm clothing, decent quarters, and other needful things.

It was now that Florence Nightingale earned for herself an honoured name, by going to the seat of war, with a number of nurses, to tend our sick warriors. The *Times* opened a subscription list for necessaries and comforts. Money flowed in from all quarters. A Patriotic Fund was also formed. This amounted to a million and a quarter. At length the hard, long winter, and its terrible attendants of stormy weather, short rations, bad tents, and sickness caused by these, was over. And then long lines of wounded soldiers came home, to be made much of by the country in whose quarrel they had shed their blood.

Our new ally, the Emperor, nephew of the great Napoleon, paid us a visit in A.D. 1855, about a month after our enemy, the Tsar Nicholas, had died. The Emperor of France brought his wife with him. We all now know her well as the Empress Eugenie, for she has lived many years amongst us. The Queen danced a quadrille with Napoleon in the Waterloo Room at Windsor, which seems very strange. Equally remarkable was the Queen's visit to the great Emperor's grave, where she stood musing awhile, supported by the arm of Napoleon III. This was during her visit to Paris in August, A.D. 1855. In the September of this year Prince Frederick of Prussia became engaged to the Princess Royal at Balmoral. Six months afterwards, peace was signed between the contending Powers, and, to the nation's joy, the Crimean War was ended.

The Victoria Cross for valour was instituted in February, A.D. 1856. It is of all distinctions the one most valued. It is made of gun-metal, and is very plain. An army man wears it suspended by a red ribbon, and a sailor by a blue one, and every V.C. hero has ten pounds a year for life.

About this time a camp was formed at Aldershot, and much greater attention has been paid ever since the Crimean War to all things which make an army efficient in the field. The Crimea taught England a lesson. She had to pay dearly for the teaching, but the gain was well worth the price.

The Queen's youngest child, the Princess Beatrice, was born about two months before the close of the second ten years of Her Majesty's reign, and not long before the fatal day when the Indian Mutiny broke out among the native soldiers, or sepoys, at Meerut.

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

20.—Decapitations.

1. Behead a vehicle, and you will see an animal.
2. Behead a small seat, and you will see a workman's implement.
3. Behead a foreign fruit, and you will find a fish.
4. Behead a *revolver*, and you will see a part of your foot.
5. Behead a mischievous insect, and you will see a more mischievous reptile.
6. Behead a hard mineral, and you will hear a sound.
7. Behead an amusement, and you will see a place for ships.
8. Behead your dwelling, and you will see a river.
9. Behead the river, and you will find value.
10. Behead a means of locomotion, and you will need shelter.
11. Behead a covering for the foot, and find a garden implement.
12. Behead a steep rock, and find a fragment.

C. C.

21.—Word Puzzles.

1. Curtail a colour, and you will find a sharp instrument.
2. Curtail a beverage, and find an insect.
3. Curtail a bird, and find a small cutting.
4. Curtail an animal, and find a river in Scotland.
5. Curtail a vehicle, and find another.
6. Curtail a nobleman's title, and find an organ of one of the senses.

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 151.]

ANSWERS.

17.—1. Sea, see.
2. Whether, weather.
3. Grate, great.
4. Sum, some.
5. Fare, fair.
6. Here, hear.
7. Won, one.
8. Hew, yew.
9. Dear, deer.
10. Manor, manner.

18.—1. India.
2. Peru.
3. Ryde.
4. York.
5. Hereford.
6. Savoy.
7. Thanet.
8. Rome.
9. Bath.
10. Eton.
11. Natal.
12. Kent.
13. Trent.
14. Athens.
15. Bedford.
16. Taunton.

19.—The vowels.

ABOUT THE BIRCH-TREE.

In times not so very long ago, the minds of young people generally had no pleasant feelings about the birch-tree. The application of its twigs to the skin of naughty or lazy scholars was so common, that parents and teachers looked upon this kind of punishment as a matter of course. There was seldom any choice of punishments. One old author calls it the 'afflictive birch, curse of unlettered, idle youth,' and another mentions the 'dismal hiss' made by the birch-rod, when swung to and fro in the air. Turner, said to be the father of British botany, writing about A.D. 1550, remarks upon the tree, 'It serveth

for many good uses, and for none better than for betynge of stubborn boyes, that either lye, or will not learne.' Even now, in our Courts of Justice, we find that criminals, both young and old, are sometimes sentenced to have a certain number of strokes from the birch-rod.

But the twigs of birch are valuable for other purposes besides correction. In some parts of Russia, the natives, when they are having a vapour bath, first beat themselves with these, till the skin is quite red, and then they plunge into cold water or roll in the snow. Every housekeeper knows the usefulness of birch-brooms, because of the toughness of the twigs. When they are quite young, too, there is a beautiful perfume brought out of them if they are wetted with dew or rain, because over the surface are many tiny glands full of aromatic oil. The bark of the birch is very interesting. The bark of one North American kind has been made into light canoes; leggings and aprons have also been made from this kind, and the fibre of several has been manufactured into ropes, baskets, and shoes. Before paper was invented, the inner bark of the birch served for writing upon. Not much use is now made of the wood; it is soft, though durable, and burns so well, that it used to be called candle-wood.

One pleasant thing about the birch in the winter months is, that it bears a promise of the bright spring days to come, in the catkins which form during the autumn, and hang, like tassels, upon the twigs till April, when they open just as the new leaves appear. On some bogs, high up amid Scotch mountains, grows a curious dwarf birch, not more than three feet high, and about the Scotch Highlands generally, no tree is more abundant than the common birch, rivalling the fir, and climbing to heights where no pine or fir can grow. Sometimes in an old birch, there is seen upon a branch a thick tangle of small twigs, which the ladies know as 'crows' nests,' but really they have nothing to do with birds. This graceful tree has been called the 'lady of the woods;' in Scotland it is the 'birk,' and the poet Burns often sings its praises, as in his poem on the birks of Aberfeldy, and more than once he links it with the white hawthorn. J. R. S. C.

AN AMERICAN SONGSTER IN DANGER.

THOSE of our young readers who live in Great Britain are, very fortunately for themselves, not troubled by venomous serpents of any kind, the only two species found in this country being, if not entirely harmless, still not able to inflict any serious injury upon those who interfere with them.

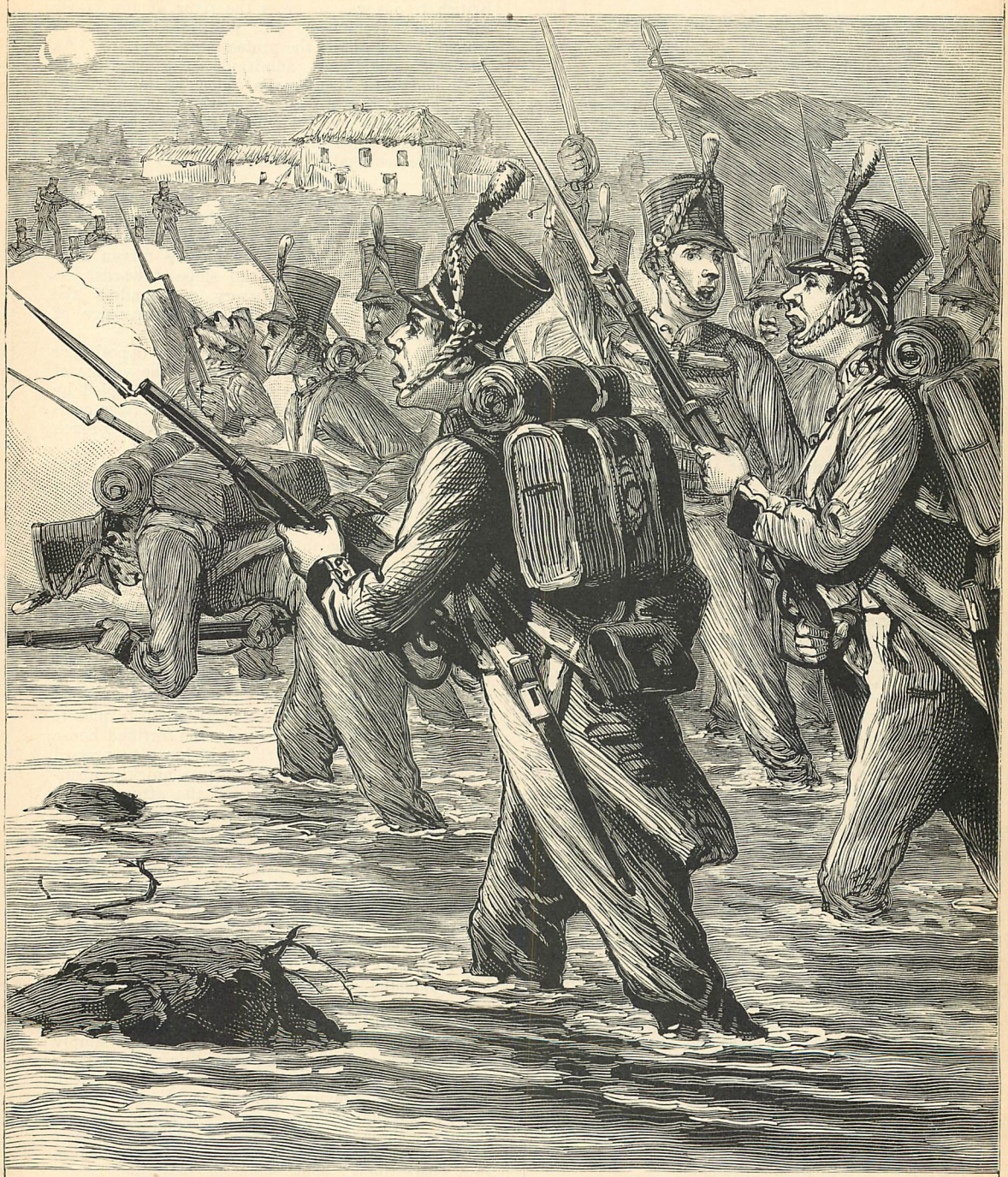
But it is not so in other and warmer quarters of the globe; thus, in some parts of North America, the rattle-snake is a most formidable reptile, its bite being fatal in a few hours. The same may be said of the cobra of India and the puff-adder of Africa, while Australia has its whip-snake, besides many other dangerous reptiles. Fortunately, however, none of these unpleasant creatures will attack man, unless they themselves have been first interfered with. A rattle-snake will lie quietly among the grass or dry leaves, and allow a man on horseback to pass without injury, while even children have been known to gather wild berries in the wood, close to the haunts of the rattle-snake without any harm being done; but should the traveller's horse tread upon the snake, or the little children carelessly interfere with it, they will certainly be bitten, and die very shortly afterwards.

In the picture before us, we see an American snake of considerable size. It has climbed a tree, which they delight to do, and, hidden among the dense foliage, it has discovered the nest of a pair of those beautiful birds known as the golden-crowned thrush, and has begun to devour the little ones with which the nest is filled. Of course, the parent birds have immediately come to the rescue, with open beak and outstretched wing; but though they boldly attack the intruder, and try to scare it away, all their efforts are vain, their outcries of no avail; the baby birds are devoured, and unless they can escape in time, the parent birds may meet with the same fate. The question has often been asked, 'Have serpents any power of fascination which they can exercise over the birds or small mammals which are their usual prey?'

There are persons who will say that they have seen this power exercised, and have actually seen a poor bird flutter along the branch of a tree until it reached the mouth of the serpent, which seemed to lie still, waiting for its victim to do so. Others there are who cannot bring themselves to believe this, unless very fully and completely proved. The writer feels inclined to agree with those who feel doubtful as to the fascinating power of reptiles. But it must be admitted that it is quite possible for a little bird to become quite helpless from terror, and it may thus 'lose its head,' as we say of human beings, and be thus unable to escape from a threatened danger.

The attitude of one of the birds in our picture seems to suggest this idea. While its mate boldly tries to attack the serpent, this poor little creature has fallen over on its side, where it lies panting and helpless in its agony. But that is a very different thing from being fascinated by the serpent. And ere quitting this subject we may say that even human beings may be so paralysed by terror, as to be quite unable to escape an approaching danger. On one occasion a poor wayfaring man attempted to cross the railway line, not knowing that a train was due at the moment. When half-way across, he heard a warning shout, and, looking round, he saw the train approaching at a great rate. There was, however, plenty of time for him to escape, but he could not do so, but was dragged away by a railway porter. When asked why he did not run when he heard the shout, his reply was that his feet seemed glued to the ground! He was, like this poor little bird, paralysed by terror. D.

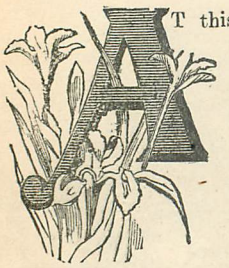
An American Songster in Danger.



"The British force crossed the river with slight loss."

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 132.)



AT this period, the two opposing armies fronted each other on the border-land of France and Spain, the Bidassoa flowing between. The English 'left' included the towns of Irun and Fontarabia and rested on the sea, at the mouth of the Bidassoa. The French right also rested on the sea, and occupied the heights above the town of Hendaye. Fontarabia was filled to overflowing with Spanish soldiers, camp followers, and sutlers, with a sprinkling of muleteers and carriers. Its unsavoury population made it a not altogether pleasant billet, but of that few took any heed. Rather were all eyes turned on the positions occupied by the enemy, and all thoughts to the coming struggle, which bade fair to be a deadly one at this important frontier point.

Day after day passed, but at length the information and the orders so long expected, came—that the English were to advance upon the morrow. All was bustle and excitement; a great sigh of relief, at the end of this wearisome delay being reached, went up from the lines; all classes, from highest to lowest, were bracing themselves for the impending fray and rejoicing that the long period of inactivity was drawing to a close.

That night, Paul sat at the door of his tent, above the little village, watching the storm of thunder and lightning, which seemed like Death's angel heralding the events of the coming day. How many of us, thought he, will live to see another sunset?—how many to return to the land of their birth again? And then his thoughts wandered away to the Cornforths, and he pondered for long upon the happy chance which had brought him in contact with them. His eye roamed over a picturesque scene when the storm ceased and the moonlight shone out brightly about midnight. Directly opposite where he sat, was a trickling rivulet flowing down the mountain-side. A body of Spanish soldiery was posted near at hand, in a deserted hut; their arms piled all round it, and the men themselves flitting to and fro in the glare of the camp-fires; then the storm came on again once more, and the young Fusilier turned in on to his bed of dried fern, and slept soundly until nearly four o'clock next morning.

In the dull yellow light of the dying watch-fires, the men quickly but silently mustered. The locks of muskets were anxiously looked to, swords swiftly buckled on, haversacks packed, and a cup of coffee hastily swallowed by those fortunate enough to get it. In a few minutes everything was in complete readiness for a forward movement.

Paul's battalion was quickly joined by two others of about the same strength, thus making up a brigade of about fifteen hundred men. An hour before sunrise, came the order to advance. The object of the British troops was to cross the river at low water and attack Hendaye. The tents were not to be struck, but left under the protection of a guard. As the tide would not admit of a passage being attempted until about seven o'clock in the morning, the troops were got under arms thus early, in order to gain a gently undulating piece of ground close to the banks of the Bidassoa, in which they might lie concealed until the time arrived for action.

At this hollow, the men were halted and ordered to lie down and rest. Soon the lumbering sound of artillery broke upon their ears, and after a time three heavy eighteen-pounders were driven into the hollow, and then up the slope towards the river. These made a battery commanding the place which had been selected for the passage of the troops.

Along the chain of heights on the opposite or French side of the Bidassoa is built the village of Hendaye. These heights were strongly occupied by the enemy's troops, whilst the ford itself was commanded by a fortified house packed with French infantry.

When day dawned, Paul could look down upon the old town of Fontarabia, and see that its streets were full of English soldiery. The fifth division had been moved forward, and reached the place at midnight, spending the intervening time from then till morning broke in the streets.

When everything was in readiness, the troops in Fontarabia began to move forward. Their skirmishers were thrown out, and as they approached the river's banks, the eighteen-pounders opened fire from the heights above. Paul's own regiment was then ordered to advance in skirmishing order, and as they hurried down to the ford, the French opened a hot musketry fire upon them from their pickets and from the infantry occupying the fortified house already alluded to. But the British troops pressed steadily forward, and this point was quickly abandoned by the enemy, who found the attentions of the English artillery too strong for them.

The French pickets were quickly driven in, and a general advance was made. The British force crossed the river with slight loss, the water being no higher than the knees at Fontarabia. Landing on the French side, a brigade of the gallant fifth division carried the village of Hendaye in splendid style, whilst the third division, moving along the road at the river-side, quickly beat back the forces on the hills commanding it, and swarmed up the heights with but little opposition. Then, as though some evil genius had seized upon the commander of the French troops, instead of charging, the men simply fired at the advancing foe, then flung down their muskets and fled in disorder, not stopping to reload. With splendid bravery, some of the French officers made tremendous efforts to rally their men and get them to make a stand. One in especial rode up and down, using both threat and prayer to his men to stop their flight. The regiment hesitated; then, inspired by their officer's bravery, they formed in line, and their example was quickly followed by two or three more regiments, who then occupied the summit of a green hill on the other side of the

valley into which Paul's Fusiliers were now descending. The latter moved on in silence, and with grim determination; they were as steady as though merely on parade. Not a shot was fired until half the intervening space between the opposing lines had been covered; then the French troops fired a volley which dropped many a stalwart soldier, but the 'thin red line' never paused. Replying with a ringing cheer, the British charged with the bayonet, after firing one volley in advance.

The crash was awful. The French did not give way a yard. The same gallant officer, who had done so much to rally his men before, was riding up and down between them, exhorting them to do their duty and even striking some of them with the flat of his sword where he saw any sign of faltering, when his horse was shot under him. Undaunted, he quickly mounted another; hardly had he done so, when he himself was shot dead—a noble foe, indeed. Without their best and bravest leader, the French fell back, losing all order and discipline, and the heights of Hendaye were won from them. But on the right of the British troops, an awful struggle was still taking place: Marshal Soult had thrown up batteries at every commanding point, and it was only after suffering great loss that the allies at length carried the position.

Paul, who had not escaped on this occasion so lightly as he had done hitherto, having received a ball through his right arm, was thankful indeed to get the order to lie down on the heights which the enemy had left. In due course, his wound was attended to and roughly dressed by the regimental surgeon; supplies arrived, and after he had had some food, a short sleep helped to restore his energies; but when he awoke, his arm had so stiffened that he was quite unable to use or even bend it. Wrapping his cloak round him, he again tried to sleep, but an outburst of artillery and musketry fire soon put all idea of repose out of his head, and he sat up wondering how the fortune of war was going with his comrades who were still fighting. As darkness fell, the flashes of the big guns could be distinctly seen, whilst the continuous thunder of the heavy fire showed how hotly the fight was being contested. Assault after assault was, in fact, made upon the Hermitage rock, though this, of course, neither Paul nor any of his companions were able to see. But the fort was taken at last after a heavy loss.

Next morning Paul felt that his wound was likely to have serious consequences for himself. The limb was useless, and it was only by tucking his hand into the unbuttoned breast of his tunic that he was enabled to walk about and do his duties. Directly he saw the surgeon coming his way he walked sharply off in the opposite direction—for he had a terrible fear that when that gentleman saw how useless the arm was, he would send him to the rear on the sick list, or, worse still, perhaps even dispatch him home to England, and his military career would be seriously checked, if not finished. All that day and the two following, he managed to evade the medical inspection, but when at length he found it impossible to lift a musket, discovery could no longer be postponed.

The Scotch surgeon carefully examined him, and then said drily: 'I'm thinking, sergeant, that ye're a wonderful fine fellow—' Paul was about to speak when the surgeon added, '—and about the biggest fule in the army.' Paul looked down at his wounded arm, abashed.

'Ye thought ye would be able to keep on here at the front and hide this wound? Now, it's plucky of ye, I'll no deny, to wish to keep with yer comrades fightin', but the bone of yer right arm is well broken, and back ye will have to go, and that without delay. This very morning. No, I'll no listen to ye. I should na' wonder but ye will have to go back to England, for there will no be any use for a mon with only one arm here.'

And that same evening, Paul, with three others of the wounded, found himself being ferried across the Bidassoa River, and, to his great disgust, sleeping on Spanish soil once more.

The Scotch surgeon had proved a true prophet. No sooner had he reached the temporary hospital than the doctors pronounced him unfit for further service for the present, and he was ordered to hold himself in readiness to embark as soon as a ship should be leaving for England.

Of that wearisome voyage back, little need be said. Sergeant Peter West devoted most of his time to helping those of the wounded who were more sick than himself, reading to them and cheering them up as well as he could.

It was blowing hard from the south-west, and squalls of wind and rain were making everything on the decks wet and wretched, when the first sight of land was hailed. Instantly all became cheerful and bustling on board. Even the invalided soldiers plucked up heart of grace, and strained their wearied eyes over the bulwarks towards their native shores. Angry green seas washed the deck from time to time as the transport dipped her bows to the waves—the decks held not a dry spot, and many of the wounded even sat in the water which flowed sharply up, only to recede again and find its way back overboard through the lea scuppers equally quickly; but none of these things weighed a pin's point with any of them, for they were homeward bound, and here within range of their very eyes was Home.

(*Continued at page* 146.)

A GOOD REPLY.

WHEN old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realise so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was, 'Friend, by one article alone, in which thou may'st deal too if thou pleasest—civility.'

THE LADYBIRD.

MOTHER! do come and look!
See this pretty little thing!
I need not feel a bit afraid,
I know the darling will not sting.

"Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home!"

It is a crimson ladybird;
I wonder why the pet has come?
Perhaps it wants a little food
To carry with it to its home!

Oh! it spreads its tiny wing!
Mother, see! it flies away!
Ladybird, you're going home,
But come again, another day!

What animals and birds are represented here?—When found, place the names one under the other, so that the initials will give the name of another animal. For Answers, see page 151.

THE SCHOOL-DAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIME MINISTERS.

I.—LORD MELBOURNE.

IN the beautiful county of Derbyshire, in one of the pleasant valleys in the south of the county, stand the ancient church and the modern town of Melbourne.

In old Norman times the manor belonged to the Crown, and by the Crown it was granted first to one favourite and then to another, until, for some offence, it was forfeited and passed into the possession of King Edward III.

It was on March 15th, A.D. 1779, that there was born to Sir Peniston Lamb, and his lady wife, a second son, afterwards named William Lamb. His elder brother—who bore his father's Christian name, Peniston—was then nine years old. He is described, at the time of William's birth, as 'gentle, intelligent, and engaging.' His father and mother were very fond of him, and Sir Peniston used often to talk of the good days in store for his darling, and all that he would do for him. The most pleasant remark any friend could make to the baronet was, that his boy was like him. Indeed, it would seem that Sir Peniston bestowed so much affection on his elder son, that he had none left to lavish on his new babe, and Lady Lamb, as she looked lovingly down at the wee child, thought to herself, 'If he is to be prized and loved, it must be by me, for his father is too wrapt up in Peniston to care for him.' So she formed a resolution, to which she adhered all through life, that she would devote herself to the bringing-up and future destiny of her second son.

She found William a very different baby to Peniston. The elder babe had given her but little trouble; he was gentle and sweet-tempered. The younger was, as one writer has put it, 'healthily troublesome.' He liked mischief, he would have his own way, and he was often unruly. If he made up his mind not to eat his food, no power could make him, although he really wished for it all the while. He was not a fretful baby, nor was he peevish and cross. He would sit for an hour at a time at his mother's feet, playing with his queer-shaped toys, leaving off now and then to look up into her face and laugh.

The elder boy admired his wilful little brother, but, of course, he felt himself much too old to play with a 'baby.'

Little William was brought up to London to be christened, and the ceremony seems to have been quite a brilliant affair.

When William was three years old, a brother, named Frederick, was born; later still, George; and last of the family, a sister, Emily, who one day became the wife of Earl Cowper, and was afterwards known as Lady Palmerston.

There was no want of money in the family of Sir Peniston Lamb. The good father had an ample fortune. The title of 'Baron Melbourne of Kilmore, in the county of Cavan,' was bestowed upon him by King George III.

Among the guests who visited at Lord and Lady Melbourne's house, when William was a small boy, was a certain Lord Egremont, a bachelor, and he often invited the boys—Peniston, William, Frederick, and George—to his beautiful house at Petworth, Sussex. There, in the park, they sported all day long, or took part in pastimes provided for them by their generous host, who loved to see young people about him, enjoying themselves upon his delightful estate.

Sometimes the boys were permitted to visit the stables, and to look at the fine horses belonging to Lord Egremont. Peniston was devoted to riding; he had a fast-trotting pony of his own, which his father had given him. This pony he would ride at anything, and it is said of him that, as a lad, he was also a capital shot.

Many of William's boyish days were spent with his younger brothers at Lord Melbourne's estate, in the clear air of Hertfordshire, and here the children throve apace. The elder brother, Peniston, was at this time 'too old for companionship with the youngsters, but their pranks amused him, and he entered often into their play.'

As Lady Melbourne watched her sons, she fancied what a beautiful picture of brotherly love the group would make. The fancy grew upon her, and she persuaded Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great portrait-painter, to paint her a picture. The genial painter has portrayed the thoughtful Peniston encouraging his brothers, William and Frederick, to romp about him. Sir Joshua had rather a troublesome time of it, for the youngest boy was an unruly little fellow, and had to be coaxed into short spells of quiet by the promise of a ride on the foot of the painter!

In A.D. 1790, when William was eleven years old, he was sent to the great public school of Eton. Amongst his class-fellows were Charles Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; Charles Stuart, grandson of Lord Bute; and one who afterwards became famous as 'Beau Brummel.' In the class above him were Henry Hallam, the historian, and Assheton Smith, well known for his scientific discoveries.

There is almost no record preserved of William's doings at Eton. The only memorial left is a copy of verses in the *Musæ Etonenses*, which shows at least that, by the time he was fourteen years of age, he had made fair advance in Latin.

When he left Eton, in A.D. 1796, he was in the sixth form, and this was not bad for a boy who had no spur to exertion.

In those days the Eton boys only had eleven hours of class-work a week. The greater part of the day was in their own hands, and what they did with it lay entirely with themselves.

William devoted most of his time to reading. He did not care for out-door amusements, nor for roaming the fields, nor for hunting; but he did care for a quiet nook, a favourite book, and a day-dream. He carried this love of reading with him to Cambridge University, whither he was sent at the age of seventeen.

His brother Peniston had been some years returned to Parliament, for, as you will remember, he was nine years older than William.

Our student read far more than was required of him for his degree; he read to satisfy his own craving after information. He devoted his attention to the ancient poets and historians, and he delighted in hard study.

In A.D. 1798, at the close of the Michaelmas term, he delivered an oration—a set speech—upon 'The Progressive Improvements of Mankind,' and so well did it please the judges that the prize was awarded our young orator.

It might have been supposed that, when William had taken his degree at Trinity, his education, so far as schools were concerned, was finished. But we find him, with his brother Frederick, spending the winter of A.D. 1799, in Scotland, devoting his attention to lectures upon all sorts of topics.

The two brothers were never too busy to write to their mother. Their letters are long and lively; here is a paragraph from one of Frederick's: 'There is nothing heard of in this house but study, though there is as much idleness and drunkenness out of it as in most universities. We breakfast at half-past nine, but I am roused by a stupid, slow, lumbering mathematician, who tumbles me out of bed at eight. During the whole of the day we are seldom out of the house or the lecture-rooms for more than an hour, and after supper, which finishes a little after eleven, the reading generally continues till near two. Saturday and Sunday are holidays, but on Monday we generally have examinations.'

William writes: 'For the company and manners of this place' (Edinburgh), 'I do not see much difference in them from the company and manners of any country town. I have dined out in a family way at a wealthy merchant's, and we have had several parties at home. We drink healths at dinner, hand round the cake at tea, and put our spoons into our cups when we desire to have no more, exactly in the same manner that we used to behave at Hatfield, at Eton, and at Cambridge.'

This point brings us to the completion of the education of Viscount and Lady Melbourne's second son.

When William Lamb attained his twenty-sixth year, his brother Peniston, aged thirty-five, was attacked suddenly by illness, and died within a brief time, to the great grief of his devoted father.

The title and estates of the family were inherited by the second son, our hero, and from this time his public career really began.

It is as Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's first premier and private secretary, that William Lamb is chiefly of interest to us. With almost fatherly care he instructed Her Majesty—then but a girl—in the affairs of State. He lived at Windsor Castle, and was in constant attendance upon her. For four years he saw her every day. Every morning, after breakfast, he took her the dispatches to read. After lunch he rode out with her, taking his place next her. At dinner in the evening, he was always present when his Parliamentary duties permitted, and his seat at table was next to hers on the left. When he communicated to Her Majesty his intention to resign the premiership, it is said that the Queen, with whom he was a favourite adviser, shed tears.

William Lamb, Lord Melbourne, passed away after an honourable career, at the age of seventy, on November 24th, A.D. 1848, eleven years after Her Majesty's accession, and by his death the Queen lost a true friend and a wise adviser, and the British nation a sound statesman and an honest-hearted Englishman.

JAMES CASSIDY.

HUNTING THE KOODOO.

—o—

OUR picture shows us an exciting scene—the hunting of the grand and stately koodoo.

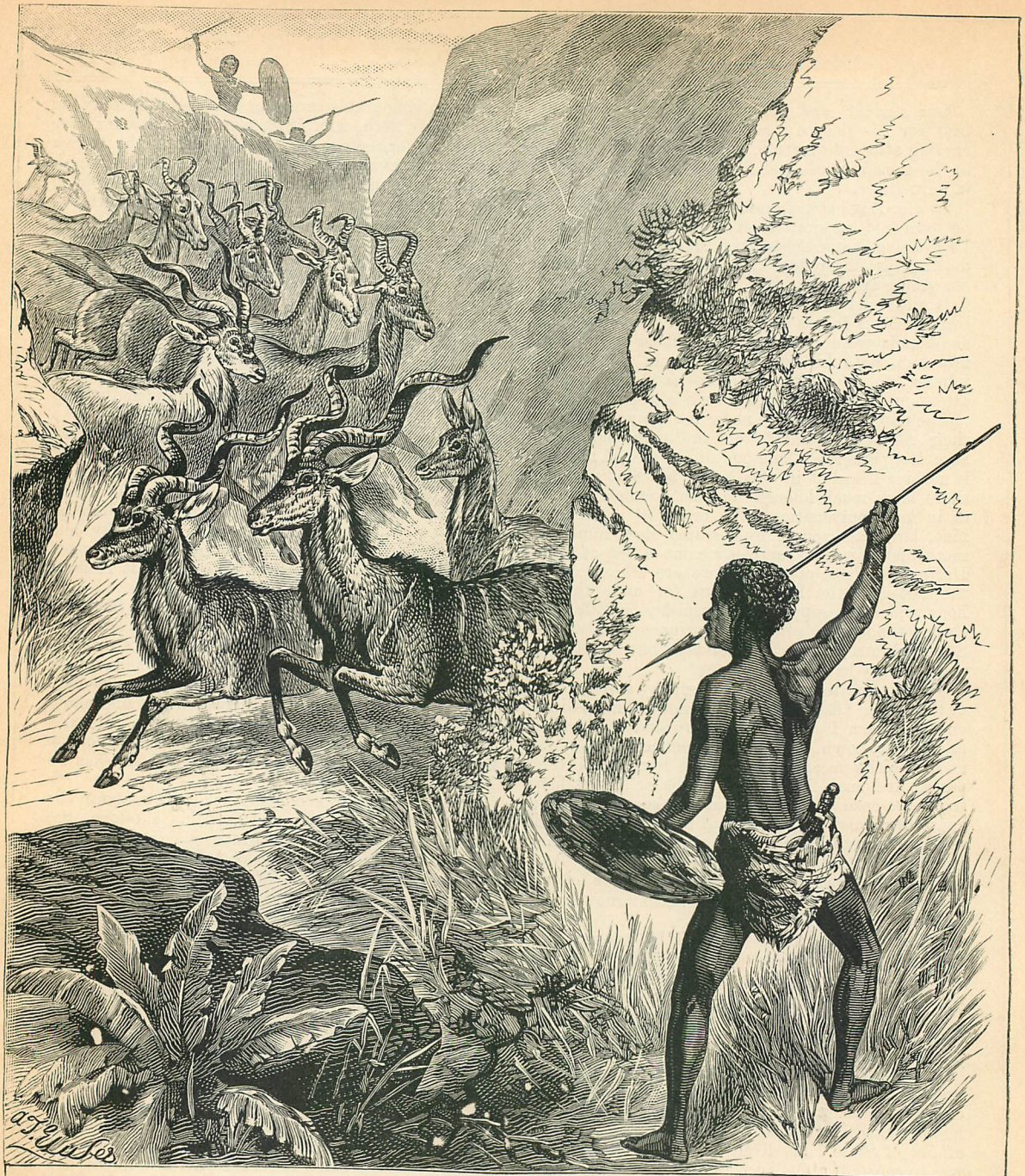
This magnificent animal inhabits districts which man rarely frequents. It is a solitude-loving antelope, and, although found in small troops on the side of rocky and bushy hills, its stronghold, writes Captain Drayson, is the dense and thorny jungle, to which it retreats when pursued.

Naturalists tell us that the koodoo is five feet high at the shoulder, and about nine feet in extreme length. Its horns measure three feet, and are spiral, and it has a thick neck, and a standing mane on the neck and withers. The general colour of the koodoo's hair is a buff-grey, marked with a white line along the spine, and white cross-lines down the side and breast; its tail is two feet long. The female koodoo is not so strongly built as the male, and she has no horns.

Here is what a koodoo-hunter writes about the chase:—'During the pursuit of this antelope, the hunter beholds some of the grandest sights in nature. He has to climb steep, rocky hills and mountains, and pass through scenery of the wildest description. When the koodoo becomes aware of danger, he throws back his wide-spreading spiral horns, dashes through the jungle, and bounds along the mountain-side, setting at defiance the sharp-pointed and hard rocks which threaten his hoofs and legs. Over such broken ground the mounted hunter fares badly, and the koodoo is often enabled to make good his escape; but should this antelope be discovered on a flat, open plain, his fate is more easily sealed, as he is fast only for a short distance, and he is not gifted with great endurance. Knowing his weak points, the cunning old koodoo is rarely caught on the level plain, but chooses as his feeding-ground the ridge of some eminence from which he can survey the surrounding country. The ground in such a part is well adapted for stalking, and the hunter is more often successful by this plan than he is by riding the animal to a stand.'

There is nothing tender about the skin of the koodoo, and that is only another way of saying that it is very tough; it is probably because of this known toughness that the skin is highly prized by the Boers and Hottentots, who cut it into strips for lashes for their long ox-waggon whips.

It is doubtful whether you would enjoy a dinner



Hunting the Koodoo.

off koodoo flesh, unless you had been hunting, and exposed to the fresh air by day and night—then, indeed, you would be glad to eat even the tough koodoo. The Hottentots aud Kaffirs eagerly devour it, but then, of course, they are Hottentots and Kaffirs.

In Africa the koodoo is hunted in this way. Beaters come cautiously upon a herd, and drive it to a partially enclosed and convenient spot; then, either with their assagais—long spears—or their boomerangs—wooden missiles the shape of a small segment of a circle which recoil when thrown—in the use of which they are very dexterous, they bring the koodoo to bay. The bushmen often run down this poor animal by continuing the chase until it drops from exhaustion.

JAMES CASSIDY.

"The country people bringing in provisions, all of which found ready sale."

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 139.)

HEARTENED by the news that they were nearing home, sick men, who had hardly left their cabins throughout the long, tedious voyage, now came crawling like so many maimed flies upon the wet and slippery deck, staring across the wild-looking waters towards the dear old land beyond. Fathers and children, husbands and wives, mothers and sons, were all soon to meet now, after 'so many and great dangers,' and all the perils gone through in battle. The sufferings endured whilst lying helpless on the field, the tortures at the surgeons' hands, the discomfort and wearisomeness of the voyage, were quickly forgotten, and only the joy of once more treading upon English soil, once more clasping in their arms their loved ones, seemed to fill their hearts. 'Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

The ship was to proceed up-channel, and go into harbour at Portsmouth. After landing the wounded at Plymouth, Paul had to accompany his fellow-sufferers, though he had great hopes of being allowed a short leave, during which he might pay a visit to the house of his good friends, the Cornforths, after being inspected by the doctors at the hospital.

They passed close to the old Eddystone in a strong gusty breeze, and soon the anchor-chains rattled out at the hawse-holes, and boats for the conveyance of the wounded ashore were quickly swung out at the davits and lowered down. Within a couple of hours the whole of the sick were safely lodged in hospital, and the transport was making her way rapidly up-channel for the Wight.

But Paul was not destined to get off quite so lightly as he had thought. His arm was very badly broken, and matters had not been improved by his neglect of it, and perseverance in keeping on with his duties, instead of at once going into hospital, of which he now had a long and weary spell.

Two months after Paul had first landed, Sir James Cornforth had paid him a visit in hospital, which had greatly cheered him up. The surgeons held out hopes of the young man's arm being well enough for him to leave in another month; and Sir James told him that he should expect him to come and see him at his place, Carn Brea, in Cumberland, an invitation which it is needless to say Paul gratefully accepted. Then Sir James, after providing many comforts and luxuries for his young friend, returned to his northern home.

At the end of some six months from the time of his arriving in England, Paul was pronounced 'fit for service' again, and leave was readily granted him. Upon the delightful change from the dreary ward to the society and comforts of Carn Brea, I need not here dilate; it is enough to say that for the young Fusilier his whole visit was like a time passed in fairyland. He was in love, and therefore, perhaps, unable to take very matter-of-fact views of commonplace things; but nevertheless, his enjoyment was very real to himself.

But even for lovers time will not stand still, and Serjeant 'Peter West' had once more to return to his regiment, doff his plain clothes, and assume the uniform and busby in which he had already so greatly distinguished himself. Now that he so earnestly loved, his one great desire was to be, in some way, enabled to prove his innocence of the crime for which he had had to fly from justice—or more correctly speaking, from what would probably have resulted in a gross case of injustice—to prove it in the eyes of the world, and thus be able to again assume his own rightful name. As far as Sir James and his daughter were concerned, of course, he was quite satisfied that they believed him innocent, their whole behaviour proved that; but still, the unjust accusation made in public had never been publicly met and refuted, and how to set about the business was puzzling him day and night.

A few months after Paul's visit to Cumberland, the news burst upon an astonished world with the force of a thunderclap, that the exile of Elba was an exile no longer. Napoleon had returned, and once more, Europe, jaded with battle, received the call to arms.

Arriving in Paris, Buonaparte was everywhere hailed with the greatest enthusiasm, and countless thousands flocked in, to fight once more under his banner. A man born to command, to be a leader of men, in spite of the ruthless means he employed in order to attain his ends, he had the rare quality of inspiring devotion in his humblest followers, whilst those immediately around him looked upon him almost as one inspired.

Throughout the length and breadth of England, troops were being steadily moved down to the various ports of embarkation. The Duke of Wellington had at once sailed to take command of the forces, and all was once more preparation for the final crushing of the Corsican's pretensions.

The Fusilier regiment to which Paul belonged had been stationed at Hythe; and within forty-eight hours of the route arriving, they had mustered on their parade-ground for the march of a dozen miles or so to Dover, where they were to embark. Paul had only been able to send a hurried note of farewell to his good friends in Cumberland, and then once again he found himself on board ship and bound for foreign service. In a few days the transport carrying the 17th Fusiliers was in the harbour of Ostend. Thence to Brussels was no long journey, and at the latter place they found troops of all arms—horse, foot, and artillery—massed by the thousand.

This was now about the end of May, A.D. 1815, and for a clear fortnight the soldiery filled the town, with no duties of greater importance than drills to perform and guards to mount, whilst their leaders awaited in deepest interest, the first move of the 'Man of Destiny.' Brussels presented, in truth, an animated scene. Marching and counter-marching, parade and drill, rumbling of gun-carriage, shrill bugle-call and beat of drum, the shrieking of the fifes and the skirling of Highland bagpipes: the country people

flocking in, with horses, mules, and provisions, all of which found a ready sale, for the Commissariat was put to its wits' ends by the difficulty of mounting the troops and the still greater one of feeding so many mouths as there were in the town.

Who that has read of that ever-memorable campaign, can forget the Duchess of Richmond's ball, the most famous entertainment, the one most fraught with excitement and the fate of nations, known to history? How that the gracious lady herself, with a kindly word and sweet smile for each and all, received her guests; how Sir Thomas Picton—so soon to fall, alas!—the Prince of Orange, a prince indeed in the noble carriage of his head, the flash of his deep expressive eye, and the valour of his arm; Lord Uxbridge, handsomest of men and most dashing of soldiers; how Vandeleur, Vivian, Fitzroy Somerset, all were there, little recking of the near approach of war; and finally, of how the great Duke of Wellington, observed of all observers, bore himself as calmly when news of Napoleon's near advent came to hand so unexpectedly, as, three hundred years before, Drake had done when, told of the coming of the Spanish Armada, he insisted upon finishing that historic game of bowls upon the Hoe at Plymouth, before sailing forth to encounter and defeat the foe.

When the gaieties were at their height, the Duke of Wellington had been privately informed that Napoleon had left France; that the Prussians had fallen back, and that the French, instead of marching upon Brussels by Mons or Hal, were approaching by Quatre Bras and Waterloo. It became, therefore, of the greatest necessity that Wellington should move his troops forward to effect a junction with Blucher at Quatre Bras, before Napoleon could arrive there and give battle.

With the greatest coolness, the Duke left the dance-room and quickly wrote in pencil two or three messages which he gave to his *aide-de-camps* to deliver immediately; then, in order to check any panic, he returned to the brilliant scene and engaged in light conversation with his hostess and those around him: only a few of those present were told the news. Nevertheless, under this outward gaiety, the most minute details were being attended to, the preparations for the coming fray were being pushed on with the utmost haste. An hour after the fateful news arrived, Wellington took a courteous and leisurely farewell of his hostess, left the ball-room, and emerged upon a street already fast filling with troops. A few minutes later, the drums were beating to arms, the pipes of the Highland Brigade mingled with intermittent bugle-calls, whilst the steady tramp of the 28th Foot and of Paul's regiment of Fusiliers was half drowned in the rumbling of the wheels of the gun-limbers. Short, sharp orders were heard on all sides, the clank of arms, and every now and then the glorious music of a full military band, as another and yet another regiment marched in to take up its station and swell the valiant host. Torch and flare illuminated the whole scene with a lurid redness, and at length when all was in readiness, there rung out clear upon the early morning air, the word 'Forward.'

Again burst forth the strains of the different bands, as regiment after regiment moved briskly away. It was terrible work marching in the soft, muddy roads, as the men cleared the town; for it had rained for several days beforehand; no less a distance than twenty miles had to be covered, and this, in heavy marching order, was a cruel task for soldiers about to engage in battle. They pressed silently and steadily on, however, until by noon they reached the spot from whence came the sound of a terrific cannonade. The wood of Bousso, an important strategic point, had been taken and retaken, and was at this moment in possession of the enemy. Sir Thomas Picton immediately saw the necessity of recovering this position, and without delay gave the order to advance. But the enemy, flushed with victory, were already coming on. Backed by storms of grape and canister, their cavalry swept down upon the British.

The Hanoverians they had already overcome, their splendid leader, the Duke of Brunswick, himself having fallen whilst gallantly leading a charge; the Dutch had fallen back, and now, with discordant yells of victory, the French rode down upon our men, Dragoons and Lancers cutting and hacking madly about them. The British formed squares and received the wild, disordered charges, first with a destructive fire, and then with the bayonet. Firm as any rock they stood, and it is recorded that only one of the 'red squares' was broken up—and that was a company which had been surprised and ridden down in some fields of standing corn. All these things had been seen and noted hastily by Paul, as he stood with the Fusiliers ready 'to receive cavalry.'

'Stand firm, boys!' he shouted to those nearest him. 'If we give way there is nothing to support us just here: once the square is broken, their horsemen will smash us up in no time.'

On swept the French cavalry, coming towards them like some monstrous wave of the sea advancing on a shipwrecked vessel. When they were within twenty yards of the front of the square, a volley of musketry rattled out, and emptied several of the troopers' saddles; but it checked not the main body of them even for a moment. With thunderous sound of galloping hoofs, they hurled themselves upon the red ranks of the British, and clash of steel, shouts of victory, groans, shrieks, and cheers mingled in hideous discord in the air. Paul's huge frame might have been seen in the thick of the fight, here hurling a French Lancer from his horse, there encouraging those nearest him. Again and again did the cavalry ride up and down the square, seeking for an 'opening in the joints of their harness,' but finding none. The battle was waged most valiantly upon either side: then suddenly a French Dragoon charged down upon the big sergeant of the Fusiliers, hurling him violently to the earth, and Quatre Bras, as far as Paul Westbury was concerned, was over.

(*Continued at page* 154.)

WATER can exist in three different forms: as solid ice, of which the glaciers in Switzerland are an example; as liquid water, as seen in rivers and rain; and as gaseous or vapourised steam, as seen when boiling.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE BOA.

THE wild pig is a large, powerful animal, with very strong and formidable canine teeth or tusks. The strong bristles with which it is covered are of a blackish-brown colour, mingled with a yellowish grey. The male animals have a thick mane of coarse hair. By their voracity and ruthless grubbing they do great damage to crops and to young trees. On account of this, as well as for the sake of their flesh and bristles, they are much hunted in the regions where they are found, the fury of the enraged male, and the zeal of the female in protecting her young adding a spice of danger to the chase.

In some parts of India pig-sticking, as it is called, is the chief sport—the animal being hunted by men

The Cottage Door.

on horse-back, armed with long spears; but it often happens that in the fury of the contest, when the boar stands at bay, it contrives to make a rush at the nearest horseman, and, if it does not succeed in injuring him, it may plunge its terrible tusks into the body of the horse.

The wild hog is found in many of the warmer parts of the world. There are various kinds, differing somewhat both in appearance and in habits. Our picture shows the Wart Hog of Natal. As its flesh is much esteemed, it is hunted with dogs, which are often killed in the encounter. It is so fond of water that it is often known by the name of the Water Hog; but the wart hog of Natal sometimes

finds its match in the swampy woods of this part of the world.

In Natal there are many snakes, some of which are poisonous, though others are quite harmless. The Boa, or Python, which attains to a large size, is found in the sea-coast forests, also in the reeds and swamps by the river-sides. This species of serpent is very dangerous both to man and beast, from its habit of seizing its victim with its teeth, and then rapidly coiling itself round the body and so crushing man or beast to death. The wart hog is very fond of swamps and rivers, and therefore it often falls a victim to this terrible destroyer.

On one occasion a wart hog and her family of three little ones, while rooting and grubbing among the juicy leaves of the water-plants, became suddenly aware that a boa, which had been extended along the trunk of a tree overhanging the river, was watching their every movement with malignant eyes. It was too late, however, for the poor mother to sound a retreat, for, with the swiftness almost of lightning, the terrible creature had fixed its cruel fangs in the back of one of the young ones, and was rapidly coiling itself round its body, at the same time tightening its folds till every rib in the little animal's body must have been broken.

In a moment the furious mother had thrown herself upon the boa, and, quite regardless of her own danger, was desperately engaged in attempting the rescue of her little one.

It was a very unequal combat, and without doubt the terrible serpent would soon have contrived to enfold them both in its coils had it not been for the tusks of the wart hog, which so mangled the body of the boa that it seemed to lose its muscular power. Gradually its hold both on the tree and on the little pig relaxed — its long body fell to the ground, where it shortly died. The mother hog now went to her offspring, but, alas! it was quite dead. When she had made sure of this she uttered a curious cry, which her other little ones must have understood, for they immediately joined her, and all three disappeared into the depths of the forest.

K.

THE COTTAGE DOOR; OR, HELPING MOTHER.

NOW don't disturb me, Charlie, dear,
I'm helping mother; don't you see,
Her hands are full of work? And so
This frying-pan she gave to me.

And I must clean it carefully:
Rub off the grease and make it bright,
And then how pleased will father be,
When he comes from his work to-night.

Oh, Charlie, boy, it is not nice
To see you lick your fingers so;
But, after all, you're but a child,
And every day will wiser grow.

And when you are quite old, like me,
Perhaps you will help father, too;
He says that none can happy be
Who have not lots of work to do.

I like to work, . . . at least, sometimes,
But still I dearly love to play;
I wish I had a waxen doll
All dressed in lace and ribbons gay.

But, there! we can't have everything;
At least, so mother says, and she
Has promised me a skipping-rope,
Which ought to be enough for me.

Why, look at Cockie Leary Law!
He seems just asking me for food;
And Mrs. Henny Penny, too,
Ah! don't they both know what is good!

They smell the sausages, of course,
Which we have cooked for father dear;
But grain is good enough for fowls,
They can't have sausages, that's clear!

POLAR BEARS.

THERE are several fine specimens of the polar as well as other bears in the London Zoological Gardens, and the way one of the younger of these bathes is thus described by Mr. C. J. Cornish, in his *Life at the Zoo*:—

'Fresh water is let into the bath two or three times a week, and as soon as the bottom is covered, the younger bear rolls in and "cuts capers," to use the keeper's phrase. She always prefers to take a "header," but not after the orthodox fashion; for when her nose touches the bottom she turns a somersault slowly, and then floats to the surface on her back. Then she climbs out, shakes herself, and gallops around the edge of her bath. In spite of her bulk, this bear is as active as a cat, and can go at speed around the circle without pausing or missing a step. Her next object is to find something to play with in the water. Anything will do; but if nothing else is handy, she usually produces a nasty piece of stale fish, which she seems to keep hidden in some handy place; pushing this into the water she dives for it, coming up to the surface with the flesh balanced on her nose, or on all four paws. If the water is still running in, she will lie under the spout and let it run through her jaws. But the most amusing game which the writer has seen was played with a large round stone. After knocking it into the water, and jumping in to fish it out, she took it into her mouth and tried to push it into the hole from which the water was still running. This was a difficult matter, for the stone was as large as a tennis ball and the pipe was not much wider. Several times the stone dropped out, though the bear held it between her lips and tried to push it in with her tongue. At last she sat up and, holding the stone between her fore paws, she put it up to the pipe and

pushed it in with her nose. This succeeded, and she retired and gazed at the result with much satisfaction. When she was tired of this prank, she threw water at the stone with her head, and, failing to wash it down, she picked it out with her claws, and went on diving for it in the water.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

22.—Rhyming Puzzles.

Fill in the blanks at the end of the lines with suitable rhymes. When the dash is divided, it is to show that more than one syllable is to be used.

(i.) *The Fairies.*

1. On a moonbeam brightly —— ——
2. We fairies glide —— ——
3. Or on flow'ry banks —— —— ——
4. Awake the cheerful ——
5. Where the stars are ——
6. By the glow-worm's ——
7. In merry sport we ——
8. Where the nightingales are —— ——
9. Where the flow'ry bells are —— ——
10. We dance till dawn of ——
11. As with pleasure bounding —— ——
12. By the dewdrops gleaming —— ——
13. We dance and ——

1. Not a frown to mar our —— ——
2. Not a thought that care may ——
3. Not a word to waken —— ——
4. Comes near our charmèd ——
5. But the merry ——
6. Of our twinkling ——
7. Around its circlet ——
8. As with pleasure bounding —— ——
9. By the dewdrops gleaming —— ——
10. We dance till dawn of ——

(ii.) *Night.*

1. Around us the shadows are —— ——
2. The wild bird flies home to its ——
3. And nature from labour —— —— ——
4. Sinks calmly and gladly to ——

5. For night on the earth now —— —— ——
6. Glides slowly o'er moorland and ——
7. And softly her footsteps —— —— ——
8. Come peaceful content and —— ——

23.—Word Puzzles.

1. I am a word of six letters representing a fabulous creature. Double the fifth letter, and you will see a horse soldier; take away the second letter from the original word, and an idol will appear.

2. I am a word of eight letters naming a river in America. 1, 2, 3, 4 is the title by which a young lady is called; 4, 5, 6, 7 is an unpleasant characteristic of both temper and taste; 5, 6, 7 is a possessive pronoun; and 6, 7, 8 will form the name of a Swiss canton.

3. I am a word of nine letters, and am consulted sometimes more than once in the day. 1, 2, 3 is a term used in music, sometimes also part of a gate; 3, 4, 5, 6 is a famous city of ancient times; 5, 6 is a personal pronoun; 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 is a measure.

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 163.]

ANSWERS.

20.—1. Tram, ram.
2. Stool, tool.
3. Shaddock, haddock.
4. Wheel, heel.
5. Wasp, asp.
6. Stone, tone.
7. Sport, port.
8. House, Ouse.
9. Ouse, use.
10. Train, rain.
11. Shoe, hoe.
12. Crag, rag.

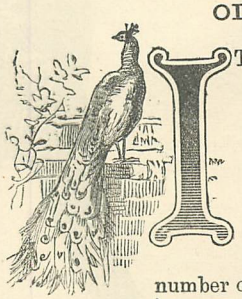
21.—1. Pink—Pin. 2. Beer—Bee. 3. Snipe—Snip. 4. Deer—Dee. 5. Cart—Car. 6. Earl—Ear.

ANSWER TO PICTURE PUZZLE.

Camelopard.

C ondor.
A lpaca.
M artin.
E lk.
L eopard.
E mu.
O tter.
P enguin.
A lpaca.
R acoon.
D uckbill.

OLD COMRADES.



IT is a well-known fact that many animals, such as horses, oxen, and sheep, prefer to live in flocks, rather than alone, evidently finding pleasure in being with other animals of the same species. Dogs, however, are an exception to this general rule. If a number of dogs were placed together in some enclosure, they would soon disperse in search of a human friend, whom they might follow and obey. It is this fact which makes dogs such pleasant companions to man.

The writer of this once saw an affecting picture, called 'The Lost Battle,' which shows how horses flock together. A number of riderless horses were rushing along, they knew not whither, in terror-stricken flight, yet all keeping close together, while one poor animal, too severely wounded to follow them, was stretched on the ground, with uplifted head and glaring eye-balls, watching his companions rapidly retreating from sight.

Our present picture tells both of the gregarious instinct, and also of the strength of memory shown by the horse. A gentleman had bought an old Life-guard's horse. He was proud of him, and drove him daily in the Parks in London, expecting that Sancho, as he was called, would get used to harness, and also to being driven along without any companion of his own kind beside him.

Sancho, whatever he may have thought on the subject, behaved tolerably well, though sometimes showing a tendency to break into a gallop, whenever he saw other horses doing the same, notwithstanding

Old Comrades.

that his master gave him to understand that he had nothing to do with other horses, but must obey the rein, or look out for the whip! One day, however, things came to a crisis. A troop of Life-guardsmen came clattering along, without any thought of either poor Sancho or his master; but instantly the horse began to paw the ground and to rear, to the great wrath of his master and the amusement of the Life-guardsmen, some of whom saw in Sancho an old friend. We cannot say whether the horses knew him or not, but that he knew them was plainly to be seen.

The incident was amusing enough to every one, except to Sancho's master, who had enough to do to keep his steed in order and to prevent an accident.

D.

"The British line stood unbroken."

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 147.)

IT was several hours after this that the young Fusilier awoke to consciousness. He felt as though not only a horse, but a whole regiment of cavalry, had gone over and trampled on his prostrate body. Carefully he felt over all his limbs to see if anything were broken; then, although terribly stiff and sore, he staggered to his feet. The world went round with him at first: he reeled and would have fallen, but for the support of a wounded comrade.

He had been picked up and taken to the rear in an insensible condition; but once more on his legs, he felt that he had received no injuries which need prevent his taking part in the fighting ranks of his brave comrades as soon as he was wanted there. One of the men got him a cup of hot coffee and a biscuit; then he felt able to go to his Colonel, the 'Jock Macpherson' we have already mentioned, and report himself fit for service again.

The grizzled, rugged-faced old fellow looked up from writing a note, with a grim smile on his face.

'Ye're rather a costly article to the Frenchmen, sergeant, for they have killed ye two or three times already, and here ye are again, ready for another fight. Well, ye will no have verra long to wait, I'm thinkin',' and with a few kindly words, the veteran dismissed him to his duty again.

Quatre Bras was over—but every one knew that the two armies had only felt each other's strength that day, and that the vast issues before them must be determined in a struggle to the death. For that struggle, therefore, each one was now nerving himself.

Who that has ever stood upon the heights overlooking the never-to-be-forgotten field upon which that mighty battle of Waterloo was lost and won, could fail to picture in his mind's eye the breaking of that morn which was for ever to decide the fate of Europe and of the Man of Destiny.

Firm in purpose, ruthless in the attainment of his ends, Napoleon had determined upon making any sacrifice of either life or treasure, in order to carry to the bitter end the dream of his ambitious heart; and on the morning of Waterloo he had succeeded in massing together a vast army. The force opposed to him was about equal in strength, but less effective from being composed of troops not of one nation, but of several. In point of natural situation there was little to choose between the opposing forces. Each had sharply rising ground from which to make its artillery practice felt. A smiling valley lay between them, in which either infantry or cavalry movements could be carried out; and the only places of the least importance held by one side or the other were the ruined château of Hougomont, and the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte. These latter were, at the beginning of hostilities, occupied by the allied troops.

On the heights of La Belle Alliance was placed a large force of cavalry, in addition to the terrible array of French artillery; and so close were these mighty hosts to each other, that within the British lines could be distinctly heard the lively strains of the French regimental band, as they broke forth upon the morning air. Silence reigned for a while, as though the very elements were hushed in awe before the din of battle broke forth; and then the mighty foes leaped forward to engage in their death-grapple.

Paul's regiment—which he had rejoined, stiff and sore all over, but firmly resolved to take his part in the coming fight—was, for the time, held in reserve, and he himself was bound to be merely an eagerly interested spectator in the scene going on below him. A force of French infantry was quickly sent forward down the hill, in broken order, towards Hougomont, firing at intervals upon the English skirmishers, and as these latter were driven in, and the French advanced within close range, the British guns opened fire from the batteries; regiment after regiment was then thrown into the valley from either side, and Paul's view was quickly obscured by the dense white smoke which hung in heavy clouds above the combatants. The French guns were playing fearful havoc with the tumble-down old walls of the château. The British troops, who had so gallantly held it, were driven out and fell back upon their own main body, whilst Hougomont itself was partly in flames. Again the brave Englishmen rallied and renewed the deadly struggle going on around the garden and orchard of the château; again the foes were locked in a fearful contest for the vantage-point; then, once more, the clouds of smoke hid everything from view.

While the battle still raged around Hougomont, Napoleon, whose eagle eye had seen what he thought to be a weak spot in Wellington's disposition of his forces, ordered an attack upon the British 'left,' and at once threw a tremendous force upon La Haye Sainte. But little did he know that, waiting for him on the summit of that ridge, lay Sir Thomas Picton, with the 'fighting Fifth' at his back; that the Scots Greys, the Royals, and a strong Highland force were with him, all awaiting, in grim silence, the signal to advance.

With bayonets fixed, D'Erlon's column advanced boldly up the hill; and first the Belgian infantry retired before him, falling back upon the Hanoverians, who, after fighting desperately, were driven in, broken, and disordered; the French Cuirassiers pursuing them hotly, then came face to face with the squares of British redcoats, and here met their first severe check. Again and again did they charge those steadfast masses of red-coated soldiery, but the attempt was like unto that of the roaring waves, which, beating themselves against a rock, expend their force in vain. D'Erlon then ordered up his field artillery; and with all the speed of which the horses were capable, the guns were galloped down the hill on their journey across the valley. No sooner, however, did they reach the lower ground than, despite the most tremendous exertions on the part of horses and men, the heavy guns stuck fast in the sodden, undrained ground; deeper and deeper sank

the wheels in the yielding and treacherous clay; and not all the aid which hundreds of men quickly gave could move the gun-carriages a yard. This was Wellington's chance, for that temporary break-down had not escaped the eye which saw everything in battle. In a moment, he had given the order, and, with bayonets fixed, his troops are advancing upon the enemy; the cavalry trumpets sound the charge, and the Scots Greys and Enniskillen Dragoons are galloping down the slope. A few minutes of wild confusion, fruitless resistance on the one side and fierce valour on the other, and a panic seizes upon the French, and they fall back, overborne on top of each other, and in hopeless disorder.

The gallant Picton is in the very thickest of the fray, when, in the act of waving his hat in token of victory, he is shot through the head by a ball fired at close range, and falls from his horse a dead man. But he has achieved his work, and dies as Nelson died, the shout of triumph ringing in his ears. What more glorious death can a man ask?

A pause ensued, and then once more the French re-formed their disordered ranks, and aided by other troops, quickly dispatched by the Emperor, again advanced.

The thunderous roar of fifty or sixty huge guns deafened the ear, as Marshal Ney's column pressed onwards to the British position. His Cuirassiers were received by 'the thin red line' which would not yield place, ride they never so boldly to the attack. Many an empty saddle, many a splendid horseman biting the dust, as the fatal bullet hurled him to the ground, were seen. But still the British line stood unbroken.

Then, again, did Lord Uxbridge give the signal to his trumpeter; once more the bugle-call brought the Guards to the charge, and again did they ride down the heavy Cuirassiers of France. But these triumphs were only changes in the fortunes of the day; and as Wellington looked down upon the awful carnage in front, and remembered that according to his custom, Napoleon was still reserving, on the heights of La Belle Alliance, a magnificent body of the Old Guard, and waiting his time to hurl them against the jaded English forces, he might well have longed 'for night or Blucher' to come.

At a late hour in the afternoon—between five and six o'clock—the French had taken La Haye Sainte and were still struggling for possession of the ruined château. But they could not advance another foot into the position of their foes, and, an hour later, Napoleon resolved upon the last desperate throw of the dice: the Old Guard was ordered to hold itself in readiness for instant action.

Dividing the Reserve—the Old and Young Guard—into three columns, they were quickly marched to the final attack on the British centre. Then it was that, for the first time throughout the day, Paul's regiment was brought up to help in resisting this last desperate advance. Onwards came that dark, serried mass, nearer and yet nearer, as they steadily marched up the slope. Their bayonets could already be seen above the ridge, Ney himself leading them, on foot. If ever that glorious motto, 'Death or Victory,' was written in men's faces, it was written on those of the splendid veteran warriors whose grim, war-worn visages could now be clearly seen by the British, who stood awaiting their onslaught. They gained the summit of the hill, and they were within a few yards of their foes. Then it was that Wellington, cool and collected as though his men were on parade, rode forward and gave the word 'Charge!'

The English Guards poured in one volley and then charged with the bayonet. Hand to hand they fought, each side contesting every inch of ground with desperate valour; but the end is not far now. The leading French troops break their line and fall back upon the Reserve behind them. For a brief moment the Old Guard stand firm; then, as Lord Uxbridge and the heavy cavalry again charged into their midst, they fell back, beaten and dismayed. Napoleon, seeing that all was lost, got on a horse, and, through a storm of musketry fire, fled to the spot where his carriage was awaiting him, and Waterloo was won.

(*Continued at page* 166.)

POPPIES! POPPIES!

'Crowning the barley, and crowning the wheat,
And the children fair in the village street,
They cluster and crowd round the reaper's feet—
Poppies, poppies, everywhere!

'Fringing the hedges that stand by the sea,
Fringing the pathway, the meadow, and lea,
Shedding their brightness wherever they be—
Poppies, poppies, everywhere!'

SO writes one of our poets about this common flower—too common, it may be, in the fields to please our farmers, and some varieties of it are also favourite garden flowers, because they are tall and showy. Certainly the poppy is one of the flowers which make us think of the children. They like to gather the scarlet blossoms from the corn-field, or by the wayside, to deck their hats, and put them in their belts. The trouble is that the petals soon drop off. In some villages the children have an odd idea about these; they call the poppy the 'thunder-flower,' because there is a notion that if the petals fall when the flower is being picked, a thunder-storm may be expected. Another curious name for it is 'Joan's silver pin,' probably suggested by a likeness between the flaunting flowers and a fine adornment put on for show. Another name for it was 'cheese-bouls,' alluding to the round capsules; and according to some it was the 'corn cockle,' though that name properly belongs to a different plant; still, it is true, that along the borderlands between England and Scotland, the poppies are called 'cock's-combs.'

J. R. S. C.

The Skylark and Goat-sucker.

THE SKYLARK AND GOAT-SUCKER.

WHO does not know and love the Skylark's cheery song? Early in the spring its happy notes may be heard, and for nearly eight months out of the twelve, it sings on the warm, sunny days.

The lark loves to soar up to Heaven's gate: so that often in the summer we strain our eyes in vain to find the little speck in the sky from which the sweet strain comes down to us. Even when a poor skylark is in a cage, its desire to soar upwards is so strong that it will sometimes dash itself against the top of its prison, and would be hurt or killed if a piece of baize were not stretched across the upper part of its cage.

The Goat-sucker, or Fern Owl, is remarkable for its great gaping mouth, and its harsh jarring notes. It is called the Fern Owl from its plumage being soft and loose like an owl's, and the Goat-sucker from a foolish notion among ignorant rustics that it sucks the milk of wild goats, and of cows and sheep. It begins its jarring notes exactly at the close of day, and commonly utters them sitting on some bare twig, and with its head lower than its tail. It feeds mainly on the swift-winged insects of the air, and its shape and gaping gullet are well suited for chasing and catching them.

A VILLAGE IN WEST SOMERSET.

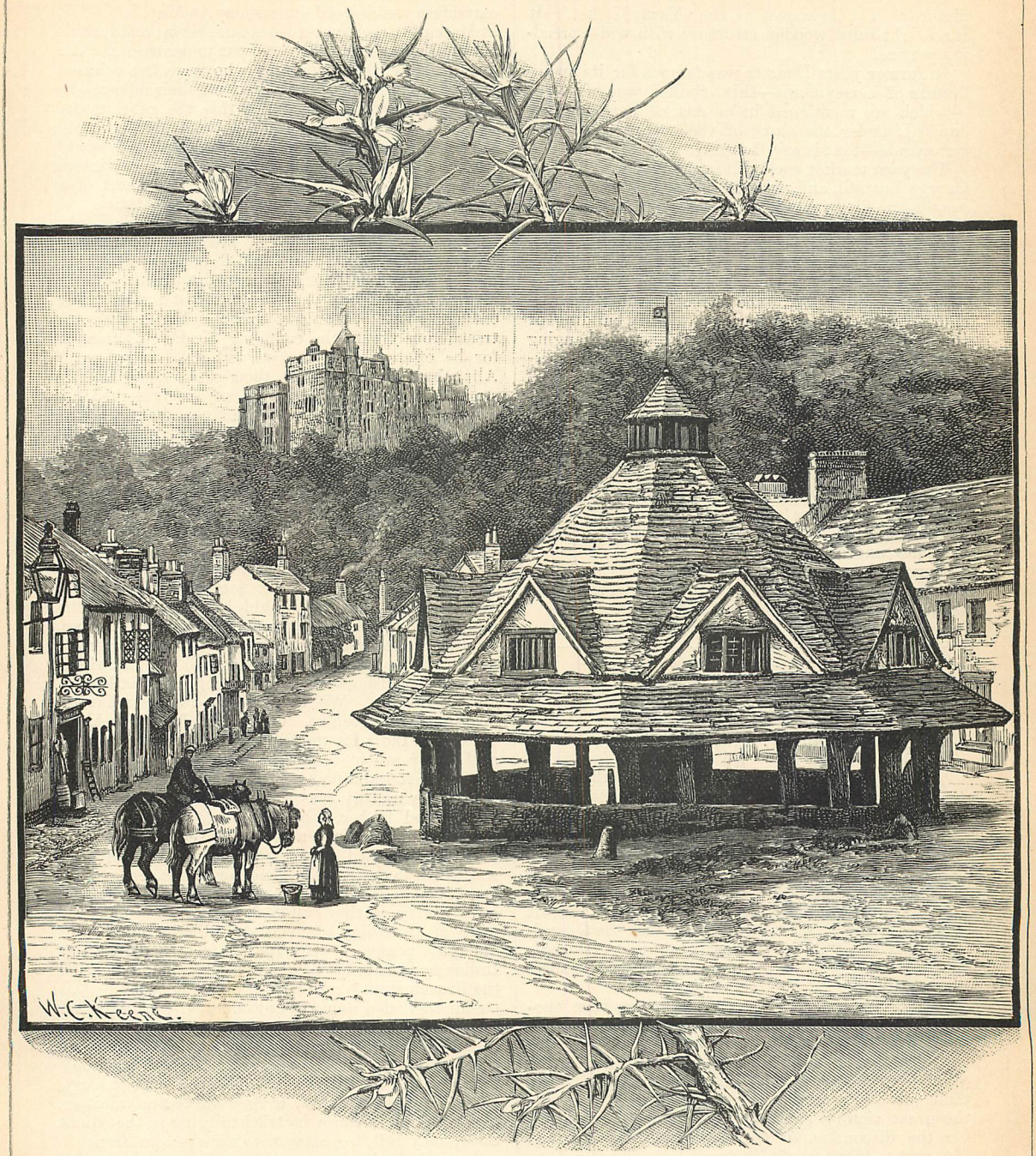
DUNSTER is one of the many beautiful Somersetshire villages. Visiting it for the first time, the stranger is struck with its quaint, steep streets, its picturesque market cross, and its old houses with projecting pentices (a pentice is a sloping roof), and the weird towers of the castle.

It would be impossible to find in the lovely county of Somerset more delightful scenery than that amid which Dunster is situated. The walks all around are charming, and entice the pedestrian on and on until he becomes quite an explorer.

No one would think for a moment of visiting Dunster without seeing its castle and park.

The castle is not open to the public, but whoever will may have the keys, admitting them to the grounds, by application at the gardener's cottage. The castle stands on the summit of Tor, and is in full view of the wild height of Grabhurst, of the sea-coast, and of the beautiful castle park. Dunster Castle has sustained some sieges, and the town of Dunster was the only place in Somerset which, in A.D. 1645, held out for the king. It was surrendered at last, after a close siege of 160 days.

Did you ever see a more pleasingly quaint little building than that occupying the foremost place in our



Village, Castle, and Ancient Yarn Market, Dunster, West Somerset.

picture? This is known as the 'Yarn Market.' It is an eight-sided wooden structure with wide-spreading pentice.

In former years Dunster was famous for its manufacture of kerseymeres—thin, twilled woollen cloth—which are mentioned in an Act of Parliament of James I. under the name of the town where they were made—that is as 'Dunsters.'

The yarn market was built in the year A.D. 1600 by George Luttrell, and repaired by his grandson of the same name fifty years later, after Blake had besieged the town and castle.

The weather-cock surmounting the market buildings bears his initials. One of the timbers of the building has been pierced by a cannon-shot from the castle.

If you walk down the street leading to the church, you will see a curious wooden building of thirteenth-century date, with three overhanging stories, and a tall gable, retaining some old staircases and some windows of earlier date. The Dunsterites call this quaint building the 'Nunnery.'

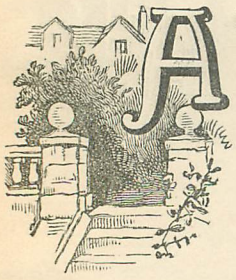
From Dunster to Dulverton, a distance of fourteen miles, is one of the most romantic drives in the country. The road passes through deep wooded valleys, and for some distance along the banks of the River Exe. Dunster Church is interesting, and repays a visit. The older portion of it was built about the year A.D. 1419. There are really two churches under one roof.

Dunster is not without attractions for the fisherman, who will find here, in its little river, trout and eels, and, near the sea, salmon and mullet.

JAMES CASSIDY.

THE SIX DECADES OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THIRD DECADE: A.D. 1857 TO 1867.



A FEW days after the Queen had reached the twentieth year of her long reign, her husband had a new title given to him, that of Prince Consort. This did not make any difference to his state in England, but it was done that the Queen's husband might take his due rank at the Courts abroad.

It has never been thoroughly understood why the native soldiers revolted in India. They were, it is said, possessed with the idea that, when the English power had lasted a hundred years, it was to cease. And it was then just that number of years since Clive won the great victory of Plassy. Another reason given for the discontent of the native troops was that the secret enemies of England had whispered to the sepoys how the Company meant to make them lose caste by greasing the cartridges with the fat of animals. A general rising was planned, and it was hoped that all the Europeans would be killed, and then India would be for Indians alone. When cartridges were served out one day, in May, A.D. 1857, at Meerut, the sepoys refused to use them; and for this act of disobedience they were put under arrest. The next Sunday, their comrades who were free released those in confinement, and fired on their officers—so beginning the mutiny. After this, the rebel troops marched to Delhi, where they proclaimed the old king, and massacred every English person they could reach. It was at Cawnpore that the mutineers showed us what the deceitful and cruel heart of a heathen is. The old commander of that station had but a few hundred soldiers on whom he could rely in the dreadful emergency. He sent for help to Lawrence, but not a man could be spared; and then he applied to a native gentleman who was thought to be a real friend but who was in secret a most bitter enemy. This was Nana Sahib. He dealt very treacherously with the confiding Sir Hugh Wheeler, for he offered to send him and the Europeans to Allahabad by water, and then shot them in midstream. The women and children were reserved for a more cruel end; for, when the Nana heard that the heroic Havelock was coming, he knew that he must retreat, and he murdered the women and children most barbarously, and cast their bodies into a dry well. The most splendid defence was made at Lucknow by Sir Henry Lawrence, with five hundred men against fifty thousand native troops: but indeed, throughout the mutiny, the English all behaved like heroes, and astonished the world by coming out of it victorious. No doubt many foreigners both hoped and expected that we should lose India. But the danger which we passed through then, and overcame, by the cool courage which seems bred in our race, must have convinced our French and German rivals that the British power is not—at present, at least—on the decline. We must not boast, for what we have has been given us, and our chief object should be to hold India for the good of India. Let it not be said, if we are to be turned out of that goodly land, that we left India no better than we found it!

Ere the mutiny was quelled, the Princess Royal was united to her noble partner. A finer-spirited man than Prince Frederick never lived.

A most wicked attempt was made in this year, A.D. 1858, to destroy the Emperor of France. Orsini was an Italian—one of those violent men who will have liberty, as they call it, at any price, even at the price of throwing bombs and killing a number of innocent persons. Unhappily for England, this Italian had made his bombs in some London den, and the French were wroth at our allowing such men as Orsini to find a home in our country. Yet how are we to prevent it? A number of fiery French soldiers called on Napoleon to invade England, and hunt out these assassins. Of course this made our people furious, and 'Down with the French!' was the cry. Even Lord Palmerston, a very favourite minister, had to resign, because he tried to bring in the odious Conspiracy Bill, to please or to appease the French.

Lord Derby became premier, and dropped the Bill like a hot coal, much to the Emperor's disgust. But smooth, gentle words, and arguments, spoken by our very adroit ambassador, made all things straight. Napoleon really loved England, we believe, and was glad to forgive us for letting men like Orsini breathe

our free air. In August, the Queen even paid him a visit at Cherbourg. He did not seem quite so cordial as before, but we can forgive him for feeling a little sore on account of the bomb, and Lord Palmerston's defeat.

In consequence of the mutiny, it was thought time to put an end to the old East India Company as the governing body. The Sovereign of England, and her Secretary of State for India, and a Governor-General appointed by her advisers, this was now the ruling power. A new honour, too, was instituted—the Star of India. It has an excellent motto: 'Heaven's Light our Guide.' Surely Heaven's light was our guide in those dark days of mutiny!

We should mention one other very important result of Orsini's bomb-throwing, and the French colonels' threats of invasion. We mean the sudden uprising of our Volunteer riflemen. This great body of fine citizen soldiers have ever since been drilling and learning how to hit the bull's-eye as often as they can; and the nation feels a great satisfaction in knowing that she has behind the regular troops so many crack shots capable of defending her shores. 'Defence, not defiance' is their well-chosen motto.

The Prince of Wales visited America in A.D. 1860, and the Holy Land two years later. It was thought good for our future king to enlarge his mind by seeing the outside world. He also went to India some years afterwards.

The dark shadow of what seemed to us an untimely death began to fall on Prince Albert in the early part of A.D. 1861. He was not well. Nothing serious was feared, but it was unfortunate for him that he lost at this time his best doctor, who knew him so well, and how to treat him. Probably no one was less given to complaining than the Prince, and he may have done more than he could safely do. It is a mistake to suppose that men like Prince Albert have an easy time of it. They may, if they shirk their duty; but if they do the work that falls to men in such high places, their minds can hardly ever be at rest. The Queen's aged mother died this year, and the arrangement of all her affairs laid another load on the Prince. Many other important family matters, also—some happy, some not—must have kept the good man's mind on the stretch. Alice, the beloved daughter, was betrothed, and Albert Edward, the king to be, was sent to see his future wife. On the other hand, Leopold was not well, and typhoid fever killed the King of Portugal, whom our Prince loved very dearly. These changes and chances of mortal life, which affect us all alike, are supposed to have prepared the good Albert for his own great change. He was 'content to live, yet not afraid to die.' He uttered words to that effect, which showed that he had felt called by the pale messenger who beckons even princes away from the press of busy life.

It was a sweet and peaceful end, but it struck us all as if we had lost one of our own family. We could say, 'Farewell, dear Prince, as one of God's elect, and blessed art thou, dying in the Lord;' but what of our Queen, thus left in her splendid loneliness? The sense of her great loss has never left her, his 'broken-hearted widow,' as she describes herself on his cairn in Scotland.

In his last days, the dying Prince did us a service, for he poured oil on a troublesome quarrel which arose between us and the Americans, now engaged in a bitter civil war. The English flag was insulted, and the heart of England was enraged; but the Prince kept calm, and did much to get the Americans to own that their Captain Wilkes (who had boarded an English ship in a very high-handed way) was in the wrong.

The stubborn fight between the North and South States of the American Union was on the same gigantic scale that everything is over there. We took no part in it, for it was not our business; but it caused us terrible distress. The cotton, by which the Lancashire people get their living, did not come. Then, as usual, England put her hand in her pocket, and collected nearly half a million of money. Almost every parish did something to put bread in the starving spinners' mouths.

As a sort of set-off to Captain Wilkes, a rich American, named Peabody, left an immense sum, which he directed to be spent in building good houses for the London working men.

Among other events of this eventful decade, we must must not forget the wedding of the Prince of Wales to Alexandra of Denmark. Oh, how London was stirred at the coming of that gracious lady, and how well she has kept her hold upon the affections of a loyal people!

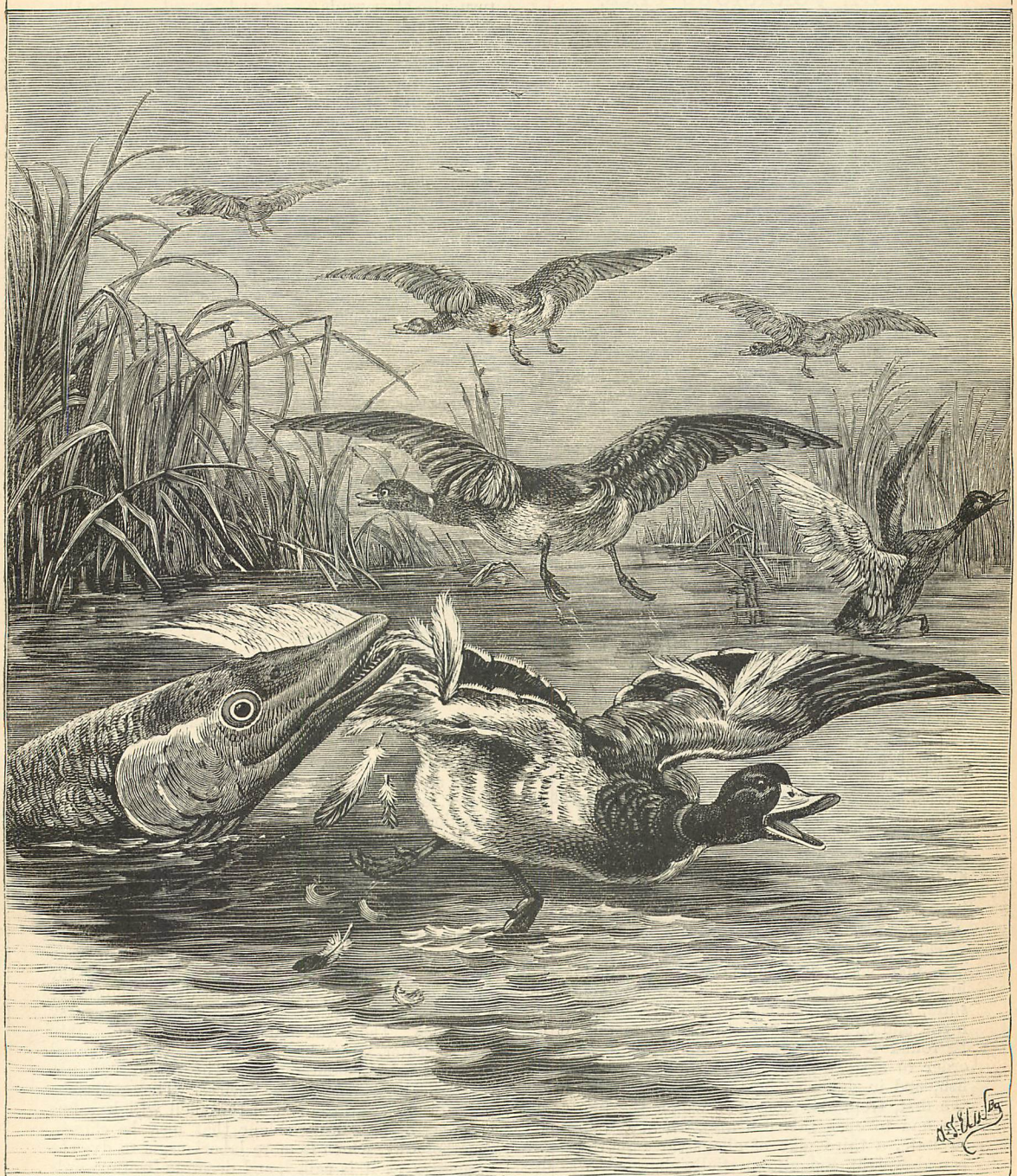
Great lamentation was caused by the murder of the brave and righteous Abraham Lincoln at Washington; and a new cord of love was stretched between mother England and her great daughter about the same time—we mean the wonderful electric cable, on which, among the seaweed and sea-monsters, messages now pass to and fro like lightning, and help to bind the two people in the bonds of peace and a friendly rivalry, which is the only sort of strife, we hope, that there will ever be between us.

The Queen lost in this period two wise advisers, namely, her uncle Leopold, king of the Belgians, and Lord Palmerston, the popular Prime Minister, who died after a premiership of six years and one hundred and forty-one days. G. S. O.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

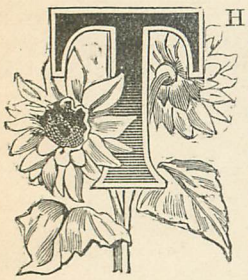
A FARMER who was left with three helpless children, on his return home about midnight from the fair of Clare, found his house all in a blaze. His first exclamation was, 'Where are my children? I must relieve them or we must perish together.' He ran to the yard, where fortunately there happened to be a ladder, which he put against the wall. He rushed into the flames, and succeeded in penetrating into the room where the children were in bed. He had already taken two of them in his arms, when a third, the youngest, a beautiful girl, cried out, 'Sure, father, you will not leave your own little Hannah in the fire!' The distracted parent took up the little child, wrapped in her night-clothes, in his teeth, and by God's goodness he escaped without any serious injury to himself or to his precious burden. The house, with all the furniture, fell a prey to the flames.

A Father's Love.



A Pike attacking Wild Ducks.

THE VORACIOUS PIKE.



THE Pike is a fish with very marked traits of character. It is reckless, courageous, dashing, and ferocious. It frequents most of the rivers and lakes of Europe, and North America, and Northern Asia, as well as the waters of Great Britain. In former times it is said that pike were rare in England. We know that in the latter part of the thirteenth century pike was more valuable than salmon, and ten times as valuable as turbot or cod.

A chilly or even frigid latitude suits pike-nature best. In Norway, Sweden, Siberia, and the lakes of Canada and Lapland, it reaches its full development, and attains a length of four or five feet. As he nears warmer latitudes he becomes less and less, and at the Equator vanishes altogether.

In bygone times, this fish was known as the 'Fresh-water Wolf' and the 'Tiger.' The name 'Pike,' or 'Pickerel,' means 'Sharp-pointed,' in reference to the peculiar shape of the head.

The pike is seldom content with a few years of life; there are tales of pike attaining to ninety, and even more than a hundred years. Most writers, however, agree that a pike lives about forty years. There is a famous story of a pike with a brass ring round its neck, that was put into the Kaiserwag Lake by one of the German Emperors, and there lived to the age of two hundred and sixty-seven years. Probably the story of this wonderful pike has been greatly exaggerated, and it must be only taken as a legend.

The pike is a most voracious creature; indeed, one writer has calculated that a five-pound pike (quite a small size) will consume a hundred gudgeon in three weeks, and in some Scotch lochs the fish has been known to eat its own weight of bait every day.

The digestion of this greedy fish is very rapid, so rapid that in a few hours not even a bone of the swallowed prey can be discovered. Nor is he particular in his feeding; 'fish, flesh, and fowl, animal, mineral, or vegetable,' writes Mr. Cholmondelay-Pennell, 'his charity embraces them all.'

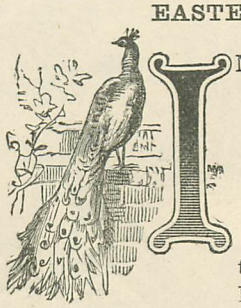
This gentleman gives an instance of the voracity of a pike, which had come directly within his own knowledge.* A Mr. L——, of Chippenham, Wiltshire, had 'set a trimmer in the River Avon overnight, and on going the next morning to take it up, he found a heavy pike fast upon his hooks. In order to extract these he was obliged to open the fish, and in doing so he found another pike inside the first, from the mouth of which the line came. He had to open this fish also, when, extraordinary to state, a third pike of about three-quarters of a pound weight and also partially digested, was discovered in the stomach of the second. This last fish was, of course, the original taker of the bait, having been itself swallowed by a later comer—to be, in its turn, also afterwards seized and gorged.' After this who would deny that the pike is an out-and-out cannibal?

Another story tells of a huge pike that suddenly rose to the surface of a pond near Ascot Heath, where a lad of fifteen was bathing, and seized his hand. The boy, of course, resisted, when the pike let go, but only to seize the lad's other hand, which he bit severely, inflicting in all seven severe wounds which bled profusely, and pained the boy so much that the next day he fainted twice. Otters, dogs, mules, oxen, and even horses have been attacked, and poultry have often been destroyed by this fish. Our picture shows us a struggle between a pike and wild ducks. It is to be hoped that the feathers of the duck will give way and so save its life; should they not do so, or should the wing be too severely injured to allow it to fly, the poor duck's fate is evidently sealed.

JAMES CASSIDY.

* See Pennell's *Book of the Pike*, page 47.

EASTER EGGS.



IN the artistic regions of southern Europe, Easter eggs are most tastefully ornamented. The egg is boiled, and then sawn asunder with a very fine saw. The inside is emptied, carefully cleaned, and lined with gilt paper; little pictures of saints or angels, or perhaps portraits of lovers, are painted and put in the shell. These eggs will open and shut, and are tied together with narrow ribbon. The outside is also gracefully decorated. The gentlemen present these eggs at Easter-time to the ladies they wish to marry, or loving friends exchange these tokens of affection. Other eggs, also stained and ornamented, though not so smartly, are blessed by the parish priests in Rome, and sprinkled with holy water, after which they are eaten at dinner on Easter Day, before anything else. There is a city in Italy where a number of nuns are employed in preparing these eggs.

In some parts of England, friends never let Easter go by without sending an egg, ornamented in some way, to one another. One way is to heat the egg, and write on it a name, or to draw a flower, or a device, with a point smeared with some greasy substance. Then you must plunge your egg into boiling water, which has been stained with cochineal or some other coloured dye. The colour will not affect the greased letters or devices. They will come out white, and all the rest of the shell will be a fine carmine, or any other colour that may be chosen. Another way, which is more laborious, is to dye the pasch-egg, as it is called, and decorate it afterwards with the point of a penknife, which scratches off the dye. All sorts of quaint devices may be made to appear; sometimes the name and age of the person for whom the egg is intended; and sometimes it be-

comes a sort of valentine, with Cupid's bow, a flaming torch, or a true lover's knot.

It was common once, in old-fashioned places, to see a number of these pasch-eggs carefully preserved in a cupboard. The eggs were placed in a long, deep glass, through which the inscription could be read, without removing them.

In some places the eggs are beautifully mottled by being boiled hard within the coat of an onion, or coloured variously with the juices of different herbs; or stained, as we have known them to be, by means of narrow ribbons tied round them.

But the boys who amuse themselves on Easter Monday by the shore of the Solway Frith, how do they treat the pasch-egg? They have found out that, if an egg be taken from under a hen directly it is laid, and then boiled, the white becomes very hard indeed. And they play with eggs at Easter time, in the same way as they play with horse-chestnuts in autumn. A boy holds out his boiled egg, and challenges another boy to give it a smart blow with his egg. The broken egg becomes the prize of him whose egg survives the shock.

The children in some parts of England go round the villages, begging for eggs at Easter-time. They have a sort of old song which they sing from door to door. The reason of the pasch-egg is evident. It is a beautiful natural emblem of the Resurrection.

A. L. I.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

24.—Word Puzzles.

Supply the blanks in the following sentences with words spelt with the same letters, but different in sound and meaning.

1. I wish you could —— that dishonourable boy not to —— at his play.
2. That piece of —— is not —— enough to cover the hole.
3. I do not much —— who wins the ——.
4. The —— between those two trees is about twenty ——
5. Those poor children have been so much neglected that they have —— up with all kinds of —— notions.
6. I have pricked my finger in gathering that ——; it is so ——.
7. What is the —— of your horse that has such a long ——?
8. The poor child —— very lonely after his parents had —— him.

C. C.

25.—Conundrums.

1. What is that which, though always infirm, has never been in bad health?
2. What feeds both body and mind?
3. Why is the tongue like a racehorse?
4. When do we witness cannibalism?
5. When were Skye terriers introduced?
6. Why should we pity the young Esquimaux? (Thomas Hood.)
7. Why should you not inquire into a miser's charities?
8. If the Duke of Wellington had forgotten to dot the i's in his dispatches, what historian would the letters cry for?
9. What never flies until both its wings are broken?
10. What were the greatest odds ever known?
11. If Neptune lost all his dominions, what would he say?
12. What ship is of the masculine gender?

26.—Anagrams.

Words with Definitions.

1. Acre. Chart.—The moral qualities of a person.
2. Run. Pit.—A common vegetable.
3. Whom. Lever.—To ruin, to overspread.
4. Meet. Rex.—The highest or lowest point.
5. Morn. Hay.—A union of musical sounds.
6. Dog. Mink.—Ruled by a sovereign.
7. Sark. Send.—Absence of light.
8. Seat. Nap.—A country person.
9. Gross. Rep.—An onward movement, not always in the right direction.
10. Glen. Rain.—The acquisition of knowledge.
11. Gone. Say.—The produce of your garden.
12. Fern. Would.—Causing astonishment.
13. Lap. Dock.—A safeguard against thieves.
14. Tree. Rat.—A place of rest; to take shelter.
15. Chip. Word.—A hard-twisted string.
16. Pen. Fir. Dish.—'Man and dog in the desert' (Sir Arthur Helps).

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 179.]

Answers.

22.—(i.)—1. Shining. 2. Along. 3. Reclining. 4. Song. 5. Bright. 6. Light. 7. Play. 8. Singing. 9. Ringing. 10. Day. 11. Lightly. 12. Brightly. 13. Play.

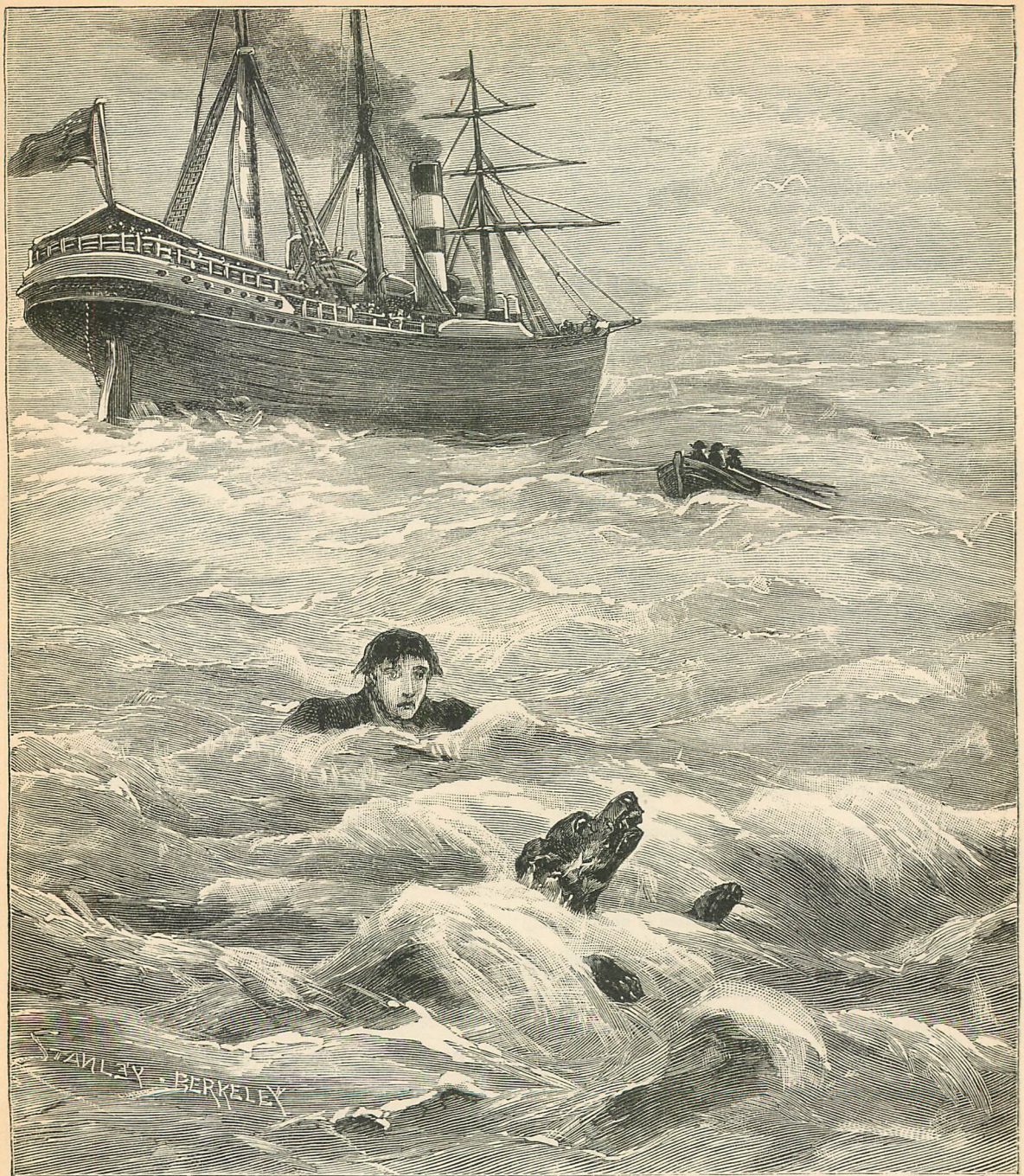
1. Gladness. 2. Bring. 3. Sadness. 4. Ring. 5. Beat. 6. Feet. 7. Play. 8. Lightly. 9. Brightly. 10. Day.

(ii.)—1. Closing. 2. Nest. 3. Reposing. 4. Rest. 5. Descending. 6. Hill. 7. Attending. 8. Good will.

23.—1. Dragon. Dragoon, Dagon.
2. Missouri. Miss, sour, our, Uri.
3. Barometer. Bar, Rome, me, meter.

A RISKY MODE OF SAVING A DOG.

A GENTLEMAN had a little terrier dog, of which he was very fond, and which accompanied him wherever he went. The gentleman, having to go on a voyage, as usual took the dog with him. While playing on deck the terrier had the misfortune to fall overboard. The gentleman asked the captain to stop the vessel and rescue the dog, but met with a refusal. The captain said, 'My orders are to stop only when there is a man overboard.' The gentleman, at this, turned away, and, walking to the side of the vessel, deliberately leaped overboard. The captain was forced to lower the boat, and thus both gentleman and dog were saved.



"Both gentleman and dog were saved."

A DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY.

MARY, I am sorry to hear that you wish to leave my service. You have been with me now for a year, and I am quite pleased with the manner in which your work is done. Why do you wish to go? Have you too much work to do?'

'Oh, no, ma'am,' said Mary, catching hold of her apron, and looking quite ready to burst into tears. 'I have not too much to do. I have good wages, and a comfortable situation; but—but, there are some things that no one can be expected to bear.'

Here the tears would come, falling in heavy drops upon Mary's neat muslin apron, and the girl began to sob in a very distressing manner indeed.

Mrs. Clarence, however, Mary's mistress, was

A Domestic Difficulty.

not only kind, but wise also. She waited a little —till the girl's tears ceased to flow—then she spoke. 'Now, Mary,' she said, 'tell me what is wrong? What has disappointed you? Has any one been unkind to you? I wish you would frankly tell me the whole truth, and if I can help you to a pleasanter and happier frame of mind, you may be sure that I will do so. Now, tell me, has any one been unkind to you?'

'Not you, ma'am—not you,' said Mary, eagerly, 'and not the young ladies either; you are all as kind as possible, but—but, Alice, the table-maid, ma'am, she says that she never saw any one so awkward and stupid as I am, and she wonders where I was brought up, and she wonders that you should have taken such an awkward creature as I am, to be maid to the young ladies! Oh, ma'am, it is hard to bear; too hard, indeed, it is!'

Once more the tears burst forth, and Mary wept without any interruption on the part of Mrs. Clarence till, surprised at the silence, she stole a look at her mistress, the expression of whose face she could not very well read.

But Mrs. Clarence soon explained herself to the weeping girl.

'Mary,' she said, 'I have been summing up in my own mind the advantages and disadvantages of your position in my house. By your own account you have a comfortable place, good wages; you are not overworked; your mistress is satisfied with you, and her daughters take a friendly interest in your welfare. On the other hand, all that you have to complain of is, that one of your fellow-servants has spoken rudely and unkindly to you! Mary, I can scarcely believe that you can be willing to give up all the advantages which you have just now, merely because a sil'y girl like Alice has spoken so foolishly as she has done! Now, my good girl, go to your room, and think it well over, then come back to me, and tell me what decision you have arrived at, and I feel pretty sure, Mary (for I think that you are really a sensible girl), that you will come back to me with a smiling face, and tell me that you are not going to leave my service just yet!'

Well, Mrs. Clarence had guessed rightly. That same evening Mary came back, all smiles, to say that she would like to remain where she was; then she added, 'And I'll never, never, leave you, ma'am, and the dear young ladies, till you tell me that you wish me to go!'

D. B. M.

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Continued from page* 155.)

NIGHT had fallen, and for a time darkness shut out the horrors of the now almost deserted battlefield. Then the moon rose, stately and beautiful: passing clouds now and then obscured her face, as though in anger at 'man's inhumanity to man.' The sight was one to make the angels weep—and well might England's greatest soldier be excused—aye, commended—for so doing, as it is recorded of him that he did. Bearers were going to and from the places where the thickest of the fight had been, bringing in all the wounded they could find, succouring on the spot those who were in too evil case to bear removal. Silently flitted the devoted priests from one dying soldier to another. Words, sometimes of hope for this life; anon, of consolation in leaving it for the life to come, mingled with the tramp of the fatigue party bearing the wounded away to where the flickering gleams on the ridge beyond showed stacks of arms piled and men moving backwards and forwards in the light of the camp fires. Most of those who had taken part in the awful conflict of the day had sunk into dreamless slumbers, worn out in body and harrowed up in soul. Few of that mighty host, excepting always the sentinels pacing up and down, were awake: but of that few, Paul Westbury was one.

His regiment had only been thrown into action, as we have seen, at the latter end of the day, but the fighting was terrible whilst they were engaged in repelling that last desperate attack of Napoleon's picked warriors. The young sergeant had borne his part in the conflict right well, and in doing so he had received a sword-slash on the head. This he had made light of, and now, having a bandage roughly fixed on it, he felt quite well able to move about. To the God of battles he gave his heartfelt thanks, in his own quiet way: then he cast about him to see what he could do to show that gratitude, with which his heart was filled, in some practical manner. With the battlefield before him, the groans of the anguished and dying sounding in his ears, he had not far to seek for an opportunity. Taking a tin of water and a flask of brandy, he started silently off on his errand of mercy as soon as duty permitted.

As surely as the vultures scent out carrion, so surely do the human night-hawks follow, hanging on the skirts of an army, until, when men are wounded and dying, their chance comes to pillage, and, if needs be, to murder the helpless. Of these fiends in human form there was no lack upon that fatal field, and Paul was already too old a soldier to be caught without his arms; he had brought his bayonet, and felt prepared for an encounter with half a dozen of the despoilers of the dead.

The fitful rays of the moon lighted him on his way, except here and there when passing clouds obscured the light. To one wounded man he had given drink; another's head he pillowed on his coat, so that he might get some ease; a third he promised to send the bearers for, carefully marking down the spot where the poor fellow lay, a shattered leg giving him no moment's peace—then, as Paul was sadly passing on to where he heard a faint voice calling for water, his quick eye made out, in the semi-darkness, three figures grouped around a fallen man, probably one of the wounded. Hastening forward, fearing he hardly knew what, the young man, in a dozen strides, came up to the group.

Three of the hardly human wretches already spoken of were busily robbing some of those unable to help themselves. They had evidently been some time here, for the soldier lying helpless at their feet was nearly naked, every article of clothing of any value having been stripped off his now shivering body. Ten paces beyond the group lay the prostrate form of a priest, who, Paul afterwards found out, had remonstrated with the wretches and had been hurled violently to the ground for his interference. The fellow who had just struck him to the earth was still standing over him in a threatening attitude, when our young giant, looking in the gloom even bigger than he was, appeared upon the scene. Catching the two ruffians nearest him each by the back of the neck, he banged their heads together with such a hearty goodwill that one was stretched senseless on the earth, whilst the other appeared for a few moments completely dazed; then, sharply turning on the third, who still stooped over the priest, Paul gave him a terrific kick which sent the scoundrel flying over the body of the man he was threatening. He fell with a crash upon his face, and lay there stunned.

Almost at the same moment the priest rose to his feet, and in very good English thanked Paul quietly for his timely help. Then they both turned their attention to the unhappy wounded man lying before them, first trying to get some warmth into his body by laying his clothing on him, and Paul quickly slipped off his own large cloak, and covered the poor man with it from head to foot. A little brandy was got down his throat, and in a few minutes the warmth revived him to consciousness of what was going on around.

'Could you bear to be moved?' said Paul, kneeling down beside him and speaking close to his ear.

The wounded man feebly shook his head, pressing his hand over the region of the heart at the same time. Paul again forced a few drops of the cordial through his teeth.

'Come, comrade,' he said, in kindly tones, 'try to bear the pain of the moving, and the good priest here, or I, will go back to the camp for a litter. Will you try?'

A long pause ensued, and just as the young sergeant was bending down to repeat his question, the man's lips moved again, and he nodded his head in token of assent.

'There is, perhaps, a life to be saved here,' Paul said to the priest; 'we cannot tell, but if we could get him taken back to camp on a litter, he could at least die in more comfort. Without a fire we can get no life, no warmth into these stiffened limbs. Will you go for help or shall I?'

The priest rose. 'I will go,' he said, and at once

started for the spot which Paul had pointed out to him.

Half an hour passed slowly away, and the sound of the picket's measured tramping in the distance was the only one which struck upon his ear. The wounded man lay without speaking, and Paul remained watching silently by his side. Then the regular step of feet in the distance, and coming gradually nearer and nearer, aroused him. He started to his feet and called to the men whom his eye could now just make out. They heard him and hurried up to the spot, accompanied by the priest.

Paul once more knelt down, and tenderly bent over the prostrate man.

'The bearers are come for you, comrade,' he said gently. 'Try to bear the pain of moving: the camp is but a short way from—— Great heavens!' he exclaimed as a ray of moonlight suddenly shone out from behind the cloud which had so long hidden it, and fell upon the face of the dying man. It was a cry of intense surprise; for in that moment Paul Westbury had seen the face of the man for whose crime he himself had been a fugitive from England for so long.

The light which enabled Paul to see his old enemy also revealed the young soldier's features to the sufferer. A low groan escaped him, and the hand that had been out-stretched towards the nearest litter-bearer dropped helplessly at his side. He turned away his face from the eager gaze fastened upon it.

At this juncture an army surgeon pushed his way through the little knot of soldiers, and, dropping on his knees beside the sick man, quickly ran his hand over him, lightly touching pulse and heart, and finally examining a gaping wound just over the lungs. Turning his head, he motioned the ambulance-men away, saying in a low tone, so that the patient should not overhear: 'Don't move him—he has been fatally stabbed, and would bleed to death all the quicker if he were to be carried. Nothing can be done: he must die.'

But low as his voice had been, an exclamation from the dying man told that he had overheard the words.

'Nothing can be done? I must die? is that what they say? I've got something to tell: something to tell about him,' and he feebly looked towards Paul as he spoke.

Paul again bent down whilst the rest of the group drew closer to catch the words which came with such difficulty from the failing lips.

'I—I am not a soldier, as you think me. I was a camp-follower. I was not wounded in the battle to-day. My mate stabbed me as—as we were quarrelling over this dead soldier's coat, I had got——' Here he paused for breath, and Paul again poured a little of the brandy through his unwilling lips. After a long pause he went on: 'The villain—the cursed villain—to stick a knife into me like that! that fellow lying there did it. I was as bad as him, robbing the dead soldiers, but it didn't do any harm, that—the dead men didn't want their clothes, did they? There was one man, though, we were stripping, and he came to life again, and—well, we knocked him on the head——' But the dying wretch was too far gone to note the thrill of horror that caused even the rugged soldiers around him to shudder at his words.

He soon resumed, after his head had been freshly pillowed: 'If I'm going to die, I want to say first that it was me—me and the villain that's lying there, him that's murdered me—that knocked down the man on the Gravesend road; this young man'—looking at Paul—'the constables took him for it, the fools—why it was he that came up and spoilt our game: we ran off and the constables caught him instead of us. I heard all about it afterwards; and how—how he escaped from them, and they never could find him again—and all the time it was me and two others—us three that did the robbery. We didn't want to murder the man, but it seems he died after we had done with him. Bully Ben did it—did it with his loaded stick, and there he lies, after murdering his pal—the villain!'

'Is this true, sergeant?' whispered the surgeon.

'It is quite true, sir, as far as the part I played in it is concerned. But I will tell you the whole story another time. At present, as you will see, it is most important that we should have witnesses to this man's confession, because it is the only thing which will enable me to hold up my head again under my right name, which is Westbury.'

'Well, there will be no lack of witnesses, for every one of the half-dozen men here has heard his confession. See if you can get his name from him.'

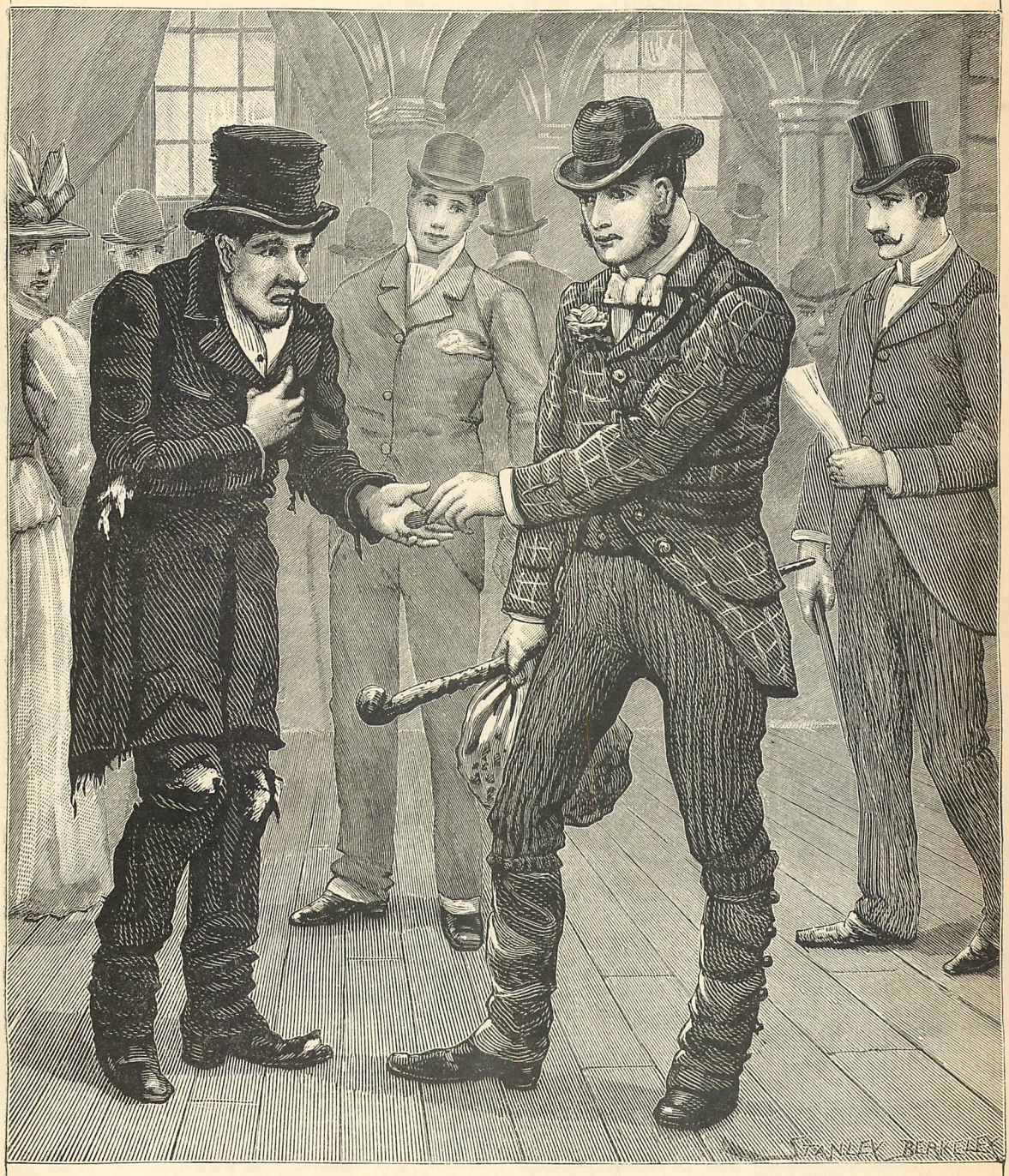
'I don't bear you any ill-will, my man,' said Paul, kindly, as he knelt by the man's side. 'Whatever harm you've done me in the past, has been well paid for by what you have just told us. Can you give me your name and any information——' but here he stopped abruptly, for the man's glazing eyes, seen by the light of the lantern held close to his head, told Paul that the miscreant was dead. One hand was clasping the second finger of the other; a finger which was encircled by a broad gold ring. Something led Paul Westbury to draw the ring gently off, and examine it under the lantern; inside it was engraved the name 'Adam Crosbie;' it was the name found marked on the linen of the man whom he tried to rescue on the Gravesend road that eventful night.

Laying a coat decently over the face of the dead man, the party picked up the fellows so roughly handled by the young Fusilier, and took them back into camp. Next day, a drum-head court-martial, a short shrift and a long rope quickly made three less in the villainous army of despoilers of the dead.

The victorious troops were not long in leaving the plains of Waterloo and returning to Brussels. With what different feelings must they all have made that return journey, to those which stirred their minds as they set out! Then, it was to wrestle in a desperate, final struggle with the greatest army, and led by one of the greatest soldiers in the world; now, God having granted them the victory, they were free to put war out of their minds, and to let their thoughts dwell solely upon the blessings of the coming peace. To add to Paul's joy, there was the delightful feeling that, by the confession of the dying malefactor on the battlefield, he would now be enabled to once more assume his rightful name, a name cleared of all stain of the crime for which he had so unjustly been a fugitive.

(*Concluded at page* 174.)

"I've got something to tell about him."



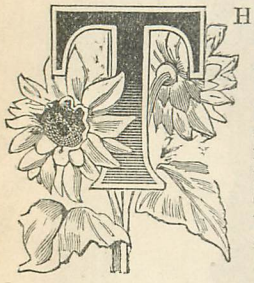
A Visit to Madame Tussaud's.

LIVING OR DEAD?

A YOUNG man from the country went to see Madame Tussaud's famous exhibition of wax-work figures in London. As soon as he got in he saw a poor, pinched, hungry-looking man in a corner, and, thinking it was a beggar, he went near and put a penny in its outstretched hand. From the laughter of the other visitors he soon found out his mistake. The poor beggar was a wax figure. He made up his mind not to be taken in again. He went into the large hall, and right at the end was the figure of a man by itself. When he got close up to it, he stood still to have a good look. Then he walked right round it, touched it, and marvelled how wax could be made so life-like. Presently there was a broad grin on the face of this figure, and the terrified countryman hurried out of the room, saying that it was impossible to tell dead people from the living, or the living from the dead.

THE SIX DECADES OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

FOURTH DECADE: A.D. 1867 TO 1877.



THERE was a good deal of trouble about the beginning of this decade with the Fenians, who are a party of Irish patriots desirous of separating Ireland from England, and making it an independent kingdom. Several painful conflicts took place between some of these men and the police. At Manchester, a constable in charge of a prison-van containing two arrested Fenians was shot, and three of those implicated in the murder were hanged. At Clerkenwell prison a quantity of gunpowder was exploded by Fenians in hope of liberating their comrades, and many people were killed. The Duke of Edinburgh, too, was fired at by a man named O'Ferral. This man was supposed to be acting in concert with the Fenians. The Duke was, at the time, far away from home in Australia. He was shot in the back, but though the ball made a nasty wound, it did not injure any important organ.

We may mention here the laying of the foundation-stone of that large building on the Thames-side, just opposite the Houses of Parliament. This is the Hospital of St. Thomas. The Queen laid the stone in May, A.D. 1868. She said a few words at the time with reference to the happy escape of her son from death.

A great stranger this year came to London—a man who, in days gone by, would have been regarded with abhorrence by every Christian as a deadly enemy of our religion. We mean the Sultan. It is true we had fought for him in the Crimean War, because we did not wish to see him bullied by Russia; but no one expected to see the Sultan here. Yet here he was, and well received, too. But later events have shown us that Sultans, or their advisers, are not to be trusted, as their religion teaches them to hate all Christians.

We were now at war with the Abyssinians, who had made some of our people prisoners. The consul, Mr. Cameron, was one of them. The others were missionaries. It is true that the Abyssinians are Christians, but, as they have been for many ages cut off from their brethren in Christ, they have become in need of teachers. Hence zealous men had gone thither to show the Abyssinians a more excellent way than their own. King Theodore had seemed glad to see them, but there is no dependence to be placed on such monarchs, and he cast them and the consul into prison. Consuls are important people, as they represent their Sovereign, and so are specially protected by the national flag. War was therefore made on Theodore, and a great success achieved with very small loss of life on our part. The King, who was a usurper, lay dead in the capital city of Magdala, when our soldiers, after a great display of military skill, captured the place. For his services, Sir Robert Napier became Lord Napier of Magdala.

In A.D. 1869 the new waterway called the Suez Canal was opened. The glory of it must be given to a French engineer named Lesseps. Many English people predicted that it would prove a failure, but the clear-headed Frenchman knew better, and he has been, by his able conduct, one of England's greatest benefactors. We are now, as a State, not only large shareholders in the canal, but more than half the ships which go along this fine water-course are under our flag.

We have now to mention one of the most tremendous wars which have ever shaken Europe. The two mighty peoples, French and German, fought several deadly battles. The Emperor of France picked the quarrel, for it is said he thought a war with Germany would, if successful, restore to him the influence he had lost. So it might have done, had the fortune of war not declared against him. The soldiers on either side were equally brave, but the Germans had the better generals, and their men were in a superior state of efficiency. The first fighting was in July, 1870, and by the month of September, Napoleon and a great part of his gallant army were compelled to surrender at Sedan. The Germans then advanced on the city of Paris, and besieged it. It held out for some time, but at a great cost. No one could enter the city, for it was surrounded by German soldiers. So food became scarcer and scarcer, and at length starvation produced, as it always does, sickness and death on a large scale. The city then yielded to the voice of necessity, and when the gates were open once more, the English people sent over a prodigious supply of food for the hungry citizens. Among other matters of interest connected with this war, we may note how the King of Prussia took the title of Emperor of

Germany; how the good Princess Alice helped to nurse the sick and wounded warriors at Mayence; how her sister's husband, the gallant Crown Prince, braved, with his old father, the perils of the march and combat; whilst the fallen Emperor, Napoleon, whose word once alarmed all nations, had to turn his weary steps to old England once more, and hide his head under the quiet shades of Chiselhurst. The stir made by this war was not over, when another danger threatened our Queen in the person of her eldest son. The Prince had been on a visit to Scarborough, and there it is supposed that he had breathed the germs of typhoid fever. Long did he hang, as it were, over the all-devouring grave, but God heard, we humbly believe, the devout prayers of His Church, and restored our Prince to health. A mercy like this to an exalted member of our Royal house required a public thanksgiving, and this was offered in the Cathedral of St. Paul on the 27th of February, A.D. 1872.

About this time, in A.D. 1870, Mr. Forster was laying before Parliament his Education Bill, which has covered the country with Board Schools and School Boards. It was felt to be high time that all children should be obliged to attend school, and acquire the elements of learning.

The much-wished-for 'Vote by Ballot' (one of the six points of the Charter) was now made law. Before this took place every vote was given openly, and it was known how you voted; but now each voter retires behind a screen, and makes his mark opposite the name of the candidate he favours. We ought not to be ashamed of people knowing what our politics are, but some thought that a secret vote would be the better, as it might happen that if a poor man voted against the wishes of his employer, he would lose his work and his wages; at least, he might do so if his master were a man of a domineering temper.

The Irish Home Rule party began now to be very busy in Parliament. They were at this time under the guidance of Mr. Butt.

The year 1873 witnessed the death and funeral of him who was so lately the mighty Emperor of France; and our Princess Alice lost a dear child in the same year through a most unfortunate accident. Her little son Ernest and his brother Frederick were playing in their mother's bed-room, when Ernest ran into a bath-room, where was an open window. The mother, afraid for Ernest, ran to bring him back; while doing so, Frederick went to the window of the bed-room, which was also open, and let a toy fall out. In trying to regain the toy, he lost his balance and fell also. The poor boy lived only a very short time after the fall.

The world was taken by surprise in the following year by the Shah of Persia becoming a traveller. Never had a Shah done such a thing before. But tidings of the marvels which England, France, and other Western folk could show, roused the curiosity of the Persian ruler, and, like the Queen of Sheba, he came to see for himself whether it were as it had been told him. He came, he saw, and he kept a diary of all his adventures, and very amusing it is. Poor Shah! He was killed a short time since by a man who thought he was doing the world a service. How many rulers have died in a similar way!

The Queen's second son now formed an alliance with the Russian Royal house. May it cement, or help to cement, the two great empires! The Tsar, soon after this marriage, paid the Queen a visit, as was proper. He had a great reception in our vast metropolis, and he made a very pleasant and hopeful speech, when his health was drunk with much enthusiasm.

We have hardly any room for much on the Ashanti War, but our readers may like to know that if any one visits the Kensington Museum, he may see the black king's state umbrella, which the poor man would not have parted with had he not been beaten by Sir Garnet Wolseley.

A better trophy than the Ashanti King's umbrella was brought to England's Queen on the 3rd of December in the same year. This was four books containing nearly twelve millions of French people's names. Why these splendid books? They were intended to tell the Queen and her subjects how grateful France was for the services English people had rendered to her in the war. Their title was, 'Britanniæ grata Gallia,' *i.e.*, Gaul, or France, returns thanks to Britain. A little jealousy came over some of the grateful Frenchmen about the same time, when it was known that the shrewd Disraeli, or 'Dizzy,' had bought shares in the Suez Canal to the amount of several millions. But why not? The shares were for sale, and Dizzy bought them as a good investment for the nation's money.

The Transvaal was also annexed, but, as we shall see, it had to be given up again to the Dutch. It is not for us to judge the policy of our Governments, and let us remember there are always two sides to every question. Probably we all agree now, at least, that the Queen was very properly created Empress of India, and proclaimed by the Indian title of Kaiser-i-Hind on New-year's Day, A.D. 1877.

Much trouble was going on in Turkey; the Sultan was dethroned, and most likely murdered also. The people of Bulgaria were most cruelly treated by the barbarous Turks. Russia declared war against her old enemy, and some awful fighting took place, for the Turks, if a decaying power, are excellent soldiers. Many Englishmen sided with the one, and many with the other; but, we think, if England were polled to-day, very few would stand up for the Turk, who has proved himself a cruel and brutal person. This question, called the Eastern Question, is too intricate to be more than alluded to in these pages. It has yet to be settled, but it may not be until those who are now boys have become men.

G. S. O.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

DO not tell me of to-morrow,
There is much to do to-day;
That can never be accomplished
If we throw the hours away!
Every moment has its duty,
Who the future can foretell?
Then, why put off till to-morrow
What to-day can do as well?

PICTURE PUZZLE

Word Jumble. Each of these 19 spaces contains an object representing portion of a word. There are 7 words in all, what are they?

For Answers, see page 179.

The Cuckoo and the Swallow.

THE CUCKOO AND THE SWALLOW.

THESE birds are visitors who come to us only as the weather gets mild. They generally appear about the end of April or early in May. Mr. White tells us that if the Swallows find that they have come too soon, and that there is still frost and snow in the air, they withdraw themselves for a time.

The swallows are plainly formed for spending most of their time in the air, for they have long sickle-like wings and a stiff, firm, forked tail, for use in flight, while they have very slim legs and tender toes, not at all suited for much walking.

They feed on insects, which they capture in the air with their wide-gaping mouths, chasing them sometimes so high up that we can scarcely see them, and sometimes skimming after gnats on the very surface of lake or pool.

It is amusing to see how the old swallows teach the young ones the ways of bird-life. As soon as the young ones are fledged enough to leave the nest, the old birds manage to get them on to the branch of a tree or the roof of the house, and there they sit perched in a row, while their parents look after them, and give them a mouthful of bird-fare now and then.

In a day or two more the little *perchers* become *fliers*, but still they cannot catch their own insects, so the old birds still cater for them. As soon as the mother-swallow has got a mouthful of flies she gives a signal to one of her youngsters, and then they rise and meet each other in the air at an angle, and the mother feeds her nestling, who twitters out thanks in such a quick note of gratitude, that every one who has seen this pretty sight must have been pleased at it.

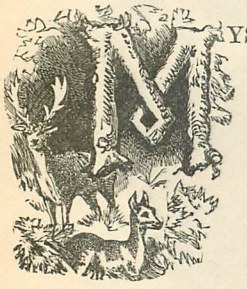
The Cuckoo has its name from the sound of its note. It is different from all other birds in this—that it never builds a nest for itself, but places its eggs in the nest of some small bird, and leaves them in the care of these foster-parents, who probably know nothing about the little stranger which is among their own family party. Various birds are burdened with this charge, especially the Hedge Warbler, the Pied Wagtail, the Meadow Pipit, the Blackbird, and the Finches.

In Denmark a curious reason is given by the poor people for this freak of the cuckoo. In the early spring, when the voice of the cuckoo is first heard in the woods, every village girl asks, 'Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?' and all the old folk with

rheumatics ask, 'Cuckoo, Cuckoo, when shall I be released from this world's cares?' They think that the bird says 'Cuckoo' as many times as there are to be years before what they wish comes to pass. But as some old folk live to a great age, and many girls are never married, the poor bird has so much to do in answering questions put to her, that the building season goes by, and she has no time to make a nest of her own, but is forced to lay her eggs in that of the Hedge-sparrow.

'PRIVATE PETER WEST.'

(*Concluded from page* 167.)



MYSTERIOUS, indeed, are the ways of Providence: 'out of evil cometh good.' But for the false accusation, the escape, the enlistment, the transfer to the seat of war, Paul Westbury might still have been miserably living out his joyless life at the Gravesend homestead, his nature getting more and more embittered each day by his elder half-brother's conduct; as it was, he had won distinction on the battle-field, he had received his reward in promotion, and hoped soon to display upon his manly breast the medal which should tell all men of honourable and loyal service on the terrible fields of St. Sebastian and Waterloo; and last, but not least, he had gained the friendship of Sir James Cornforth and his daughter, who, he was assured, would rejoice equally with himself in the fact that he could now stand forth before the world as a man innocent of the grave offence with which he had been charged.

Immediately the gallant 17th Fusiliers returned to England, Paul had an interview with Sir James, laying before him the statement which he had written out from memory, of the unknown miscreant's confession, which statement was subscribed by no less than five names in addition to his own. This, Sir James at once undertook to forward to the proper quarter, together with a request for Paul's discharge from the army as soon as the authorities could see fit to dispense with his services, Sir James himself undertaking to pay the money requisite for buying him out.

Paul thought it a matter of duty to go, as soon as he could obtain the temporary leave for which he had applied, to see his half-brother, Cornelius. Shortly after he set out on his journey with somewhat mixed feelings in his breast, and a certain amount of wonder as to the way in which he would be received. The 17th Fusiliers had been quartered at Chatham on their return from Brussels, and so the young sergeant had no great way to travel before he came in sight of the old house, a little more dilapidated than it had been when he had left it, but otherwise looking pretty much as he last remembered the familiar scene.

Paul pushed open the gate, and walked up the narrow garden path—now rankly overgrown with weeds—and knocked upon the door.

'Who's there?' came the harsh tones which sounded so familiar in his ears. 'Why don't you come in if you've got anything to say to me?'

'Cornelius,' answered Paul, 'I have just come back from foreign service, and I have called to see you.'

'Well, I don't want to see *you*, my fine fellow. A Fusilier, hey?' said Cornelius, as his eyes rested on the red uniform and black bearskin busby. 'Well, I am sure the family ought to feel itself highly honoured by your enlisting for a soldier.'

'Why not?' answered Paul, taking no notice of the other's sneering tone, and seating himself in the arm-chair opposite that of his brother.

'Why not?' he repeated.

'A very pretty thing for the son of a Captain in the navy to take the King's shilling; very pretty, I must say. But I suppose it is all you were ever fit for—food for powder!'

'Well, I don't think the authorities look upon me as one of their bad bargains. At all events they have made me a sergeant before I have had two year's service. I wear, as you see, the stripes, and I must say that I fail to find anything very disgraceful in a man's fighting for his flag. I have heard people say that the man who sits at home might better be accused of disgraceful conduct when his country has need of his services.'

Cornelius flushed angrily at the retort.

'Whether wearing a private soldier's uniform is a disgrace or not, escaping from justice is, young man, and I wonder you have the face to appear in this part of the world, after first committing a robbery—even if you did not mean to kill the man by your violence—and then flying the country.'

'I did not come here to discuss these matters with you, Cornelius, nor shall I permit you to dictate to me what is, or what is not, an honourable course for me to take. But,' bending forward earnestly as he spoke, and looking the other full in the face, 'Cornelius, I will ask you this question: Did you, *do* you believe, for one instant, that I ever could have been really guilty of that offence?'

The elder man quailed. He shifted his eyes uneasily about the room, and then thrusting his chin out defiantly exclaimed:

'Yes, I did: yes, I *do!*'

'You neither did nor do. Come, Cornelius, you never liked me, I know, but do me the justice—why, man alive! do yourself the justice of saying frankly, that you never could have thought it. Be honest and fair about the matter and we can part, even if we cannot meet, as friends.'

Cornelius rose to his feet, and pale with suppressed vexation, he said:

'Listen to me, my good fellow. You did this business—you robbed this man right enough. Why, only the day before, you were here, in this very room, pestering me for money—what you wanted it for I don't know.'

'You do know perfectly well,' said Paul, calmly. 'I wanted money in order to learn some business by which I could get my living.'

'So you say. Well, you can't get anything out of me, and you go out of the house saying, or, at all events thinking, that money you must have, and then the constables find you kneeling over this man with his watch—no, his scarf-pin—I like to be quite accurate you see—in your hand. Why, they caught you in the very act—red-handed. And then what do you do?'

'Well, I called you as a witness, Cornelius, and you did your best to get me convicted,' put in Paul, quietly.

'I did what was my duty, sir, and please don't interrupt me till I have finished what I want to say. You ran away and enlisted—though I never knew that, till to-day——'

Paul again interrupted. 'I wrote and told you I had enlisted.'

Cornelius took no notice, but continued, his shrill voice rising in increased anger as he went on.

'—— and now you come home here as a common soldier, and I suppose your real object is to try and extort some money from me? Well, you won't get any, that's very certain. And when you leave the army—get drummed out very likely, I should think—I have no doubt you would find it very convenient to come and live with me here——'

'Heaven forbid!' broke out Paul. 'Not while there is a crossing to sweep for my daily dinner!'

'Very pretty talk, but I dare say you would be very glad to come if I would stand it. Anyhow, you have come here to-day, reckoning upon my soft-heartedness——'

'Your what?' asked Paul.

'My soft-heartedness,' bawled the other, 'and——'

'Where do you keep it, Cornelius? Have you got it about you now?'

Cornelius would have liked to have fallen upon Paul and pommelled him, but the big Fusilier sergeant was not an inviting object for attack.

'Anyhow, you are not welcome, and never will be welcome, in my house. You are an escaped felon and are liable to arrest at any moment. I don't want the constables to seize you here and bring disgrace upon the house.'

'Make your mind quite easy on that scene. Firstly, I am not a felon, because I never was convicted, and secondly, the particulars of my case are, at the present moment, before the authorities, from whom I am daily expecting my discharge. But I did not come here with any object, except that of making friends again with you. As that seems, in your present temper, quite out of the question——'

'Quite out of the question, I can assure you.'

'I will go,' continued Paul, still unruffled. 'One of these days, you will see things in another light.'

'Never,' growled out the elder.

'Well, I think you will, and every man is entitled to his own opinion, you know. However, for the present, I'll say good-bye. What, you won't give me a hand-shake?'

'I wouldn't give you the parings of my finger-nails,' exclaimed Cornelius, insultingly.

'Wouldn't be of the slightest use to me if you did, thanks,' answered Paul, quite good-humouredly, but with a spice of banter in his tones. 'Good-bye, Cornelius. I hope next time we meet that you will look at things in a more reasonable light,' and picking up his busby and stick, he turned to go.

'And I—I hope we shall never meet any more,' cried the other, savagely. 'You have disgraced me by your conduct. I never wish to see you again!'

Paul did not deign to make any answer, and unwilling to prolong an unpleasant scene, he walked straight out of the house.

The following day, a letter arrived at the Chatham barracks for Paul, which ran as follows:—

'Carn Brea, Cumberland.

'My dear young Friend,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to inform you that your discharge is granted, and the papers may be expected to arrive at Chatham any day now. His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department will, in view of the excellent military service you have rendered, take upon himself to recommend the Sovereign to grant you a gracious pardon for having done nothing, which is a curious plan rendered necessary by the present state of the law. In other words, your case having been fully inquired into, the authorities have satisfied themselves that you were entirely innocent, and therefore they grant you a pardon for the crime you did not commit! This sounds funny, does it not?

'And now to come to matters personal between you and me. As soon as your discharge arrives, pack up and come to Carn Brea. If you have formed no other plans in life, it will afford me a genuine pleasure if the son of my dear old friend, Cornelius Westbury, will consent to act as agent for my estates here in Cumberland. My son is always away, engaged on his military duties; I myself am getting on in years, and no longer feel quite equal to the amount of outdoor exertion requisite for properly looking after those estates myself. I am a rich man; I can well afford myself the luxury of an agent and manager; I shall give you a salary which will be ample for any young bachelor's requirements. From what my daughter has told me, however, it does not seem quite certain that you intend to always remain a bachelor—but for my part, I can hardly believe that you could be so imprudent and wanting in worldly wisdom as to marry!

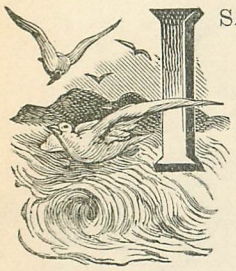
'And, now, having had my little joke, I say in all seriousness, my dear fellow, that Maud has told me how affairs stand with her and you—and frankly speaking the old man did not need much telling!—and that on account of your position you felt, and very properly felt, that you could not make her a proposal of marriage; and knowing all this, and valuing as I do you high character, your manly service to your flag, and the help you have rendered to me and mine on more than one occasion, I invite you to Carn Brea, not only as my prospective agent, but also as my prospective son-in-law. And apart from my love for you as a man—apart from the fact that you are the son of a very dear old friend of my boyhood's days—I shall welcome you to my heart and home all the more warmly on account of those events in your life which occurred, not whilst you were Paul Westbury, but when you bore the now well-known and honoured name of "Private Peter West."'

Paul receives a Welcome Letter.

"Nothing was to be seen save some screaming sea-birds and a shoal of porpoises."

A BOY'S VISIT TO ICELAND.

CHAPTER I.



'I SAY, Jim, look here. I have something to say to you; wait for me when the class is over, and let us walk home together.' So said Frank Norman to his chosen friend, Jim Arbuthnot, who nodded his head in reply, and then settled down to his Latin grammar.

Here let me say that these two boys, who were both about fourteen, were scholars at the High School, Edinburgh, in which city each had his home. An hour later and they were hastening away from school; Frank Norman talking fast and eagerly, while Jim Arbuthnot was listening with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks. After a while, the lads separated, each making his way to his own home, and we must now follow Jim Arbuthnot, who, in his excitement, took to running at the top of his speed. He soon dashed into his mother's sitting-room, and nearly overwhelmed the poor lady with the eagerness with which he repeated the wonderful story told him by his friend. 'Mother, mother!' he cried, 'here is a piece of news for you—the most delightful news I ever heard. Frank Norman's father is going to visit Iceland, and, as Frank has never got back his strength since that illness he had in winter, he means to take him with him, and, oh, mother, Mr. Norman says that, if you will give your consent, he will take me too! Oh, mother, you will let me go, won't you?' Here Jim paused to take breath, and looked eagerly up in his mother's face.

'But, my boy,' she said, in some astonishment, 'how can I make such a promise as that? It would be an expensive trip, and you know, Jim, that I have very little money to spend upon amusements of any kind. My dear boy,' she added, 'you know I should like to make you happy, but ——'

'But, mother, I have not told you all,' replied Jim eagerly. 'Mr. Norman says that he means to be paymaster for all the three of us; he says that if you will let me go with him and Frank, I am to leave my purse behind me—isn't he kind, mother?'

But the colour rose in Mrs. Arbuthnot's pale cheeks. 'Dear Jim,' she said, 'it is certainly kind of him to make any such proposal; but, my dear, why should we be so indebted to him? I would need to know everything about it before I could give my consent to anything of that kind.'

'Here it is, mother,' said the boy. 'The doctor is very anxious for Frank to go, he thinks the sea voyage would do him so much good, but Frank would rather not go unless he has a companion with him, and so his father says that he wants me to go for Frank's sake, and that he will be so much obliged to you; but, mother, he says that he means to call here to see you, and lay it all before you; so, if he comes to-day, oh, please, do give your consent!'

Well, to make a long story short, Mr. Norman did make his appearance that very afternoon, and, after half-an-hour's conversation with Mrs. Arbuthnot, everything was pleasantly arranged; and Jim remained on the doorstep watching Mr. Norman's departure, with his heart brimming over with happiness and delighted expectation as to all he was to see, and to do, in those far-off regions of the North.

Very little preparation was needed by the boys before setting out. Some warm clothing, of course, had to be bought; a long waterproof overcoat, with overboots of the same material, both of these being needed for riding, with any degree of comfort, in Iceland, where there are often lashing rains, and where it is necessary to splash through mud puddles and to ford rivers—for our readers must bear in mind that there are no carriage-roads in Iceland. All travelling is done on horseback, a state of matters which, when explained to the boys, filled their young hearts with the greatest delight.

On Monday afternoon, then, the 18th July, all needful preparations having been made, Jim said good-bye to his dear mother, rattled down to Leith in a cab, and speedily found himself on board the *Polar Star*. Mr. Norman and Frank had arrived there before him. The two boys were shown into one of those narrow spaces which pass for bedrooms on board ship, and soon they felt themselves quite at home. Towards evening steam was got up, and, amid cheers from the bystanders on the jetty, the *Polar Star* started on her voyage. As the evening was fine, and not too cold, the boys remained on deck for some time, watching the towers and steeps of old Edinburgh as they faded away in the distance. Then the Great Bass Rock came into view, with its screaming wild fowl; but soon it, too, was left behind, and amid mist and spray, and the thickening shadows of night, they bade farewell to land, and took a north-east course into the German Ocean. Next morning the *Polar Star* was alone on the heaving waters. No trace of 'Caledonia, stern and wild,' was to be seen.

CHAPTER II.

THE following morning Frank and Jim tumbled out of their berths at a very early hour, and, making their way on deck, they gazed all about them, quite delighted with the novelty of their surroundings.

The wind had changed during the night, the mistiness had entirely disappeared, and the weather was clear but very cold, so that the boys were glad to run races from one end of the deck to the other to keep some warmth in their limbs. Nothing was to be seen anywhere, save some screaming sea-birds wheeling overhead, and a shoal of porpoises rolling and tumbling one over the other in clumsy play. After watching these curious creatures for some time, the boys were summoned downstairs to breakfast, to which they did ample justice. But except the porpoises, nothing occurred to break the monotony of this day, save the regular occurrence of meals, tramping along the deck, and gazing through telescopes, until evening was drawing near, when

Mr. Norman called the boys to him, and pointed out to them Fair Isle, the most out-lying island of the Shetland group, to the east of which is the passage usually taken into the North Sea.

'Then, we are not done with Great Britain yet,' remarked Frank; 'for, of course, Shetland belongs to our country.'

'Yes, it does,' replied his father; 'but no seafaring man is fond of Fair Isle. It is an unfortunate little place, only three miles long by two broad, and inhabited by scarcely more than 200 people; but this harmless-looking little green island has done a great deal of mischief in its day, and may, probably, do more. It lies so much in the way of shipping, and the sea is so often boisterous in these latitudes, that many a goodly ship has been wrecked here, and (in bygone times, at least) it was no uncommon thing for the crews of these ships to be robbed, instead of being assisted by the islanders. All plundering, however, is long ago at an end. The present inhabitants are quiet, harmless people, chiefly engaged—the men in fishing and the women in knitting.'

'They must be awfully ignorant people, I should say,' remarked Jim Arbuthnot thoughtfully.

'Not at all, Jim,' replied Mr. Norman; 'they have, actually, a public school among them, and a Church of Scotland Mission. But, boys, here is a fact which you ought to know: it was upon this tiny island that the Admiral of the Spanish Armada was wrecked in A.D. 1588. He escaped, along with a few of his crew, and it was during their enforced stay in that desolate spot that the wrecked Spaniards taught the natives of Fair Isle to knit certain parti-coloured articles, which are seen nowhere else.'

'Do you think that can be true, father?' asked Frank.

'We have no reason to doubt it,' replied Mr. Norman. 'Curiously coloured gloves and stockings are sold in the Edinburgh shops to this day, and these come from Fair Isle, and are quite unlike the ordinary Shetland hosiery.'

'Well,' said Jim, 'I wonder the people do not emigrate. What a wretched life it must be to live in an island so small as that.'

'I think you are right, Jim,' said Mr. Norman; 'but home is home, and the people do not seem inclined to leave their little island, but prefer to live and die where they were born. But now that we have passed Fair Isle, the next land we reach will be the Faroe Islands, which, I suppose you know, belong to Denmark. We are to land there, and remain, at least, for four days; so, boys, you will soon have your feet on *terra firma* once more.'

'Well, I shan't be sorry,' remarked Jim. 'I think I would very soon find it tiresome to be on shipboard with nothing to do, nothing to look at, but these tumbling waves and screeching sea-birds; besides, I am so impatient to get to Iceland.'

'And so am I,' remarked Frank. 'I can't say that I care much for landing on the Faroe Islands at all. I don't suppose there is much to see there.'

'Well, Frank, in a few days we may expect to reach Iceland; but you don't know what lies before you when you do get there. You and Jim must be ready to spend hours on horseback, over roads of the roughest kind—that is to say, if you expect to see the Geysers. You must also sleep one night, or, perhaps, two, in a tent, whatever the weather may be. How do you think you will like that?'

'I think it will be very jolly,' cried both boys at once.

Mr. Norman laughed. 'Well, I hope we may all enjoy it,' he said. 'For my part, I feel rather afraid of the long, rough ride; but it can't be helped. There are no railways in Iceland, nor carriages of any kind, and the Geysers are seventy miles distant from Reikjavik.'

'All the better for us!' cried Jim excitedly. 'Won't I astonish mother when I get home again!'

But though both boys had expressed a strong dislike to put off their time by visiting the Faroe Islands, they had not the least idea what glorious fun they were to have after reaching that desolate place. Our young readers will hear all about it in the following chapters of our story.

(*Continued at page* 186.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS.

24.—1. Teach, cheat.
2. Board, broad.
3. Care, race.
4. Space, paces.
5. Grown, wrong.
6. Rose, sore.
7. Name, mane.
8. Felt, left.

25.—1. The letter I.
2. Bacon.
3. Because the less weight it carries, the faster it goes.
4. When a rash man eats a rasher.
5. When it rained cats and dogs.
6. Because they are born to blubber.
7. Because what he gives is nothing to nobody.
8. Herodotus (hero, dot us).
9. An army.
10. When the Russian army fought at Inkerman (a tinker man).
11. I have not a notion (an ocean).
12. A man-of-war.

26.—1. Character.
2. Turnip.
3. Overwhelm.
4. Extreme.
5. Harmony.
6. Kingdom.
7. Darkness.
8. Peasant.
9. Progress.
10. Learning.
11. Nosegay.
12. Wonderful.
13. Padlock.
14. Retreat.
15. Whipcord.
16. Friendship.

ANSWERS TO PICTURE PUZZLE.

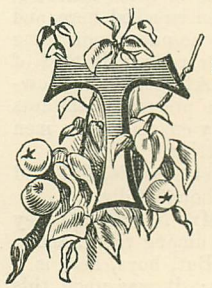
Spokes + Man = Spokesman.
Cocoa + Nuts = Cocoa-nuts.
Arch + Bi + Shop = Archbishop.
Ring + Bolt = Ringbolt.
Pen + I + Tent = Penitent.
E + Van + E + Scent = Evanescent.
Ten + An + Table = Tenantable.

THE DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.

THE Deadly Nightshade, so called from its poisonous berries, grows luxuriantly in some parts of England; so much so that it has given to the valley, where stand the beautiful and extensive ruins of Furness Abbey, the name of 'The Glen of Deadly Nightshade.' Dr. Salmon tells us, that 'it once grew in an orchyard of Lyme Regis, near the south gate, where it bore noble and great berries, as large as black cherries, of which a boy, Job Taylor by name,' (and Dr. Salmon's playfellow), 'eat several, by which he was poisoned, and died in a violent fever, and all in about two hours' time: for which accident's sake the owner of the orchyard rooted it out of his ground.'

The deadly nightshade has flowers of a dull purple colour; it thrives best in waste places near the sea-shore, above high-water mark. This is the plant which the Roman soldiers are supposed to have eaten in the Parthian war, when they were suffering from hunger. Plutarch tells us that on this occasion it produced loss of the senses, and that the unfortunate victims 'were prone to move every stone they met with, as though in some important pursuit,' until at last the poison subdued their strength and they died. Buchanan relates, that the Scots mixed the juice of this plant with the food which they supplied to the Danes, their invaders, and they were so intoxicated by it that they were easily overcome. R. B.

BLUE TITS AND APPLE-BLOSSOMS.



THE Blue Tit has many names. His family name is Titmouse. This he shares in common with the Bearded Titmouse, the Colemouse, the Crested Titmouse, the Great Titmouse, the Long-tailed Titmouse, the Marsh Titmouse, the Wood Titmouse, and others.

The family character is marked by such distinctions as a narrow bill, a little compressed, but strong and hard and sharp-pointed; round nostrils, covered with bristles; a tongue which is said to be truncated—that is, it appears as though it had been abruptly cut off (from the end of this strange-looking tongue proceed three or four bristles); toes divided to their beginning, and the back toe long and very strong. These are family features which the Blue Tit shares with his many relations. He has special nicknames of his own. Thus, some speak and write of him as the Tomtit, Nun, Hickmall, Blue-cap, while others confer upon him such names as Tinnock, Willow-biter, and Titmal.

You can see, by looking at the picture, that Mr. Blue Tit is not a large bird. He measures neither more nor less, from bill to tail-tip, than four and a half inches, and weighs less than the fifth part of an ounce avoirdupois.

The colour of his bill is dusky, and the pupil of his eye light brown. His forehead and his cheeks are white, and the crown of his head a fine blue. His back is of a yellowish green, his wings and tail are blue, and his breast and under-part yellow. His legs are lead-colour and very slender.

Blue Tit is no coward. Indeed, he is of a brave and venturesome spirit. In winter, he does not hesitate to enter the house or the kennel for the sake of plunder, and during the hard weather he is not above devouring flesh greedily, nor is he particular as to its freshness, but will eat it when quite tainted. Where horse-flesh is kept for the hounds, there little Blue Tit snatches a meal, not alarmed by the dogs, who become *quite used to* his presence, and do not grudge him his tiny bits.

During the time when the oats are growing, Blue Tit is a frequent visitor to the farmyard and the

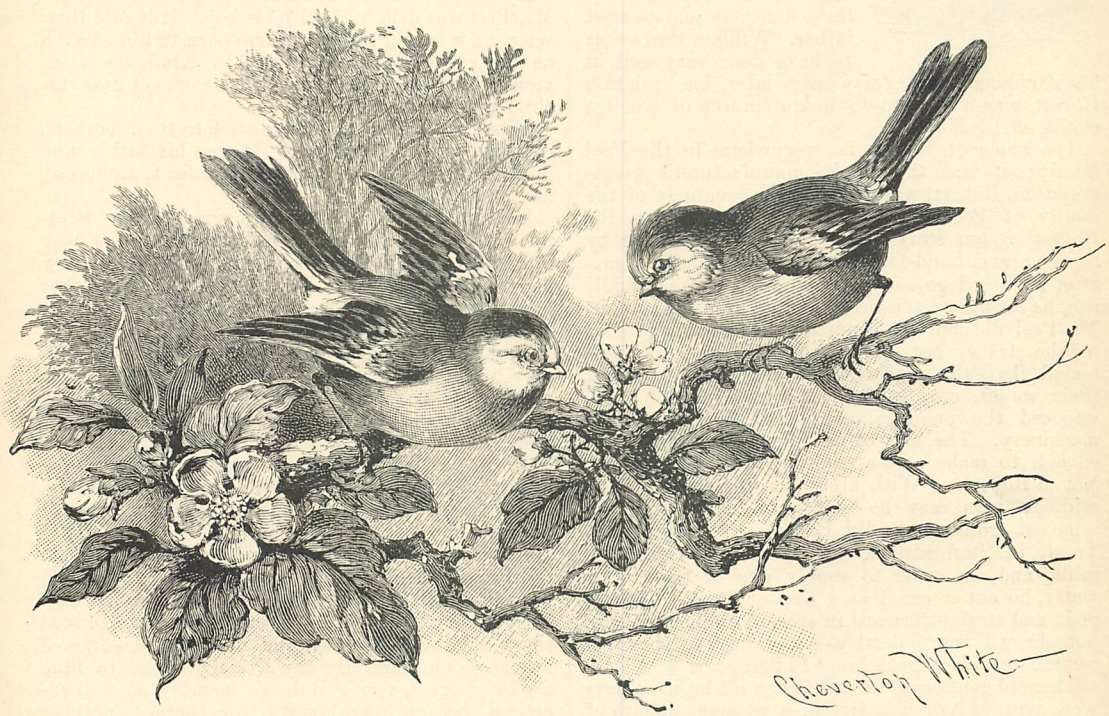
fields. Plucking an oat, he flies off with it to a neighbouring bush, fixes the grain between his claws, hammers it with his bill to break the husk, and then eats the soft part.

In the summer, Blue Tit varies his diet. He relishes nothing so much as a few tender insects. He is diligent in his search for these delicacies. We see him and Mrs. Blue Tit on a bough of apple-blossom, about to pluck off a young bud from the fruit-tree, the better to get at the insects. Nor does he always confine his search to fruit-trees—all young trees, more or less, yield him a meal.

fully weigh it, you would find that it turned the scale at seventeen grains.

Mrs. Blue Tit is a thorough housekeeper; she is so fond of her tiny home and its contents that she lets cruel boys and men take hold of her, sooner than desert her nest and its precious treasures.

It is curious to watch her as she prepares for combat. Erecting all her feathers, so that they appear to stand on end, she makes a noise like the 'spitting' of puss in a rage, and should her enemy attempt to handle her, she pecks him severely.



Blue Tits and Apple-blossoms.

Mr. and Mrs. Blue Tit know how to work and what to work at, as well as how and what to eat. They do more than work for their food. They do not hesitate to take upon themselves family cares. Their first labour is to construct a house, and they do it well. Their keen eyes look about here, there, and everywhere, until they spy out some hole in a wall or a tree. Into this they carry some moss, after tugging it up by the roots. This they arrange and shape neatly, lining it with feathers and hair.

When the nest is quite ready, Mrs. Blue Tit lays seven or eight eggs. These are white, speckled at the larger end with rust-colour. If you were to take one of these pretty little eggs and very care-

Mr. Blue Tit has no song, but a shrill note, which is quickly repeated. He and his little blue wife are found in all the countries of Europe. J.

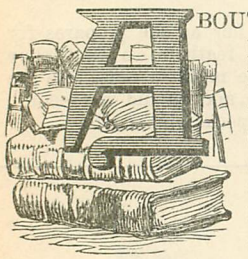
READY AND CORRECT.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott was a pupil in the High School of Edinburgh, one of the boys in his class called the word *with* a noun. The teacher was surprised, and said to the class, 'He is wrong. Who ever heard of *with* being a noun?'

'I have, sir,' said Scott. 'There is a verse in the Bible which says, "They bound Samson with *withs*."'

THE SCHOOL-DAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIME MINISTERS.

II.—SIR ROBERT PEEL.



ABOUT the year A.D. 1600 a certain William Peel left his home in East Marten, in the district of Craven, in the county of York, to settle near Blackburn, in Lancashire. He did not leave his old home alone. He was accompanied by three brothers and an aged father. William Peel seems to have done very well in his new home, and, forty years later, his grandson Robert was a well-to-do manufacturer of woollen cloths at Blackburn.

The name of Robert is everywhere in the Peel family; it was the cloth-manufacturer's great-grandson, Robert, who founded the greatness of the family of Peel. This Robert Peel—not the Sir Robert of our story—at first gained his living by farming and hand-loom weaving; but some years after his marriage, and when he had reached middle life, he set up as a calico manufacturer and printer. Mr. Peel did much to improve the machinery used in the trade, but the hand-loom weavers, who feared that the machinery would tend to lower their wages, crowded together in a riotous mob, wrecked the premises, and smashed the valuable machinery. The loss of so much would have been enough to make a less stout-hearted man despair. Not so Robert. 'With allowance for accidents,' he said, 'a man may be what he chooses;' so he removed from unfriendly Blackburn to Burton-on-Trent, in Staffordshire, and built there three new mills, and, in order to supply one of them with water, he cut a canal at a cost of 9000*l*. He was plain and straightforward in speech, simple in ideas, but shrewd and reflective—so reflective that the common people dubbed him 'Philosopher.'

This old gentleman retired, when his business days were over, to Ardwick Green, a pleasant suburb of Manchester, and there he died, at the age of seventy-two years. His grandson, the Sir Robert Peel of whose school-days we shall presently write, when a child, often visited his grandfather and grandmother at Ardwick Green, and always remembered them with reverence and affection.

Sir Robert Peel's father was also named Robert, after his father, so that we find three 'Roberts' in direct succession. This second Robert, while very young, became a partner in his uncle's firm, and afterwards he became the chief manager.

He was a hard worker, and of firm purpose; there was no standing still with him. One of his nephews writes of him: 'He would rise at night from his bed, when there was a likelinood of bad weather, to visit the bleaching grounds, and one night in each week he used to sit up all night, attended by his pattern-drawer, to receive any new pattern which the London coach, arriving at midnight, might bring down, for at first they were followers of London work. But they soon aspired to lead their masters, and the Londoners found their trade leaving them and flowing into these new channels.'

The Sir Robert Peel of our sketch was the eldest son, but not the eldest child—for he had two sisters older than himself—of this hard-working merchant. After our Robert's birth eight more children were born into the home, but we must fix our attention upon Sir Robert, as this third child afterwards became. His birthday was on the fifth of February, in the year A.D. 1788. He was born in a cottage, close by the family mansion of Chambers Hall, near Bury, which was undergoing repair. Baby Robert's birth gave rise to great rejoicings. Mr. Peel was delighted with his boy. It is said that, when he was told that a son was born to him, he fell on his knees and gave thanks to Almighty God, vowing at the same time that he would give his child to his country.

What many great men have owed to their mothers, our hero owed to his father. It was his father who inspired him with 'an early faith, a bent, a purpose, and an aim in life.'

This good father, as his son grew older, determined to 'form his mind;' he therefore took a deep interest in the child's studies, and often told him how he would like him to work hard, in order that he might enter, some day, upon a public career.

Here is what one of his biographers says of Sir Robert's early childish days: 'Whilst he was yet a very little fellow, his father would playfully lift him on to a small round table which stood beside the breakfast-table, and encourage him thence to recite some childish lesson.

When he had passed his twelfth birthday his father, on Sundays, would take him into his study, and make him repeat all that he could remember of the sermon.

In order to test his understanding, Mr. Peel would tell Robert to do more than repeat it. 'Put the substance of it into your own words,' he would say. Then he would ask him whether what he had heard suggested any difficulties, and if the boy mentioned any he would carefully try to solve these to him. So, by degrees, young Robert's memory, so well exercised, became more trusty, for there is nothing like exercise even for the memory. He attained to a ready command of words, and he became able to converse well.

His father, having become a Member of the House of Commons, spoke often, in the hearing of his boy, of the useful career open to a conscientious politician.

In A.D. 1797 Mr. Peel's firm subscribed the generous sum of 10,000*l*. towards the voluntary contributions for the war with France. Three years later, as a reward for these noble services, he was offered a baronetcy, and so became Sir Robert Peel, a title which his son, the subject of our sketch, afterwards enjoyed.

But we must go back again to our schoolboy. Robert early showed that he preferred the company of his elders to that of lads of his own age.

It has been remarked of him that, 'as he had no

childhood, he never had the charm of those who have once been downright children.'

He was not naughty, nor rough, but good, gentle, studious, observant, and thoughtful. His home-training made him sensitive — too sensitive, and, instead of enjoying the companionship of boys of his own age, he shrank from their roughnesses.

Those who knew him least, and only noticed his formality and stiffness, said that he had no heart; but others, who knew him better, spoke differently.

His careful and individual training unfortunately developed self-conceit in him, but this, in school-boy phraseology, was to be 'knocked out of him' at the public school of Harrow, to which he was afterwards sent.

Young Robert was not a favourite at Harrow. Indeed, how should any lad be a favourite amongst his fellows when, instead of joining in their games, he steals away by himself for a long, quiet walk? Robert disliked games—they were too noisy; but he found great pleasure in listening to the songs of birds, the whispers of trees, and the general language of Nature. He was as quiet and industrious at school as he had been at home.

'The capacity for taking pains, which made him one of the first men in England, made him one of the first boys in Harrow.'

One of Sir Robert Peel's schoolmates was Lord Byron, the poet. These two seem to have been good friends. Here is what Lord Byron wrote of him long after: 'Peel, the orator and statesman—that was, or is, or is to be—was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove. We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar, he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal; as a school-boy, out of school I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school, he always knew his lesson, and I rarely; but, when I knew it well, I knew it nearly as well; and in general information, history, &c., I think I was his superior.' After-years showed Peel to be a most perfect orator, while Lord Byron failed as a public speaker in the House of Lords.

One of Peel's school tutors, a Mr. Mark Drury, kept many of his promising pupils' exercises. He was very proud of these, and often referred to them when he wished to show how clearly, elegantly, and concisely Peel had expressed himself, both in English and in Latin.

Byron was a few days older than Peel; both left Harrow in A.D. 1805; both were in their eighteenth year. But school-days were not ended for Sir Robert Peel. He was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, then a very famous college. Here he continued to work on, quietly and studiously, always industrious, always punctual, and always ready for an examination.

As a University student, Sir Robert Peel 'indulged himself in boating and riding, and dressed like a man of fashion.'

Our hero's hard study resulted in a B.A. degree. He highly distinguished himself in Classics and Mathematics. His fellow-students expected great things of him, and he did not disappoint them. His old father was so delighted at the success of his 'darling son,' that for a long time, whenever he spoke of his son's first achievement, he shed tears of joy. 'Young Robert had justified his hopes and repaid his anxiety,' and the fond father felt glad and proud.

It is just here that the school-days of Sir Robert Peel come to an end, so that we cannot follow his story further, but must leave that to all who have been interested in this slender record of his boyhood.

Sir Robert Peel succeeded Lord Melbourne as Prime Minister for the second time. His first Premiership was in the reign of King William IV., his second in the early years of the reign of Her Majesty.

JAMES CASSIDY.

WHEN DAY BEGINS.

DAY begins at sunset with the Jews, Athenians, Chinese, Mohammedans, Italians, and Bohemians. At sunrise with the Babylonians, Syrians, Persians, and modern Greeks. At noon with the ancient Egyptians and modern astronomers. At midnight with the English, French, Dutch, Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Americans.

A SUDDEN PULL-UP.

—o—

THE two terriers shown in our picture, whose unenviable plight would excite our sympathy, were it not for their misdoings, have had a sharp 'pull-up,' and a 'pull-up' as unexpected as it was sudden.

A frolicsome kitten found her way to the yard where the animals were dozing, when instantly the sleeping dogs were on their legs and awake to 'sport.'

Chained together though they were, both made for the kitten. Poor Puss scampered wildly away. With barks of exultation, her excited pursuers followed her as fast as they could go. When at full speed, they ran on the opposite sides of a pillar, and, as shown in the illustration, they were, of course, 'pulled up' violently. The 'laugh was on the other side' now if puss had cared to have it. Their howls and yelps of pain quickly brought out Mysie, the kitten's mistress. This young lady no sooner saw what had happened than she understood it all. Lifting up her favourite in her arms, she soothed and caressed her, and, looking at the yelping, half-strangled curs, she said, 'If you can't do as you would, you must do as you can; you are bad sportsmen and worse dogs.'

C.

A Sudden Pull-Up.

The Boys land on the Island.

A BOY'S VISIT TO ICELAND.

(*Continued from page* 179.)

CHAPTER III.

ON the fourth morning after leaving Leith, the steamer *Polar Star* was found to be approaching the most southerly of the Faroe Islands. Our two boys, Frank and Jim, so soon as they heard this delightful news, rushed up on deck just as they were passing the Little Dimori, a lofty islet, which seems to stand as a guardian at the south end of the whole group. On account of its steepness, it is not inhabited by man. Presently, the Great Dimori was also passed. This island has no shore whatever, being cliffed all round, so that no landing can be effected on it, except by a rope. Here there were, however, a great many sheep, attended to by one solitary shepherd, who lived there, by no means distressed by the solitude of his position. Then Sandoe, Suderoe, and other members of the group appeared, looming through the morning mist—bare, grey mountains every one of them, with only here and there a slight tint of green—the whole scene striking the visitors as a wild and uncouth region, where man carries on a rough struggle with nature, and gets himself roughened in the process.

But now a new object of interest was discovered. A small boat was seen ahead of them, and evidently approaching the *Polar Star*. This boat contained three queer men, who might have been cousins of Robinson Crusoe himself, for they were half clad in sheep-skins, with long hair hanging in elf-locks round their air-tanned features. Presently, on the steamer being stopped, one of the men came on board and announced himself as a pilot from Thorshaven, the little port to which the *Polar Star* was bound. He was a strange-looking man, very tall and lank, and with rather handsome features; but the poor fellow had lost an eye, and had an altogether wild and weather-beaten appearance. He turned out, however, to be an honest and trustworthy man. Under his guidance the *Polar Star* went on her way amid a continual succession of grey ridges of rock, without a single living creature to lend animation to the scene, except the quick-flitting puffin and a few heavy-winged gulls. At length, some bright patches of green became visible, with one or two masses of black and white, which proved to be Thorshaven, the chief town of the Faroe Islands; the green patches being the turf-covered roofs of houses, while the black and white spots proved to be a merchant's house and a tiny church. There was also a small port, with the Danish flag flying from the top of it. Here we may say that the people are Lutherans, and have the services of a clergyman, who visits the islands, wind and weather permitting, six times in the year.

Having approached as nearly as possible to the town, the *Polar Star* dropped anchor, when another boat was seen coming from shore, containing an elderly gentleman, in a light-blue uniform, who proved to be the Sheriff or Judge of the Faroe Islands—one of a handful of civilised men, who resided there in exile among a host of rude and simple people. This official having exchanged civilities with the captain of the *Polar Star*, invited him on shore, with any of the passengers who might please to accompany him.

'Oh, father, let us go!' cried Frank Norman eagerly.

'Of course, of course,' replied his father; 'but remember, boys, that you don't get into mischief of any kind. I can't always keep my eyes upon you as if you were a couple of children. Do you hear, Jim? Remember that your mother intrusted you to my care.'

'Oh, yes, sir, of course,' replied Jim, laughing. 'We both mean to be as good as if we were a couple of young ladies from a boarding school—don't we, Frank?'

'Away you go, then,' said Mr. Norman, with a smile; and in ten minutes the boys were on shore, where they soon found themselves the centre of a silent crowd of men, women, and children, each one of whom stared, with all their might, at the uncommon spectacle of a couple of Scotch schoolboys, who, in their turn, could not help returning the stare with interest.

For, indeed, it was a strange scene upon which they looked. Not a tree was to be seen anywhere; nothing but bare, black rocks, upon which split fish were spread out to dry in the sunshine, while fishing nets, and other articles of the same sort, were lying all about, without any attempt at order. But it was the people upon whom the attention of the boys was fixed. The men were of middle size, and all clad alike in loose frieze jackets, and rough trousers, reaching only to the knee, grey woollen stockings, and lambskin slippers; the little boys of five years being dressed in the same manner. The women and girls seemed shy, as they backed into their huts, and satisfied their curiosity by peeping out of chinks and crannies at the queer-looking young strangers. They were by no means beautiful, but seemed to be quiet, gentle creatures. But, oh, their houses—so poorly furnished, so dark, and, we must say it, so dirty! But we cannot dwell upon this.

The Sheriff having invited Mr. Norman and the two boys to his well-appointed house, they soon found themselves among civilised folk; the lady of the house being kind and attentive, while her son, a bright-faced, frank lad of fourteen, made quite a polite bow to our two boys, and began to converse with them in very tolerable English. Among other things, he told them that, if they intended to remain on the island for more than a day or two, they would have the fun of witnessing a whale-hunt, as the whales were expected very soon.

'What whales?' asked Frank and Jim in one breath.

But the answer to this question must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

CONRAD SALVESON, as the young son of the Sheriff was called, was a bright lad, who acted in the most friendly manner towards the two young strangers from Scotland, to whom his father had introduced him, so that in the short space of half an hour or so the three boys were excellent friends. At the moment of introduction, no doubt, Jim and Frank had been not a little overcome by the ceremonious bow with which the young Dane had saluted them; but, after a few minutes' reflection on the subject, they decided to forgive him this offence on account of his Continental training; for Conrad had been at school in Denmark for the past three years.

'I say, Frank,' whispered Jim, when their new friend's attention was diverted from them for a few minutes, 'only fancy that chap making a bow like that to the boys at the High School in Edinburgh. My! how they would take it out of him.'

'So they would,' said Frank; 'but, after all, Jim, we must remember that he is only a foreigner, and I don't think that he looks half bad, either.'

'No, he does not,' replied Jim; 'but how can he possibly know when the whales are coming?'

'Just let us ask him,' said Frank, and so they did.

'Why,' replied Conrad, 'the whales come every summer in pursuit of the mackerel. They feed on the mackerel, you know, and a great shoal of these fish arrived here only yesterday; the water seemed quite alive with them, so we may expect the whales any day, now.'

'And do you really have a regular whale-hunt?' asked Jim Arbuthnot, with sparkling eyes.

'Of course we do,' replied Conrad; 'and, I can tell you, it is the greatest fun in the world. I have seen as many as fifty in the bay at one time.'

'Fifty whales at one time!' cried Frank, in utter amazement. 'Why, isn't a whale about forty feet long? How in all the world could fifty whales find room to swim in one bay at the same time? It seems to me quite impossible.'

'Well, perhaps I should not call them whales,' replied Conrad; 'for my father says that they are only dolphins of a very large kind, though the people here always speak of them as whales. They are about twelve feet in length, and they move about in very large herds—often 200 at a time may be seen together.'

'And are they of any use after you have killed them?' asked Frank.

'Of any use!' repeated Conrad. 'I should just think so; their flesh is very much prized by the poor people here, and their blubber yields the purest oil. Only think what a gain that must be, to light up the long, dark nights; besides, the skin, which is nearly an inch thick, makes excellent leather. Why, the people here can talk of nothing else but the coming of the whales. You must see how excited they are—only, of course, you don't understand their language. Do you think,' he continued, 'that your father will let you join in the hunt? Every man and boy in the Faroe Islands will be there, you may be sure of that, for they all count on getting a fair share of the spoil.'

'Will you be there yourself, Conrad?' asked our two boys, rather anxiously.

'Of course I shall,' answered the young Dane, drawing himself up in rather a lofty manner. 'Why, I have a whale-lance of my own! Last year I killed two of the creatures myself—at least, one of the men helped me a little; but they were counted my whales. The man that helped me was Ernest Hoffman, the one-eyed pilot who brought your steamer in. He is a real good fellow, I can tell you.'

Frank and Jim looked at each other, their breath coming short and fast with excitement. Only to think of it—a boy with a whale lance of his own. What a paradise the Faroe Islands must be for boys!

'Let us go to my father at once,' cried Frank, 'and find out what he thinks about it. Surely, if Conrad is allowed to go by his father, we, too, may be trusted. I don't believe he is a day older than we are. I say, Conrad, how old are you?'

But before Conrad could reply, something tremendously exciting took place. A gun was fired from the tiny fort of which we have already spoken, when quickly every hut in Thorshaven poured forth its inhabitants—men, women, and children—like a living stream, each one shouting, gesticulating, crowding over each other; the men and boys running to man the boats; the women and children showing a power of lungs perfectly astonishing to the young strangers.

'What in all the world can be the matter?' they cried, as they turned to their new friend.

But Conrad had already leaped to his feet. 'It is the whales!' he cried, excitedly; 'the men in the fort have been watching for them, and they have fired the gun because they have shown themselves close at hand. Oh! I do hope we may succeed in getting them stranded in our bay—it is so suitable; a shelving beach. Whereas, if they move in the direction of Westmannshaven, we are certain to lose the half of them. But, look! there comes my father and Mr. Norman; let us run to meet them.'

And the three boys ran with all speed.

'Father, father, did you hear the gun? It is the whales. Oh! may we go?' exclaimed Frank.

'Oh, Mr. Norman, you may trust us, I do assure you!' shouted Jim, who, probably, was not aware how loudly he was speaking.

'Which boat are you going in, father?' asked Conrad, with rather more composure of manner than our boys had been able to get up.

'Be quiet, all of you,' cried the Sheriff. 'The whales have headed away to Westmannshaven. It is, of course, rather a bad look-out; but follow me at the top of your speed.' And away they all scampered with the crowd.

(*Continued at page* 198.)

THE CROWN.

MY crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones;
Not to be seen—my crown is called *content*,
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SHAKESPEARE.

"I cannot allow an innocent man to be punished for me."

THE CORSICAN BRIGAND.

A CORSICAN brigand chief was captured and imprisoned, but he managed to escape. The soldier who had been put to guard him was tried and condemned to die. When the poor fellow was led out to execution, a stranger stepped up to the commanding officer and said: 'Sir, I have heard that one of your men is to be shot for letting a prisoner escape. He is blameless, and the prisoner shall be restored to you. I am the brigand chief, and as I cannot allow an innocent man to be punished for me, I have come to take his place.'

The officer said: 'The soldier shall be set free, but thou shalt not die; thou deservest to live as a brave and an honest man.'

TAKEN ABACK.

WHEN Mr. George W. Childs was in San Francisco he joined a party of journalists in an excursion down the bay. A young man began to tell stories of remarkable newspaper experiences to everybody who would listen to him. Finally he turned his attention to Mr. Childs, who was sitting on deck, observing the points of interest in the harbour. The young man told a remarkable adventure, and Mr. Childs asked him, 'What paper were you on then?'

'The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*,' said the boaster.

'What position did you hold?'

'Oh, I was an editorial writer, but when there was any business involving extra risk I was always asked to take it. I was on the *Public Ledger* many years.'

'Singular that we should not have met,' said Childs. 'I have been on the paper a long time myself.'

'Wh—what position do you hold?' asked the newspaper hero, his voice losing much of its confidence.

'I'm the editor and proprietor.'

THE SIX DECADES OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Fifth Decade: A.D. 1877 to 1887.

ABOUT the beginning of this decade the Russian was at war with the Turk, and there was a Russian party, and a Turkish, in England. Russia is Christian, and Turkey is not, and we should have expected all Englishmen to be on the Russian side. But many are jealous of the growing power of Russia, and believe that she has designs upon India. The splendid fight made by the Turks, though they were obliged at last to sue for peace, was much admired here; and a favourite song, still remembered, used to be heard in the streets, which declared, 'We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, we've got the men, we've got the guns, we've got the money too!' The word 'Jingo' was used by the Russian party as a nickname for the opposite party, who were supposed to wish a renewal of the Crimean War. by once more fighting for the Turk and against Russia. Lord Beaconsfield went so far as to order troops to be sent from India to Malta, and an English fleet sailed to the very walls of Constantinople, to prevent, as far as they could, the Russians from capturing that city. Another thing which showed our friendly feeling towards Turkey was the 'Stafford House Committee,' a body of rich and powerful men who collected funds to aid the sick and wounded Turks. It was a humane and much-needed work which the Committee did. Surgeons were sent out to the seat of war, and medicines; warm clothing also and blankets, and other necessaries. No Christian, whatever his politics, could object to such a work as this.

A sort of agreement on the Eastern question was come to in A.D. 1878, but that question is like a volcano, whose fires may be damped down for years, but are never really out.

A most deplorable accident occurred to a Thames pleasure steamer, through its collision with another steamship. The crowd of merry-makers were dancing to the sprightly strains of a band of music, when the awful crash came, and hundreds of people, lately so gay and light-hearted, had suddenly to meet Death in one of his most terrible shapes! The name of this ill-fated steamer was the *Princess Alice*. Not long after, that much-loved Princess herself was cut off by her devotion to her sick child. She died on the anniversary of her father's death, and all England lamented her. We should not forget to breathe a sigh also over the boy-ship *Eurydice*, which went down in a March gale, within sight of land. Alas for the boys and their mothers!

An Afghan war and a Zulu war were now on our hands. The former was brought on by our learning that our Russian rivals were busily engaged in gaining an undue influence (as we thought) over the Ameer. Our Indian empire would surely be in danger if Russia could pour her soldiers (which are almost countless) into Afghanistan, which flanks our western border. So we are very 'touchy' about Russian doings in that quarter. We sent a friendly mission to inquire into the affair, but the Ameer rudely refused to see our people. Wherefore, we tried force, and the Ameer had to give way. We placed his son on the throne, and made with him a compact, good for both parties. An English resident was appointed, and all seemed well; but the resident and his escort were murdered, and this once more drew on the Afghans our resentment.

We quieted the country again, but the spirit of resistance to our wishes broke out afresh, and our soldiers were beaten in a fight at Maiwand in the summer of A.D. 1880. Now came a chance for one of our best generals, Sir Frederick Roberts. He was ordered to leave Cabul, and march on Candahar, where the Afghan malcontents were massed. This march, when we consider its length, the time it took, the mountains which barred his way, and the warlike enemies who hovered around, is considered a first-rate piece of soldiering. After this wonderful march, the Afghans were attacked by Roberts and his men, and utterly routed and scattered; but the next English government gave up Candahar, very trustingly, to another Ameer, who promised to be good and faithful to our interests.

The Zulu war caused a great stir at home on several accounts. The King, Cetewayo, growing proud of his strength, made inroads into Natal, and complaints were carried to Sir Bartle Frere, governor at the Cape. The King would not listen to Sir Bartle, so a Zulu war was the result; and humbling and glorious to England it proved, for a part of our small army was almost cut to pieces, owing to a surprise attack at Isandula by overwhelming numbers of the well-armed savages. Our red-coats were hemmed in and slaughtered, but the colours of the 24th were carried off, across the river Tugela, by two young officers, who, however, died of their wounds. If it was humbling to us to be so surprised, it was a fine deed to save the colours; and another deed as glorious as that was done the same night by

two lieutenants and a small body of the 24th, who were stationed at a ford on the Tugela, called Rorke's Drift. The two officers, Chard and Bromhead, had orders to protect the ford. Now, after the Zulus had struck down our men at Isandula, they hasted to Rorke's Drift that they might cross into Natal, and ravage the colony. The two lieutenants, after making the best arrangements they could, awaited the rush of the exulting savages. What an hour of peril! The work of defence was scarcely complete when the enemy were seen advancing rapidly against the walls of the house and out-house. These belonged to a Swedish clergyman, and their outer walls had been hastily loopholed, like those of Hougomont, at the battle of Waterloo. For twelve hours did this handful of men keep at bay many hundreds of well-armed Zulus, who were able to completely surround the two houses and the lines which connected them. These lines were two, an outer and an inner. The outer one was made of wagons and sacks of mealies, the inner was made of biscuit-boxes. The clergyman's house was used as the hospital. This was set on fire by the Zulus, and partially taken, and several wounded or sick were killed; but the heroic men of the 24th defended it, room by room, and managed to save, with the greatest difficulty, most of the patients.

This gallant defence was maintained until all the party had been obliged to retire within their inner line; but, happily for them, ammunition was to be had, and the men fired so straight that every shot seemed to tell. At four in the morning the enemy had had enough of it, and went away. But, as this might be only a ruse, the officers bustled about, and collected the guns of the dead Zulus, and did what they could to make their position stronger. Sure enough the enemy did return at seven, but without much avail, for in an hour afterwards a strong column of British soldiers appeared, and Rorke's Drift was saved!

Another incident of this war was the death of the French Prince Imperial. He asked leave to take part in the fighting—for he was a soldier—and his request was allowed. One day he went, in company with an officer and party, to have a look around him. He dismounted, and began to make a sketch. Suddenly, some Zulus appeared, and a panic seized the officer. He rode off, with his men, but the Prince, being on foot, could not get away so easily. He did his best in his own defence, but a spear soon laid him low. We all felt very sad and angry about this affair. The Queen, who was always fond of the Empress Eugenie, was very deeply distressed when the news reached her.

Six months after this event, the railway bridge over the wide Tay went down one stormy night beneath the violent gale and the weight of a train. The bridge was thought highly of. Thirteen immense girders, resting on twelve piers, spanned the wide river, and all these gave way together, that dark and stormy Sunday night. People who were watching the train saw, as it were, lights descending to the water, and then all was pitch darkness. The signalmen found no answer to their signals, and they then concluded that the wires were broken by some accident to the bridge. Nothing was certainly known until the moon rose, and some gentlemen embarked on board a steamer, and made for the spot. The awful suspicion was then verified, and a thrill of horror vibrated from end to end of the country.

England was somewhat humbled next year by the Dutch settlers in Africa. These men are excellent marksmen, and as cool in battle as we are. They had offended us by casting us off when we were no longer of any use to them. In the Zulu War they were glad enough to be protected by us, and they allowed us to annex the Transvaal; but, when the scare was over, these Boers refused the agreement, because they had to pay taxes. So we had another little war, in which we got the worst of it at Majuba Hill. The peace party then gave way to the Boers, much to some people's disgust.

In A.D. 1881 the world was shocked by the murder of the Russian Emperor. A man cast a bomb at his feet in the streets of the capital. If any one says such things occur because the Czar is such an autocrat, how are we to account for the shooting of the American President? Even the life of our Queen was again in peril, but God once more interposed and saved her. This merciful deliverance of the Sovereign called forth more warm feelings of devotion to her person than any of her former escapes had done.

At this time the sister island of Ireland was much disturbed. We cannot enter into these troubles here except just to notice them in connexion with a terrible crime committed on a fine May evening, in a public place, on Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Lord Frederick was the new Chief Secretary, and Mr. Burke an official at Dublin Castle. Mr. Parnell had been shut up in prison, but was released when the new Lord Lieutenant, Lord Spencer, and the new Chief Secretary were appointed. Lord Frederick Cavendish was walking with Mr. Burke in the park, when some men set on them and killed them with sharp knives.

Then came the Egyptian affair, which has led to many grave consequences. England and France had for some time interfered in Egypt. This was displeasing to some of the natives, who wished to manage their own affairs. A leader appeared, named Arabi Pasha. The Khedive could not control him, and we felt that he must be put down. Our fleet bombarded the forts of Alexandria, but the French would not join us. Arabi set fire to the town, and carried off a great booty to a place called Tel-el-Kebir, where he threw up banks of earth and mounted guns. To take Arabi's camp was then England's purpose, and she sent out one of her ablest men to do it. This was Sir Garnet Wolseley. Among those who went with him to the war was the Duke of Connaught. The campaign was short but brilliant. In the dead of night the British soldiers swept up to and over the earthworks of Tel-el-Kebir, and the cavalry dashed on and captured Cairo. The Khedive was replaced on his throne, and Arabi was put in the corner like a naughty boy. But the war did not end here. The Soudan, which lies south of Egypt, and had been conquered by Mehemet Ali, and garrisoned by Egyptian troops, was roused to insurrection by the Mahdi. Colonel Hicks was sent to put it down. His troops were mainly Egyptians, who had fought under Arabi. They fought bravely

under Hicks, but were nearly all destroyed, and the garrisons were all closely invested by the fierce soldiers of the Mahdi. We did not like those poor men to die unaided, so we sent out a famous soldier named Gordon, who knew what wild men are and how to manage them. When he was appointed Governor of the Soudan, he was off at once, and arrived speedily at Khartoum with his friend Stewart. But he failed, because he was not supported by the Government until it was too late. The relief party was at length on its way but it met with a strong opposition in the desert, and at Abu Klea, and elsewhere, we lost many of our best and bravest; and when, at last, the walls of Khartoum were seen, all was over; the city taken, and Gordon dead! We all felt 'some one had blundered' in this unhappy affair.

In this decade the Queen lost another child, the amiable Leopold, who died at Cannes in the spring of A.D. 1884.

A series of useful exhibitions also marks this period of the Queen's reign. The Fisheries, showing boats, fishing tackle, fishwives in their picturesque dresses, and such-like, was held in A.D. 1883; the Health Exhibition in A.D. 1884; the Inventions in A.D. 1885; followed by others. In these a street of old London was exactly represented. It was life-like, and you could believe, as you strolled along it, that you were in the good old times. The very men and women, who waited in the make-believe old shops, were dressed as they used to be in the days of the Henries and Edwards. From these exhibitions one great improvement has arisen, namely, the fashion of open-air entertainments in fine weather, according to the custom of our Continental neighbours.

G. S. O.

GRANNIE'S FIRST LESSON.

—o—

GRANNIE had given many lessons in knitting to many grandchildren, but the picture shows her giving to her little grandchild, Mary, her first lesson in this useful art.

Eight years had passed since Mary's first birthday, and she had never been away from grannie's care for even a single day. The kind-hearted old Scotch lady had readily consented to occupy the place of the child's mother, who had died when Mary was born. Her father was a soldier in far-off India, and she had neither brothers nor sisters, but quite an army of cousins, boys and girls. Some of these cousins were very quick and clever knitters, and made all sorts of useful articles, such as cuffs, stockings, comforters, wraps, and shawls. Some they gave away, others were sold at bazaars and exhibitions, but the larger number were worn by the diligent makers.

'Why don't you ask grannie to teach you to knit?' said one of the elder cousins, who had looked in for an hour or two one winter afternoon.

'I could never learn,' replied eight-years-old.

'Of course you could; I was a year younger than you are when grannie taught me. She is so gentle, and has heaps of patience,' said Ellen.

That evening, when Mary and her grannie were alone together, the little girl made her request, and smiling kindly the old face looked upon the child, and in it Mary read an answer of cordial assent. 'I have waited for you to ask me, dear,' said grannie. 'I have found that those who care enough to ask to be taught, always learn better than those who are asked to learn. Now, I should like you to make such good progress that, when Ellen comes again, you may be able to show her some well-done work.'

Mary was very pleased with the idea, but, being a modest girl, she was not inclined to trust her own powers before she had tested them, so she merely remarked quietly, 'I should be glad if I could.'

'The first piece of work you do shall be your own, Mary,' said grannie, 'and after that——'

'Oh, please!' cried the child, 'please let me do the first piece first, and *then*, grannie dear, settle what shall be done with the next.'

Grannie agreed to this wise proposal; she thought all the more of her sage little grand-daughter for having made it, and her silent musing was, 'The lassie is beyond her years; she will do well.'

The lesson began at six o'clock, and when the hands of the parlour clock pointed to the hour of eight, the attentive pupil had done between three and four inches of 'plain' knitting.

'Now, grannie,' she cried, quite gleefully, 'now that I know I can learn it, do tell me what you were going to, about the "next" piece of work!'

'You shall put by some of your pence to buy wool, and, with the wool, I will teach you to knit a warm wrap for a certain soldiers' hospital that you and I know about,' replied her grandmother.

'Oh, grannie!'—and to that lady's wonder Mary burst into tears.

'Why, my bairn then, what ails you?' asked the good dame soothingly, as she kissed the sobbing child.

'It is just for joy,' whispered Mary; 'joy that—that—any of my wool-work should be of use in that way—of use, I mean, to sick soldiers—why, perhaps it might——' but here the speaker stopped abruptly; she could not bring herself to finish her sentence; Grannie finished it for her—'do for dear father,' she said gently. Then she hastened to add, 'Father is on his way home to see his little girl, so we will try to finish the shawl before he arrives.'

Eagerly, earnestly, the work was taken up, and, before Major Macgregor's ship reached England, his happy little daughter had put the last stitch into a fine large shawl, and laid it by to be sent to the hospital.

Since then many soldiers have felt the warmth of Mary's handiwork, and have had reason to be thankful for grannie's 'first lesson,' and for the patience and industry of the Major's little daughter.

JAMES CASSIDY.

Grannie's First Lesson.

DRY-LAND SAILORS.

William Pitt and the Children.

WILLIAM PITT AND THE CHILDREN.

WHO would have thought that the stately William Pitt should have found his greatest recreation in the society of children? His cold and haughty manner then entirely vanished. The late Sir William Napier, when a boy, enjoyed a game of romps with Pitt at the house of Lady Hester Stanhope. He has described the visit, which took place two years before the statesman's death. 'Pitt,' he said, 'liked practical fun, and used to riot in it with Lady Hester, Charles and James Stanhope, and myself. One instance is worth noting. We were resolved to blacken his face with burnt cork, which he most strenuously resisted. At the beginning of the fray a servant announced that Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool desired to see him on business. 'Let them wait in the other room,' was the answer, and the great minister instantly turned to the battle, catching up a cushion and belabouring us with it. We were, however, too many and too strong for him, and, after at least a ten-minutes' fight, we got him down, and were actually corking his face, when, with a look of pretended confidence in his prowess, he said, 'Stop! this will do. I could easily beat you all, but we must not keep these grandees waiting any longer.' His defeat was, however, palpable, and we were obliged to get a towel and basin of water to wash him clean before he could receive the grandees. Being thus put in order, the basin was hid behind the sofa, and the two lords were ushered in. After the ministers had been received and the question had been debated, they left, and the cushion-fight with the children was resumed.

THE SCHOOL-DAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIME MINISTERS.

III.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

WOBURN, August 18th, A.D. 1803.—This is my birthday. I am eleven years old, four feet two inches high, and three stones twelve pounds weight. The Duchess gave me a Shakespeare. It is a very hot day.' So wrote the little boy, the subject of our sketch, in this his first entry in his first journal. He was destined to become, in after years, the leader of the House of Commons for a long period, and to be twice Prime Minister of England.

John Russell was the youngest of the three sons of Lord and Lady Russell. Like his mother, the boy was delicate, and it was perhaps for this reason that Lady Russell made him her favourite child. When he was close upon eighty years of age, he said of her, 'I was very fond of her. I used to call her in the morning, and from that hour during the whole of the day she showed me the utmost affection. I used to delight in reading to her *Plutarch's Lives.*

Describing his early years at home, he says: 'In the middle of the day I worked at a little garden, following the directions which my father gave me in a little almanac, partly in print, and partly written by him for me. The place I remember where I passed my early childhood was Stratton Park, in Hampshire, where Lord and Lady Russell passed many happy years; but when I was about eight years old, Stratton was sold by my uncle Francis, Duke of Bedford, and Oakley, in Bedfordshire, was lent to my father instead. I never liked Oakley so well.'

When he was about eight years old he was sent to school at Sunbury, to a certain Dr. Moore. There he received the only letter from his mother which is preserved. 'It is written,' says his biographer, 'on a little sheet of note-paper, with a blue pattern on the border; and the envelope, which matches the paper, is addressed, "To the best of all good little boys, J. R." It is as follows:—"I thank you, my dearest, for your dear little letter. I am glad you like school, and I hope you will try to learn, as nothing but the necessity of learning could make us part with such a dear, good little boy. Therefore, my love, pray study, give your whole attention to your different lessons, and we shall once more be happy together. I miss your dear voice when I wake, and I regret you every moment of the day. Soon I hope to see you, and to hear a very good account of you from Dr. Moore and Mrs. Moore, to whom I beg you will give my compliments. God bless you, my love. Your papa says you were very good on the road, and very pleasant. Give my love to dear William."'

William was John's elder brother. His eldest brother, Francis, had also attended at this school, but he does not seem to have been there at the time Lady Russell wrote, or she would surely have mentioned him, as well as 'William.'

When our hero was nine years old, Lady Russell, his fond, gentle, and delicate mother, died. The news was brought to the two boys at school.

In the following spring, his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, also died, and great changes were made in the home life of the Russells. The widower became Duke of Bedford in place of his deceased brother, and owner of the vast possessions; and his sons, instead of passing their holidays at Oakley, came home, either to Woburn or London. The Duke married a second time, and the lady he married did her best to 'mother' the motherless boys, proving a kind and loving step-mother to them.

John was certainly a methodical little boy, for he kept a journal with praiseworthy regularity. Here is an extract from one of his early entries:—'Woburn, Monday, August 29th, A.D. 1803.—I went out hunting to-day, for the first time in my life, with Tavistock's

harriers. We set off at four o'clock in the morning, and went to a little wood (of which I don't know the name), where we were joined by Mr. Moore. We found nothing there; we looked about the most likely places . . . . A very hot day. We went to Crawley—Moore, too—where we at length found a hare, but soon lost it in consequence of the bad scent.' It is probable that the Tavistock mentioned here was his eldest brother, Francis.

It was in this year (A.D. 1803) that we find an entry in the journal, which reads thus:—'Westminster, Friday, September 23rd. Coldish. We came here. Harry Lambert is come here. The boys play at hoops, peg-tops, and pea-shooters. I went to Geary's.' The 'we came here,' means that John and his brother William began school-days at Westminster School.

Writing in his journal on October 2nd, our diarist says: 'I shall now have leisure to put down some of the rules of the school. We go into school every morning at eight. The Sixth, Shell, Second and Petty come out to breakfast at nine, and stay till ten. The Fifth, Fourth, and Two-thirds come out at ten, and stay till eleven. On Tuesdays school is up at eleven, on other days at twelve; on whole school-days we go in again at two, and come out at five. Monday is a whole school-day, Tuesday a play, Wednesday a whole school-day, Thursday a half-holiday; Friday is a whole school-day, and Saturday a holiday. On an early play, school is up at nine, on a late at half-past eleven, and the upper school have all their exercises excused them, the under school half of them. All the fellows have verses on Thursdays and Saturdays. We go on a Sunday to church, in the morning in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and, in the evening, have prayers in the school. Carey is head master, and hears the Sixth. There are four boarding-houses. . . . I board at Grant's, and am in the upper part of the Under Third.'

Eight days later stands another entry: 'Cold. I was flogged for the first time to-day.'

In the entry for November 5th, John says that a holiday was given for the Gunpowder Plot. 'The fellows,' he writes, 'went out Guy-Fawksing, which is, they all get clubs, and go to everybody they hear have got "Guys," to take them from them if they can. I went. In the evening there was a bonfire and fireworks, a great deal of squibbing, and so great a crowd and smoke that I soon came away. The Bow Street officers came afterwards to put it out. Ward' (one of the Assistant Masters) 'gave a lecture about it at "names," in which he said that we were the example to all the rascals and scoundrels in the kingdom.'

The breaking-up day at Westminster occurred, in this year, on December 13th, and from that day till December 20th, with the exception of Sunday, the little boy went every night to see a play. This was truly a strange experience for so young a child.

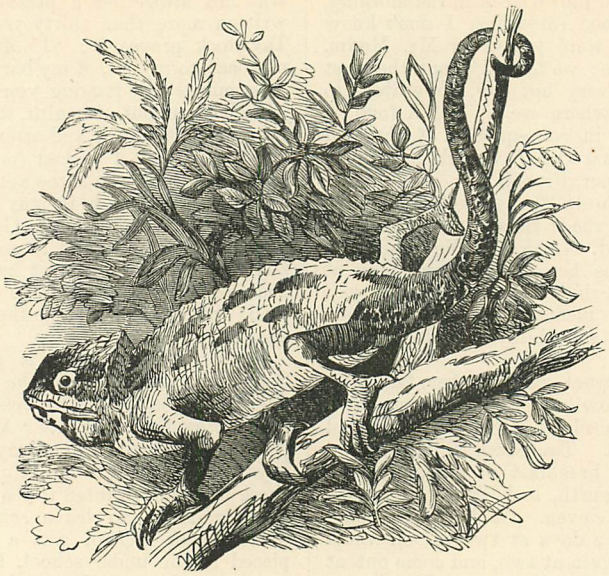
In reading the pages of his journal, one thing strikes us forcibly: it is its freedom from complaint. The brave, delicate little boy took the rough life of Westminster, as he took his first flogging, as matters of course. He was his elder brother's 'fag,' and that was not altogether a pleasant position. A letter written more than thirty years afterwards by Lord Tavistock proves it: 'I often think, with great reproach to myself, of my harsh treatment to you at Westminster, in fagging you when you were a very little boy and out of health, to do work which I ought to have done myself, and often taking you to task for not doing it as I wished (probably most unreasonably). But fagging is too apt to make boys tyrants and brutes, although it may be a good thing on the whole. However, thank God! you are not the worse for it now, and if you had been any other boy's fag (which you must have been if you had not been mine), he might have treated you even less well. Still, I feel it to be the greatest sin I have to answer for.'

Such a vivid picture is given of Westminster School in those days in the later writings of Lord John that you would, we feel sure, like to read his account as he wrote it. 'At Westminster School physical hardihood was always encouraged. If two boys were engaged to fight during the time of school, those boys who wanted to see the fight could always get permission to leave school for this purpose. Westminster School was a rough place. Being placed in the under school, I at once became a fag, and, as such, was directed by some of the boys of Grant's boarding-house to desire the glazier to mend a window which was broken. Two days afterwards, as the glazier had not appeared, the same boys asked me whether I had given him the order. When I said "Yes," they rejoined, "Did you swear at him?" I said, 'No." "Then go and swear at him." For a little boy this was not a very good lesson. The teaching in the under school consisted entirely of Latin—Latin grammar, Latin verses, and translation of extracts from the New Testament into Latin. We were not taught writing or arithmetic, and we used to go on the half-holidays to a writing-master in Great Dean's Yard to learn these necessary arts. I remember employing one of the hours intended for this purpose in going to Tothill Fields to see a fight between young Belsher and another famous pugilist. The beginning of the fight was a beautiful exhibition of manly form and skill; but, when the blood began to flow, I grew disgusted, and left the scene. So little, however, had I learned of arithmetic that, when my father gave me two sums to add together, one of which contained a farthing and the other a halfpenny, I asked him what those odd signs meant.'

From Westminster, Lord John was sent to the house of Mr. Smith, the vicar of Woodnesborough, near Sandwich. He stayed here from February till August, his delicate health preventing his return at the end of the usual holidays, so that he remained at home till the following January.

But here we must stop. More than enough has been written to show that Lord John Russell was a boy of honest purpose, kind heart, and solid worth. How well and nobly he served his country and his Queen, at the cost of personal sacrifice, always espousing the cause of truth, freedom, and justice, you will read for yourselves, when you are older, in Mr. Spencer Walpole's interesting biography.

JAMES CASSIDY.



THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes which hardly served at most
To guard their master from a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop;
'Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know.'

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this and then of that,
Discoursed awhile amongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.
'A stranger animal,' cries one,
'Sure never lived beneath the sun!
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue:
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Whoever saw so fine a blue?'
'Hold, there!' the other quick replies,
'It's green; I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.'
'I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade.'
'It's green—it's green, sir, I assure you!'
'Green!' cries the other in a fury;
'Why, sir, do you think I've lost my eyes?'
'It were no great loss,' the friend replies;
'For if they always serve you thus,
You will find them but of little use.'

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily passed by a third,
To him the question they referred:
Begged he would tell them if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
'Sirs,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other:
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle-light;
I marked it well: it was black as jet—
You stare, but, sirs, I have got it yet,
And can produce it.'—'Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue.'
'And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'
'Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,'
Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him!'
He said: then full before their sight
Produced the beast, lo! it was white!
Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise.
'My children,' the chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
'You all are right and all are wrong;
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you;
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.'

MERRICK.

DOGS FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

MR. W. H. Hudson in the *Field* tells some affecting stories of dogs mourning over their dead friends. Here is one of them which occurred to Mr. Hudson's brother at a farm on the Pampas:—

A large portion of the land was a low, level, marshy plain, partly overgrown with reeds and rushes; and one day, in this wilderness, a little boy of eight or nine, from the farm, lost himself. A

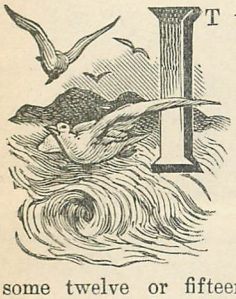
small dog, his invariable attendant, had gone out with him, but did not return. Seven days later the poor boy was found, at a great distance from the house, lying on the grass, where he had died of exhaustion. The dog was lying coiled up at his side, and appeared to be sleeping; but, when spoken to, he did not stir, and was presently found to be dead, too.

The dog could have gone back at any moment to the farm, but his instinct of attachment overcame all others; he kept guard over his little master, who slept so soundly and so long—until he, too, slept in the same way.

A BOY'S VISIT TO ICELAND.

(*Continued from page* 187.)

CHAPTER V.



IT was, indeed, a startling bit of news which Sheriff Salveson had told the boys. An immense shoal of whales, upwards of one hundred in number, which had been disporting themselves for some time in the neighbourhood of Thorshaven, had suddenly changed their course, and were heading for Westmannshaven Bay, some twelve or fifteen miles distant, where the scenery is of the grandest and wildest kind. All around the bay are rugged and gloomy mountains, presenting immense, frowning cliffs to seaward; although, at one place, there is a green slope, upon which the little town of Westmannshaven has arisen—a town inhabited by six or seven hundred persons, and consisting of two or three merchants' houses, a small church, and a number of fishermen's and peasants' huts scattered about. A few sheep and cattle, too, may be seen feeding on the best parts of the pasture.

These people were, of course, on the look out for the whales, as well as the natives of Thorshaven, and, on observing their appearance, they at once began to make arrangements for driving them into the bay, which is completely land-locked. But the one disadvantage of Westmannshaven Bay, as a place for a whale-hunt, is the fact that the beach is not a sloping one upon which a shoal of whales can become stranded and helpless. The water of the bay is deep, even to the edge of the land, so that the whales, even after they have been driven close to shore, find it not impossible to fight their way out again, even when opposed by a number of boats. When they succeed in doing so, away they go with a rush! and, as likely as not, are never seen again. If our boy readers will bear this in mind, they will the more readily understand how it came about that the whale-hunt, on this eventful day, became such a close and desperate struggle between the hardy and determined men, who were the pursuers, and the big but by no means fierce animals which they wished to capture.

We call these whales animals, for every boy should know that a whale is not a fish; it is a warm-blooded animal of the Mammalian order—the female producing only one young one at a time, which she nourishes with her own milk, exactly as does a cow or a nanny-goat.

But to go on with our story. The three boys, Frank, Jim, and Conrad, having followed Sheriff Salveson and Mr. Norman at the top of their speed, soon found themselves among a thronging number of boats, each boat with a crew of six or eight men, all of whom were preparing to row swiftly through the narrow fiords which lay between them and Westmannshaven Bay. The Sheriff placed the three boys in the boat of which Ernest Hoffman, the pilot, was owner; this man, as we said before, being so trustworthy and steady, that the boys would be quite safe under his care. Mr. Norman, who did not feel equal to the fatigue of a whale-hunt, was to remain with Mrs. Salveson at the Sheriff's house, while the Sheriff himself, whose duty it was to superintend everything that went on, was to be busy here, there, and everywhere, his good-humoured face and kindly manner being welcome to the men of whatever boat he might choose to enter.

When the boats from Thorshaven had, at length, reached their destination at Westmannshaven Bay, they found matters progressing, on the whole, very favourably indeed. The whales, upwards of a hundred in number, had already allowed themselves to be gently guided into the bay, which, as we said before, was completely land-locked. They were swimming about there without exhibiting the least uneasiness at the near neighbourhood of the boats and their crews. Between the whales and the outlet to the sea, numerous boats had quietly collected together, the men lying on their oars, while about fifty natives, on both sides of the outlet, were dragging a net of ropes, some five hundred yards long, across the entrance. This net is only used at Westmannshaven, where, as we have already said, there are no sloping shallows upon which the whales can be driven. It is, of course, not intended to catch them in, for no net could be made strong enough for any such purpose; but it is of use to retard their escape when they attempt to get out to the sea. The boats were the ordinary ones in common use, the only difference being that they had now lances stuck upright at the stem and the stern, and special men to use these lances. When it seemed that everything was in readiness for the fight, the net was drawn further and further up the bay, great care being taken to avoid frightening the whales which were swimming quietly before it, evidently, as yet, quite unconscious of danger. But now the crisis was, indeed, at hand. Half of the boats remained outside the net in order to support the buoys, while the other half began to close round the whales, the men standing up with their lances poised and ready, their long elf-locks streaming in the wind, and an expression of stern determination on their rugged features which almost terrified our two Scotch boys, who never, in their young lives, had

witnessed such an extraordinary scene. Then, suddenly the men began to shout and yell like maniacs, throwing stones at the same time, in order to bewilder the whales, and thus drive them still closer in shore. When the shouting began, the unwieldy creatures turned round, evidently in great alarm, and bore down upon the boats, looking most formidable, surrounded, as they were, by a great wave, which their impetus carried along with them. This was the moment of most extreme danger.

CHAPTER VI.

If our two boys, Jim Arbuthnot and Frank Norman, were amazed and almost terrified by the sight of the men, as, with lances in hand, they yelled and shouted at the whales, one may easily imagine how they felt when these enormous creatures, finding themselves caught in a trap between the shore and the boats, turned round, in their desperation, evidently resolved to fight their way out to the open sea. Jim rose to his feet, and caught hold of Ernest Hoffman by the sleeve of his coat, exclaiming, at the same time, 'Oh, take care, do take care, these monsters will swamp our boat!'

The man, however, shook him off impatiently, saying a few hurried words; but, as they were spoken in the Norse dialect, Jim could make nothing of them. Conrad, however, acted as interpreter. He was not quite so much alarmed as Jim was, having been at a whale-hunt before. He dragged him down to his seat, saying at the same time, 'Look here, now, Jim, this won't do at all. Ernest won't stand this kind of thing; you must not speak to him just now. It is quite dangerous to interfere with the men after the hunt has begun. But, oh!' he added, 'the whales are forcing their way through! We will never be able to hold them back—it is impossible!'

It was too true. In spite of the yelling and stone-throwing, in spite of the most heroic efforts on the part of the men to keep the animals within the land-locked bay, the huge creatures broke violently through the line of boats (many of them being severely speared while doing so), and made their way towards the rope net designed to arrest their further progress, leaving consternation and dismay behind them; for in the furious struggle between men and animals several boats had been injured, while the one belonging to Ernest Hoffman had been not only upset, but broken to pieces, leaving the six men and the three boys, who had been its occupants, struggling together in the water, which was already encrimsoned with the blood of the wounded whales. It was, indeed, a terrible moment. The six men, all of them able to swim like fish, were terrified when they thought of the poor boys, who, for a minute or so, could not be seen anywhere. Ernest Hoffman, to whose care they had been committed, immediately dived among the injured boats, and, after a minute's delay, returned to the surface with Conrad in one arm, while with his other hand he clutched Jim by the hair, Jim gasping dreadfully, but Conrad quite insensible, as he had received a severe blow on the head. Having committed them to the care of some men whose boat was not injured, Hoffman told them to row to shore and take the poor lads to one of the merchant's houses and get them attended to. Then, once more the good, faithful fellow dived beneath the surface, feeling terribly alarmed as he remembered how the precious moments were flying, while the unfortunate boy, Frank Norman, could not be seen. When he came to the surface for the second time, disappointed of success, faint and exhausted himself, he was seized by one of the men belonging to another boat, who exclaimed (of course, in the Norse dialect), 'Hold up, old chap, we have found the other boy; he was fished up by Carl Dürner's boat, not a penny the worse for his voyage under water, except a bleeding nose, which, I dare say, won't kill him.'

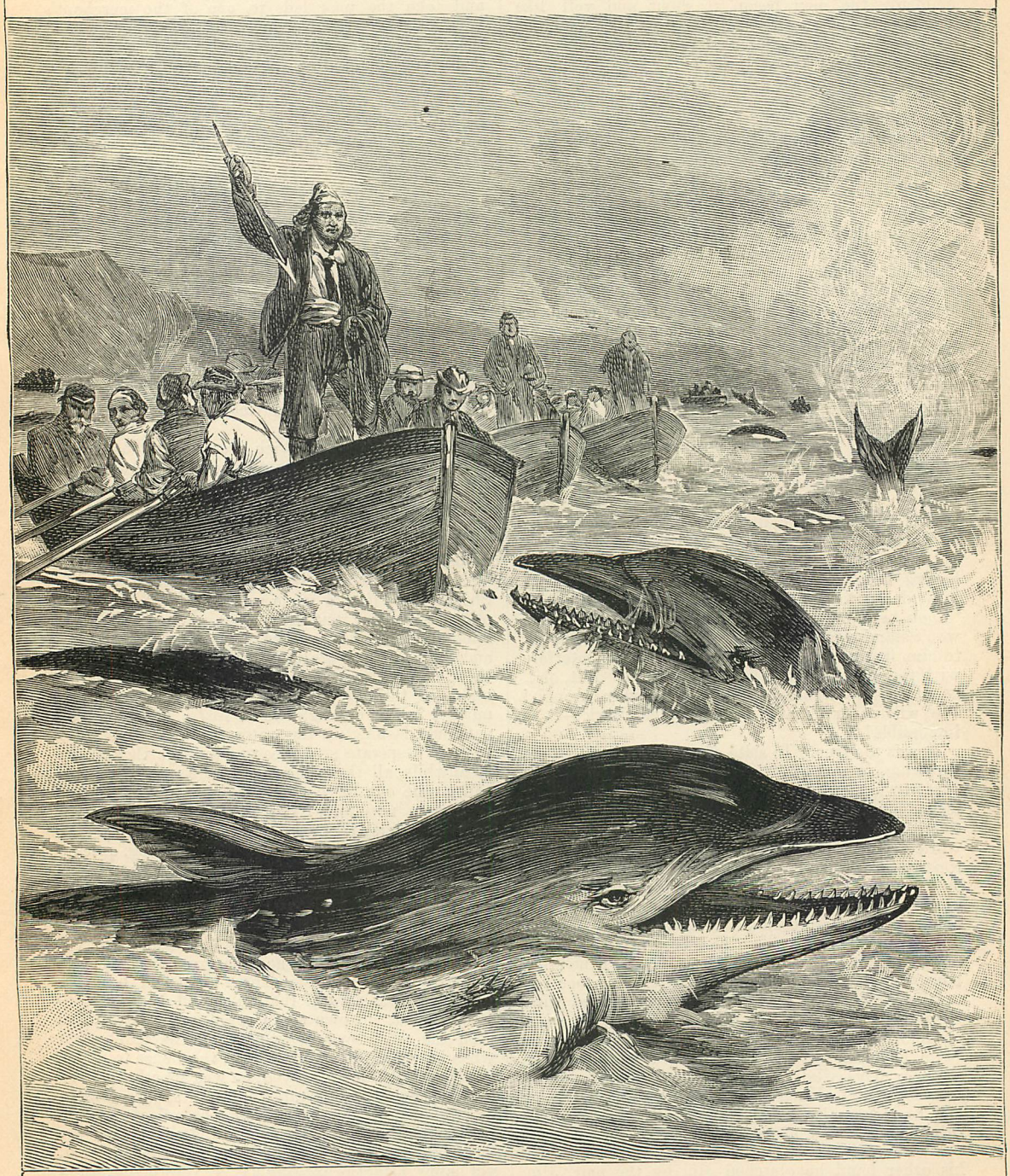
'And where is he?' asked Ernest, anxiously; 'remember, the Sheriff himself put the three youngsters under my care, and I must answer for their safety.'

'All right,' said the other man; 'we have sent him off to his young companions, and now we should be thinking about the rest of the whales. Will they have burst the netting, I wonder? Let us go and see.'

Then all the boats which were seaworthy rowed in the direction taken by the herd, and soon came upon a lively scene. The whales which, when clear of the first line of boats, had continued their career at the same furious rate till they came in contact with the netting, had driven it back several yards, as well as all the line of boats supporting it. Of course, the men there, among whom was the Sheriff himself, had made as strong a stand as the others had done; but the whales, panic-stricken and almost furious, had rushed so violently at the net and the outside boats that nothing could withstand them. In a few seconds they had all escaped, either under or through the net, leaving seven of their number behind entangled in its folds; these unfortunate ones lashing up the water full thirty feet high in their desperate struggles to disengage themselves. Meanwhile, all the others had got away, had swum half a mile out to sea, then dived under water, and were seen no more. The men, therefore, by the Sheriff's orders, directed their attention to the seven whales which were entangled in the netting, quickly dispatched them, and towed their carcases to shore, where it was thought best to leave them, as it was now eleven o'clock p.m., although almost as light as midday.

But now the absence of the boys had to be explained to the Sheriff, who was greatly shocked to know to what a terrible danger they had been exposed. It was natural that he should be most concerned about his own son, Conrad, who, indeed, had been the most severely injured of the three; but when he went, full of anxiety, to the house to which the boys had been conveyed, he was greatly relieved to find them all comfortably enjoying supper, Conrad having quickly recovered from the effects of the blow which he had received. After supper, the whole party returned by boat to Thorshaven, tired, yet happy, after the exciting day at Westmannshaven fiord—a day never to be forgotten, however long the two Scotch boys might live.

(*Continued at page* 206.)



"When the shouting began, the unwieldy creatures turned round, evidently in great alarm."

Left till called for.

LEFT TILL CALLED FOR.

I DO not like to sit here all alone,
While crowds of strangers hurry to and fro;
They stare at me as though they thought me lost,
But I can tell them that it is not so.

Lost! with my darling Gelert by my side!
Why, the dear dog is quite as old as I!
And how he loves me! No one dares to touch
Poor little me when this dear friend is nigh.

I've travelled by myself from granny's home—
You see, she could not come with me, poor dear!
Because she is so ill, she scarce can walk;
But then, dear uncle said he'd meet me here.

And so my luggage, bonnet-box and all,
Is duly marked, 'To lie till called for.' Still,
If uncle does not come, what could I do?
But he will surely come—surely he will!

Why, there he is! I see his smiling face.
Oh, uncle dear—my true and trusty friend,
I am so tired of this dull, lonely place;
But now, my loneliness is at an end.

Oh, how I love to think I will be with you,
And auntie dear, all through the summer's prime!
Uncle, I'm sure you quite agree with me
That holidays are such a charming time.

B. M.

THE YEW.

BEFORE the invention of gunpowder the Yew ranked among the most important trees, the toughness and elasticity of its wood rendering it particularly suitable for making long bows, the pride of our ancient English yeomanry, and the consumption of it for this purpose was so much greater than the home supply that a law was passed, obliging every merchant trading with Venice to bring ten bow staves for every butt of Malmsey wine which he imported.

The wood is also remarkable for its hardness, and on this account is used for axle-trees, cogs for mill-wheels, and flood-gates for fish-ponds, which hardly ever decay. It is of a reddish colour, knotty, and beautifully variegated. The whole plant is poisonous, excepting the fruit. Gerarde, in his *Historie* of plants, says 'Galen reporteth that the Ewe-tree is of a venomous qualitie, and against man's nature.' The Yew flowers in March and April, and delights in rocky woods, and often springs from clefts in precipices. It is a frequent ornament to our churchyards, where it was planted by our ancestors, either as an emblem of immortality or to supply decorations on festivals. There are many Yews famous for their great age. The Hedson Yew, which is the largest in the kingdom, measures eighty-two feet in circumference. The Ankerwyke Yew, opposite Runnymede, Surrey, was a vigorous tree when King John signed the Magna Charta in A.D. 1215.

R. B.

THE LAPP ON HIS SNOW-SHOES.

FOR many months in the year, in the north of Scandinavia, the snow lies deep and frozen over the surface of the earth. Ordinary walking is not possible, as with every step the weight of the body would cause one to sink deep down into the treacherous snow, and the fatigue would not only be terrible, but the risk to life would be enormous. Therefore, the young Lapp has to learn as soon as possible the art of walking on snow-shoes, a much more difficult matter than you may be inclined to suppose.

The Lapp snow-shoes are made of fir-wood, pointed, and slightly upturned at either end. They are a third of an inch thick in the centre, which is the thickest part, four or five inches wide, and vary in length from seven to fourteen feet. In the centre is a loop, through which the foot is passed, and the wearer is furnished with two wooden staves with iron spikes at the ends, which he holds, one in each hand, and by which he can help to push himself forward. The feet have to be slightly raised one after the other, and the motion is gliding and swift, a Laplander easily travelling from ten to fifteen miles an hour when the snow is crisp and in good condition.

The greatest difficulty is found in ascending and descending steep hills. The ascent is made in zigzag, and is very hard work to those who are not used to it. In the descent the feet have to be kept quite still and close together, and the body bent well forward, while the traveller guides his course with a long staff, which he sticks into the snow now on one side and now on the other. The speed is very great, and no one could thus come down a mountain-side who had not been in the habit of wearing snow-shoes from his childhood upwards. Any one who has not been used to do so has to ride on a staff, leaning heavily upon it, so as to decrease the speed, and keeping the feet quite close together. Even this is not at all easy, and the traveller may suddenly lose his balance, fall headlong into the deep snow, and rise to see his snow-shoes far below him at the bottom of the mountain-side.

The Lapps, however, have great skill in the use of snow-shoes, and it is surprising to see how much at home even young children are upon them, leaping and guiding themselves amongst the great boulder-stones on the hill-sides and lake-shores.

Before putting on snow-shoes, the feet are wrapped round with a thick layer of 'shoe-grass,' a herb which has the rare quality of preserving heat. The rein-deer boot is put on the top of this, and, slipping his foot into the band of his snow-shoe, the Lapp is then ready for his journey or hunting expedition, as the case may be; for so rapidly can he move on these shoes that he can pursue and capture on them the wolf, the glutton, or any other beast of prey which may threaten his herds. His short, vigorous frame is well fitted for all such exercises, and there is not a freer, happier creature in the world than the Lapp, speeding along through the clear frosty air of his northern land upon his swift, trusty snow-shoes.

R. M. Mason.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

27.—Transpositions.

Wise Sayings.

1. Evil and good expect bear with.
2. The sword gluttony than more kills.
3. Into a well may a stone throw a fool, a hundred men wise which cannot out pull.
4. His kingdom a sword without love rules.
5. What he not has he who have would, not do what he does should.
6. Quickly seldom and well meet.
7. Crooked if the shadow the staff be straight be cannot.
8. Other wood bind they yet are willows weak.
9. For changing purpose a man wise not blush need his.
10. A source rivers all have must.
11. Wisely suitably speak or be silent.
12. Excellence of all is the truth foundation.
13. Made still shorter waste of time by is however short life.
14. The mind as the body strengthen difficulties does exercise.
15. Of beams very little of life the sunshine made up is.
16. Believe they can who conquer they can.

C. C.

28.—Arithmograph.

A very popular writer of fiction who lived and died in the present century.

1.—5, 3, 4, 1, 2. A tree of the fir tribe.
2.—5, 6, 3, 8. A very heavy metal.
3.—1, 2, 9, 8, 6. To reprove.
4.—11, 13, 6, 12, 5. To assume a posture of humility and reverence.
5.—7, 3, 8, 13, 12, 14, 7. Gloom, melancholy.
6.—10, 2, 3, 7, 12. To pursue.
7.—7, 9, 4, 12. A name by which a sovereign is sometimes called.
8.—11, 9, 13, 8, 13, 6, 14, 7. Amiability, generosity.
9.—8, 6, 3, 5. A town in Kent; a large quantity; a kind of wood.
10.—5, 9, 13, 11. A fastening; a kind of torch.
11.—3, 1, 4, 12. A town in Syria; a land measure.
12.—10, 3, 4, 6. Pussy's murderer.

C. C.

29.—Word Puzzles—Transpositions.

Transpose four letters so as to make the following words:—

1.—1. Valuable, but not always valued.
2. Anything very small; an insect.
3. A separate particular in an account.
4. To throw out sparks.

2.—1. A savage animal.
2. A useful bird.
3. To run smoothly.

3.—1. A point where two lines meet.
2. A celestial messenger.
3. To gather up what is left.
4. A space between hills.

4.—1. Food.
2. Ebbing and flowing.
3. Joined artificially.

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 223.]

A STRANGE-LOOKING BIRD.

OUR strange-looking bird is a Bustard. In former times this curious bird frequented Great Britain, from East Lothian to Dorsetshire. It is sixty years ago since the last English bustards were killed near Swaffham in Norfolk.

The bustard will have nothing to do with America. It is true there is a so-called bustard in the Fur-countries of North America, but it is really the Canadian Goose. Spain and Africa are the chief strongholds of the family, many well-marked species being found in these countries. India, too, has at least three distinct species. Australia possesses at least one large species.

It was thought, at one time, that the bustard was nearly allied to the ostrich, but that is a mistaken view; he would seem to be more nearly related to the cranes in one direction, and the plovers in another.

A male bustard measures, from the tip of his bill to the end of his tail, four feet or thereabouts, and its wings have an expanse of eight feet or more—double its length. If put on the scales, it would weigh from twenty-two to thirty-two pounds, according to age. The female bird is smaller. There is nothing ridiculous about the appearance of the bustard, although, when compared with other birds frequenting open places, its legs are very short. Indeed, it is quite a stately creature, and, when on the wing, almost as majestic as the eagle.

The bustard's bill appears longer than it really is, on account of the flatness of the head. The neck of the male is thick, particularly at certain seasons, and at such times he carries his tail in an upright position, turning it frequently forward, twisting his head and neck along his back in a most curious manner. It is then, too, he droops his wings, and erects their shorter feathers. The appearance is most strange—for tail, head, and neck are almost buried amid the up-standing feathers, and the breast is protruded oddly.

The bustard is of a pale grey on the neck and white beneath, but the back is beautifully barred with russet and black, and a band of deep tawny brown or claret colour descends from either shoulder over the breast. Notice the tuft of long, white, bristly plumes springing up upon each side of the head; these are only seen in the male bird. The bustard loves the open country, and feeds on almost any plant growing naturally in the country. In winter, when natural or 'wild' plants are scarce, he readily feeds on those which are grown by man. He is by no means a strict vegetarian, but adds to his vegetable diet a fat worm or a lively mouse, or anything that lives and moves and is small enough.

The game-laws of Great Britain have long protected the bustard; but, inasmuch as the bird has vanished from our land, and scarcely ever pays us a visit, the merciful law would seem to be out of place on our statute book.

James Cassidy.

The Great Bustard.

THE SIX DECADES OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Sixth Decade: A.D. 1887 to 1897.

EVEN our younger readers will remember the Jubilee, which took place with much public rejoicing in the brilliant month of June, A.D. 1887. In London, the Queen's Jubilee was grandly observed; but there was scarcely a village, however small and scattered, with its church, parsonage, school, inn, blacksmith's shop, and pond, which did not do something out of the common way on that twentieth of June. The elder folk met and had dinner, often under the bright blue sky; and the children had tea and cake, and there was a sprightly cricket match,

and lots of fun, and wheelbarrow races, and in the evening a bonfire, or some fireworks. The Jubilee came and went, but it will not soon be forgotten.

Among those princes who rode so proudly by the side of our good Queen to the grand old Westminster Abbey, there was one of a singularly fine presence, who seemed that bright day to be in the full high tide of health, and likely to live another thirty or forty years. This was Frederick, the eldest son of the old Emperor of Germany. He had married the Princess Royal of England—he had braved the hardships and perils of the great war with France, and had since then helped his father to guide the new German Empire. But the gallant prince was doomed to an early death! Strange are the ways which men have to walk! Even as he rode by the Queen's side, he had begun to feel, however slightly, that affection of the throat which, in a few months, put an end to his life and all its greatness.

The venerable Emperor died, and his son, though grievously afflicted, succeeded to the burden of the German crown. Brave as a lion, he did the work he had to do, in the midst of weakness and painfulness, and before long he too died, and the splendid heritage fell to a very young man, the present Emperor William.

In A.D. 1888, the Prince and Princess of Wales kept their silver wedding; and in the year after, their daughter, the Princess Louise was married to the Earl of Fife, who was on the occasion, created a Duke. This marriage was one of genuine affection, and it has been singularly happy. The Shah of Persia once more left his oriental palaces, his bowers of roses, his fountains and courts, to see with his own eyes the doings of the funny people of Europe, who are never at rest, and who do as much in one day as Persia does in ten years. A giant bridge, not very beautiful to look at, but extremely wonderful, was finished about the same time. This is called the Forth Bridge, because it spans the wide Firth of Forth, and carries trains northward on its road of iron.

The Duke of Clarence, a most amiable prince, was now regarded by the English people as their future king. He became engaged to be married to Princess May, the daughter of the popular Duchess of Teck; but ere long a fatal disorder seized the prince, and he died at Sandringham, to the great grief of his royal grandmother, his parents, and indeed, of all classes. There was much lamentation everywhere. In the same year, England lost her famous Poet-laureate, Alfred Tennyson. He has left beautiful thoughts behind him, which will never die, but will last as long as our language does.

Prince George of Wales, who had also passed through a very severe illness at Marlborough House, became the Duke of York on his brother's death, and, in due course of time, he married the Princess May. The same summer was much saddened by the loss of one of our finest ironclads, H.M.S. *Victoria*. In broad daylight she collided with another monster ship, and with such force that her side was stove in, and the water entered, and she sank. Admiral Tryon went down with her. It does not seem to be known even now why the order was given, which brought the two ironclads so heavily together.

An heir to the throne appeared soon after—he rejoices in the historic name and title of Prince Edward of York.

A mighty structure, which had been slowly rising for some years, was opened about this period. This is the Tower Bridge, so called because it is not very far from the Tower of London. The traffic of the ever-growing city had choked up the old avenues, and men felt that a new bridge was needful. It is the only one below London Bridge, and it has been so made as to suit ships with tall masts. When such a vessel desires to pass, the two leaves of the bridge are lifted up, and then lowered once more.

Another great one of the earth had to meet his Master about this time: we allude to the Czar Alexander III. He was not only, as a Czar, one of the greatest of men in rank and influence, but he was gifted by nature with very uncommon personal strength. Few men were so powerful as Alexander; but this strength of hand and limb generally did not prevent his dying early. When the end came, our good Prince of Wales showed himself a friend indeed to the Czar's household, and the Russian people generally, and he made England very popular. He hurried to the Crimea, where the Czar breathed his last, and made himself extremely useful in many ways during those melancholy days. The young Czar, Nicholas II., was crowned A.D. 1896, with extreme splendour, and in the autumn he paid a visit, with his Czarina and little child, to the Queen of England, at Balmoral. The royal houses of England, Germany, and Russia are now very closely united by family ties, and we hope that these silken bonds may serve to keep the three mighty nations in peace.

A son of the Ameer of Afghanistan spent part of the summer of A.D. 1895 in England. The Ameer is a man of much influence, and it is well for England to keep good friends with him, for he could be very helpful or very hurtful to us in our Indian Empire. The Afghans are a fine, brave people, inhabiting a mountainous country, and we have, in days gone by, suffered severely at their hands. In A.D. 1896 it was decided to send out another expedition to the Gold Coast, where the savage king was showing much hostility to our settlers. The Queen's son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, longing to see some active service, volunteered to go. He took the coast fever, and died at sea, to the great grief of the Queen and country.

Another of the Prince of Wales's daughters was married, in A.D. 1896, to the Prince Charles of Denmark: so if the Queen lost a gallant soldier son-in-law, she gained a gallant sailor grandson, and so death's gaps are, in a way, filled up.

In the early days of A.D. 1896 a curious thing happened at Johannesburg, the capital of the Transvaal. A number of very daring, but ill-judging Englishmen rode pell-mell into the Transvaal, expecting that the people would all rise, and put down the bad government of the Boers; but nobody rose, and the English horseman, weary and faint, were met by Boer bullets, and soon defeated. It seems

unknown yet what was really meant by the 'Transvaal raid,' as it has come to be called; but every one seemed to think that either England or the Boer must be 'cock of the school' in South Africa, and that some day before long that great question will be stubbornly fought out, and settled for ever.

The Englishman is the best colonist known, for wherever he settles he introduces liberty. He has been at it, too, for a long time and in every quarter of the globe, so he has become skilful at dealing with the woods and wilds. Other nations have taken up the same work, and there is now the hum of colonisation all over the world. The great continent of Africa is being rapidly parcelled out, and many a young Englishman or German is leaving his native village to make his home in that strange and beautiful land. We do not wish to be the dog in the manger, but we do hope, and strongly, that our glorious old rag, 'the Union Jack of old England,' will ever fly the foremost there. We believe wherever that flag flies there is equal judgment meted out, and 'fair play and no favour' shown to every man, be he Boer, Frenchman, German, or native.

Englishmen are proud of their Queen, and they may well look back with pride and thankfulness on the six decades of Her Majesty's glorious reign.

G. S. O.

A BOY'S VISIT TO ICELAND.

(*Continued from page* 199.)

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER a time of extraordinary excitement and pleasure, how often do we feel dull and almost melancholy, and we are apt to take, what wise people call, a morbid view of life! Yesterday everything seemed so rosy and bright; to-day, on the contrary, everything is shrouded in gloom. Well, our boys, not being any wiser than their fellow-creatures, felt the truth of this very keenly. The whale-hunt, so exciting, so delightful (in spite of the dangers to which they had been exposed), was over and gone! That was sad enough; but, to make matters worse, the captain of the *Polar Star* gave notice that he would be ready to sail on the third day after the whale-hunt; therefore his passengers must be early on board, as we all know that 'time and tide wait for no man.'

This intimation from the captain weighed terribly on the boys' spirits—and why? Because they had hoped to enjoy the delightful excitement of 'fowling,' by which we mean going with the men who were to climb up the steep rocks by means of a rope, in order to secure the young sea-birds, whose nests, without these ropes, would have been quite beyond their reach.

And must this pleasure be given up? It seemed so, for Mr. Norman could not let the *Polar Star* sail away without him and his boys. But these fortunate youngsters were not to be disappointed after all, for, just as the steamer was ready to start on her voyage, a sailor on board, by some accident, damaged the funnel or smoke-stack so badly that it could not be repaired under a week's time. In Thorshaven, then, they must remain for another seven days, and during this week the fowling expedition was to take place.

Now, before going further with our story, we must remind our young readers that the wild sea-fowl, which abound in these regions, are of the utmost value to the inhabitants. Their feathers are exported to other countries, their eggs are much prized as a great delicacy; besides, the flesh of the young birds, which, though it would seem to us oily, coarse, and quite nauseous to the taste, forms a great part of the food of the poor people, both fresh, and, when salted, for winter's provisions. The difficulty of securing the birds is very great, especially in those places where the precipices are so steep that they cannot be scaled. Our boys were to take no part in the climbing. That would have been quite impossible. They were to be mere spectators of what was going on; and great was their delight when they found themselves once more under Ernest Hoffman's care, in a boat lent him for the occasion, his own boat having been broken to pieces during the whale-hunt.

It had been arranged that the fowling expedition should, on this occasion, consist of three boats, the first containing six men, who were the most experienced climbers in Thorshaven; the second, which was Ernest Hoffman's boat, contained, besides the rowers, Mr. Norman and the three boys, Jim, Frank, and Conrad; and the third was occupied by several men and lads, whose duty it was to gather up the dead birds which the fowlers threw down from the cliffs. The expedition was to go to a very desolate part of one of the islands named Mora, close to which there stands a huge and quite precipitous island rock, known as the Beacon, separated from Mora by a chasm of sixty-five feet wide, and two-hundred and sixty feet deep. Over this chasm ropes have been stretched, so that a cradle can be made to pass along them. This enables the men to get to the Beacon, in the precipitous sides of which innumerable sea-fowl make their nests, clustering, indeed, so thickly in every crevice, that one is reminded of the clusters of bees which gather round a hive, when the insects have made up their minds to swarm.

Having reached Mora, then, the boat which contained the fowlers at once landed, and the men having with some difficulty reached the summit, they walked across the almost level top to the opposite side, and were now face to face with the Beacon. The cradle, which they had brought with them, was now securely suspended from the ropes, and one of the men, seating himself within this rather dangerous looking affair, drew himself, hand over hand, across the terrible chasm, and landed on the Beacon. His arrival there was announced to the eagerly expectant men and boys in the boats below

by the multitude of birds, which rose in snowy clouds, and circled, screaming, round the rock. The fowler having sent back the cradle for the next man, now went to the edge of the stupendous cliff, where a strong iron hook has been planted. To this hook he attached his rope of twisted cow-hide, and, after waiting till all his five companions had crossed the chasm, and were ready to assist him if anything should go wrong with the rope, he cautiously descended the face of the cliff until he came to a perfect colony of the birds known as puffins. But what befel him after this must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

In our last chapter we left the hardy fowler hanging by his cow-hide rope over the tremendous cliffs which formed one side of the Beacon rock. With one foot fixed in a loop of his rope, he had lowered himself till he reached a crevice, where a colony of puffins had established themselves. These birds are not much larger than a pigeon. Their plumage is white with a sprinkling of black feathers, very thick and soft. Their young ones are remarkably fat — so much so, that a good deal of oil is got from their bodies. These birds fall an easy prey to the fowler, for, while other birds, such as gulls or gannets, will fly screaming overhead when they see him approaching their nests, the puffin will sit still, stupidly staring at the enemy, till he knocks them on the head with the stick which these men always carry with them. One blow is enough to kill the poor, foolish things. Their bodies are pitched into the sea, where they are picked up by the men and boys who are in the boats below. This duty was eagerly performed by Jim, Frank, and Conrad, who vied with each other as to which of them should secure the largest number of dead birds. Well, we cannot exactly say which of them was the most expert; but certainly their boat, on its return to Thorshaven, was piled with a snowy heap of puffins, of which they were all very proud. Meanwhile, the fowler having secured and pocketed the eggs of the poor, dead puffins, lowered himself a little further to another crevice, which had been taken possession of by gannets, or solan geese. These are larger birds, and are by no means disposed to let themselves be knocked on the head. They fight for their own lives and the lives of their young by striking the fowler in the face with their out-spread wings, often nearly blinding the poor man by doing so.

On this occasion, in order the better to combat with the birds, the fowler withdrew his foot from the loop of rope, and fixed it in a crevice of the rock, to which he also clung with one hand, while, with his stick held in the other hand, he struck out at the angry, screaming gannets, killing every one that approached within reach of his weapon. But, at this moment, the poor fowler found himself suddenly exposed to a very terrible danger. In withdrawing his foot from the rope he had, of course, kept hold of the rope by tying it round his body; but, in the fury of the fight with the birds, it had become detached, and had swung away, far out of his reach. Here was, indeed, a terrible dilemma! To be clinging to a precipitous rock, one hundred and twenty feet below the summit of the cliff where his five friends were, and one hundred and forty feet above the sea, where the rest of the party sat in the boats, with only as much space to stand on as would hold his one foot, quite unable to climb upwards and equally unable to descend. Could any position be more dreadful or more dangerous? It was, indeed, a moment of terrible suspense to all. The fowlers on the top of the cliff, although they could not see their poor companion, were quite aware that he had lost his hold of the rope, for they could see it dangling in the air; but, alas! they were powerless to give him any assistance whatever; while the men in the boats below could not only see him, but could see the frantic efforts which he made to catch hold of the lost rope. With his stick, which had a hook at the end of it, he more than once secured a slight hold of it, but always lost it again before he could bring it near enough to be caught by his hand. How intently they watched him! how eagerly they cheered him when he seemed, for a moment, to have succeeded in his endeavours! but how despairing were their hearts, after all!

'He will never succeed,' said Mr. Norman to the boatman; 'never! he is a lost man!'

'I am afraid of it, sir,' replied Ernest Hoffman, sadly; 'and, oh, sir, he is such a good fellow—his poor wife and children. What misery this day will bring to them.'

But, just at this moment, Mr. Norman uttered a loud exclamation and rose to his feet, as did all the other men in the boat. What had they seen? The poor fowler, in despair of being saved by any other means, had wildly leaped from his crevice in the rock, and, with outstretched hands, had caught the loop of the rope, just as he was on the point of falling into the depths below! He was saved, as people say, 'by the skin of his teeth!' for his friends on the summit of the cliff pulled him up, and laid him, faint and exhausted, on the grass. His first words on recovering himself were, 'Oh, friends, help me to praise the good God for His merciful kindness this day!'

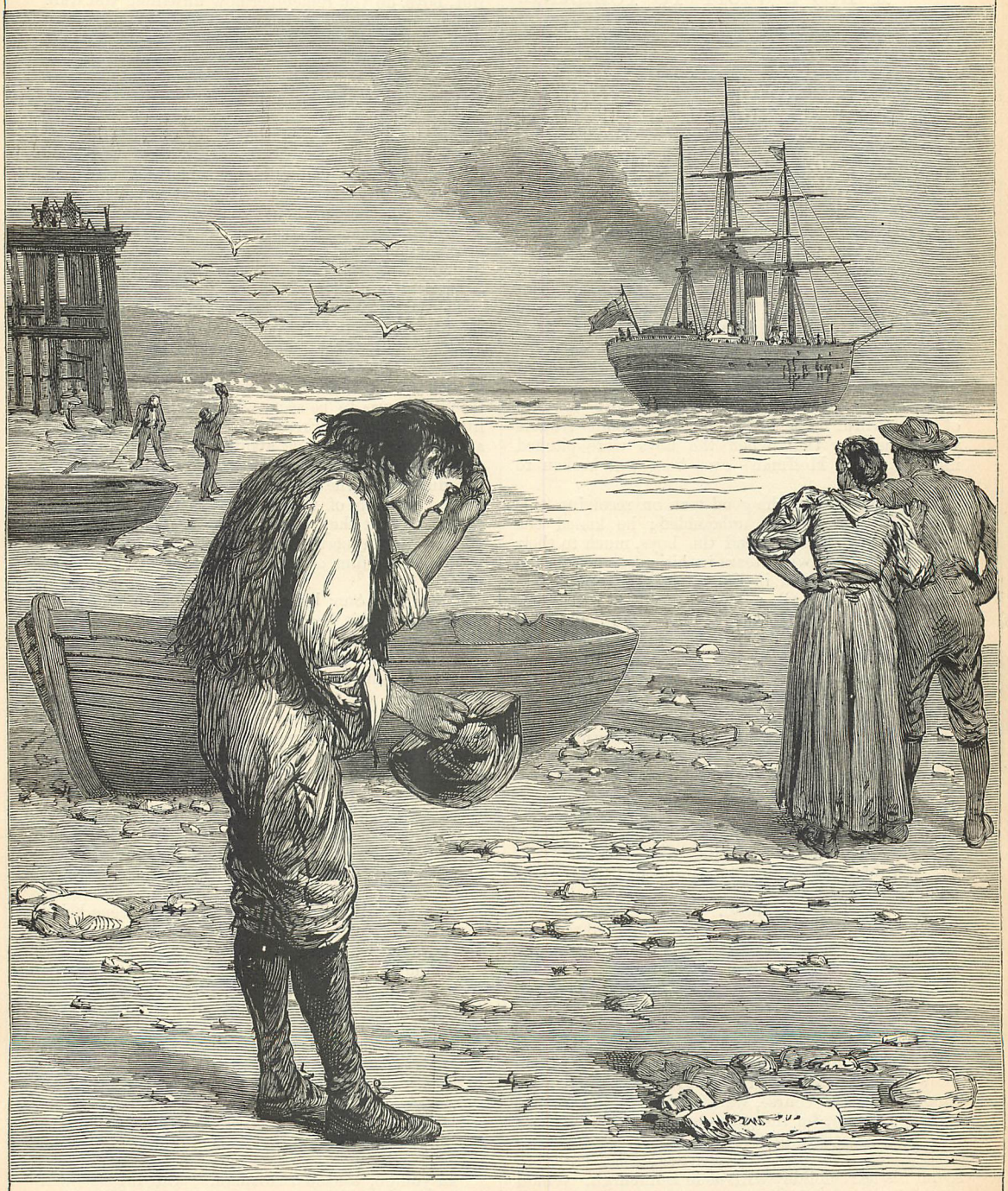
After this terrible scene there could be no more work done, for this day at least. The fowlers got into the cradle once more and crossed the chasm to Mora; they then descended the rugged path to the spot where their boat lay, and, joined by the other two boats, they rowed back to Thorshaven.

Very silently they went, for their hearts were full, when they remembered how different might have been their home-going if they had had to report the death of their poor comrade. But God had been very good to them all; instead of tears and lamentations, they were met by joyful smiles. The snowy sea-birds were equally divided between all the men who had taken part in the expedition, and, after a hearty supper, our weary but happy boys retired to bed.

And now for Iceland, with its hot springs and fountains, its enormous tracts of lava, its great fields of ice, and, above all, at least in the estimation of our boys, its troops of half-wild ponies.

(*Continued at page* 210.)

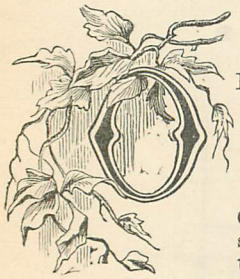
"He will never succeed, never! He is a lost man!"



"With his hat in his hand, Ernest Hoffmann watched the *Polar Star* until she had steamed out of sight."

A BOY'S VISIT TO ICELAND.

(*Continued from page* 207.)



CHAPTER IX.

ON the day after the fowling expedition, the *Polar Star* got up her steam in good earnest, and, after many hearty farewell words between our two boys and Conrad Salveson, the passengers got on board, and the ship steamed away in a northerly direction. But before we go further, we must not forget to say that Ernest Hoffman, who had been such a good friend to the boys (and who had, indeed, saved the lives of Jim and Conrad on the day of the whale-hunt), was not left without a reward. Mr Norman and Sheriff Salveson made a joint gift to him of a beautiful new boat; for our young readers will remember that when the boys were pitched into the water, Hoffman's own boat was broken to pieces.

The gratitude of the good man on receiving this handsome present was unbounded; he kissed the hands of Mr. Norman and the boys, much to their discomfort, and, with tears in his eyes, he wished them every happiness in life, a pleasant time in Iceland, and, above all, a happy meeting with their loved ones at home in that far-off foreign land called Scotland. Then, with his hat in his hand, and bowing low, he watched the *Polar Star* till she had steamed out of sight and had fairly begun her voyage of 250 miles, for that is the distance between Iceland and the Faroe Islands. After the steamer had gone some twenty miles on her way, Mr. Norman discovered that the two boys, Jim and Frank, were not amusing themselves in any special manner, but were sitting on deck with rueful faces, and scarcely exchanging a word one with the other. 'Hallo,' he said, cheerily, 'what is wrong with you youngsters? is the motion of the ship too much for you? If so, you had better lie down for a little in the cabin.'

But Jim shook his head. 'Oh, no, sir,' he said, 'we don't feel ill at all; but it seems so sad to think that we shall never be on the Faroe Islands again, and never have any more whale-hunts! We have been so happy there that we shall never forget it all our lives.'

'Besides,' added Frank, 'we shall never see Conrad Salveson again, and we liked him so much—all except his foreign ways of bowing and kissing. Do you know, father, he wanted to kiss Jim and me when we came away! Of course, we would not stand it; but we forgave him, for the poor chap can't help being a foreigner. Father,' he added, 'the Salvesons were so kind to us that I wish you would ask Conrad to spend his next holiday with us in Edinburgh. Would you object to that?'

'Not at all, Frank,' replied his father. 'Indeed, I spoke of it to the Sheriff, and he seemed quite pleased at the idea. So perhaps next summer—who knows? But, boys, do you remember how unwilling you were to land on the Faroe Islands at all? You were in such a hurry to reach Iceland that you did not like any delay; and now that we are quite close to Iceland you are looking back dolefully on the pleasures you have left behind! Can't you believe that you may be as happy in Iceland as you were on the Faroe Islands? I can tell you that I, for one, am looking forward with great pleasure to all that we are to see; and, boys, I can tell you something else that is sure to please you. I know that you will meet another lad, much about your own age, the son of the Governor of Iceland, to whom I have an introduction. This boy, I am sure, will take you in hand and show you everything that is worth seeing.'

The prospect of having another boy friend to take the place of Conrad seemed to please Jim and Frank greatly, and, after their conversation with Mr. Norman, they ceased to lament the past, and began to look around them with renewed interest at everything that was to be seen, which, after all, was very little. Only a few French and Belgian fishing-craft a long way off, tossing about on the troubled sea, and the usual number of screaming wild birds broke the dulness of the voyage, till about seven o'clock on the evening of the third day, when the captain told them that they were nearing Iceland. He then pointed to the north-west, where land had become visible, like a dim cloud lying on the surface of the water.

The *Polar Star* being now beset with foggy and rainy weather, it became necessary to advance with the utmost caution. Steam was therefore let off and the vessel put at half-speed until a pilot-boat was seen putting off from the shore. When its owner came on board, he proved to be a much more civilised-looking person than good, old Ernest Hoffman. He was, however, as good a seaman, and, under his guidance, the steamer was brought to an anchor in the bay of Reikjavik. How strange everything did seem to our boys! Right in front of them there lay a long, low shore, on which rose a number of wooden houses, like those which abound in Norway, all of them neatly painted, and many of them adorned with flags. Four or five merchant vessels were at anchor in the bay besides the *Polar Star*, all of them with colours flying, the whole scene being of a much livelier and more civilised character than the boys had expected.

A number of persons had gathered on the beach to see them land, and were staring very hard at the boys; for visitors to Iceland are usually only men, who are of an age to rough it, and who have come on some special business of their own. But now Mr. Norman came up to the boys, and laughingly asked them if they did not wish to go on shore.

'Oh, yes, yes!' they replied, and followed him to the ship's side, where a little boat lay dancing on the water.

'In you go,' said Mr. Norman. 'Our luggage will be landed to-morrow.' And in less than half an hour our two boys stood on the shores of Iceland, the most wonderful country in the world.

CHAPTER X.

HERE we must pause in our story for a short time, and ask our boy readers not to lose patience if this chapter should prove, in their opinion, to be rather dry and tiresome reading. It is impossible thoroughly to understand the adventures of our boys, Jim and Frank, during their visit to Iceland, unless our readers know a little about this wonderful and interesting part of the world. We begin our dry details by saying that Iceland is an island of the North Atlantic, situated immediately south of the Polar circle, which just touches the northernmost point of the island. It is more than a third larger than the whole of Scotland, and owes its existence entirely to volcanic action, the whole of its interior being occupied by barren sands, lava tracts, and fields of ice. The largest of these lava tracts is about twelve hundred square miles in extent, while its largest icefield occupies about three thousand square miles. Its highest mountain is six thousand four hundred and twenty-six feet above the level of the sea, its upper part being covered with everlasting snow and ice. There are no less than twenty volcanoes, which have been active at one time or another since the island was inhabited. The most famous of these volcanoes is Hecla; but it is famous, not because its eruptions have been the most severe, but because they have been the most frequent. One volcano, named Laki, about one hundred years ago, threw out a stream of lava forty-five miles in length and fifteen miles in breadth. This happened in A.D. 1783. Such a frightful and desolating outpour from one volcano at one time has not been known anywhere else. These volcanic outbursts are not entirely confined to the land, for islands in the sea round it have been thrown up, while others have sunk out of sight, these wonderful changes being caused by volcanic action under the sea. Several volcanoes never throw out lava at all, but send up torrents of ashes and boiling mud. The hot springs scattered about Iceland are also connected with volcanic fires. These hot springs are very numerous, and are made use of by the inhabitants for cooking and washing purposes.

Iceland was discovered about the ninth century, and about sixty years later the whole island was inhabited. In the year A.D. 1000, Christianity was introduced, and a century later two bishops' sees were established. About the middle of the sixteenth century the Reformation reached the island, and since then all the people have remained followers of Luther, the great German reformer. Church matters are now superintended by one bishop at Reikjavik.

The history of this interesting island has been marked by many sorrowful events, which sorely tried the poor inhabitants. The Black Death, as it was called, in A.D. 1402, and the Great Plague in A.D. 1494, swept away many hundreds of the people. Small-pox, too, at a later date, and terrible famines have afflicted them sorely. Discouraged by these adversities, many of the people emigrated to America. At the present time the population of the island is supposed to be about seventy thousand persons. There are only three towns: Reikjavik, the capital, with about six thousand inhabitants, and two villages in the north with names that we cannot pronounce or spell. These villages contain about five hundred persons each. All the rest of the population is scattered about the island in lonely farm-houses, placed in any spot where grass can be found for their domestic animals. The wealth of the people consists in oxen, sheep, and ponies, while they export wool, skins, dried fish, and many other articles.

Let us now return to our story. Having at length landed on the bleak and desolate shores of Iceland, the first thing the boys noticed was that the shingle on the beach was quite black; and no wonder, for it consisted entirely of little bits of lava, pumice, and other products of volcanic action. The town and its inhabitants, however, had a more civilised appearance than they had expected to see; indeed, the only part of Reikjavik where any special rudeness prevailed was in the outskirts, occupied by the fisher-people. There they saw clusters of uncouth-looking men and women, engaged in cutting up fish on the black rocks close at hand. The houses of these poor folk were mere hovels, roofed with turf, and this they found to be the general style of Icelandic houses in the interior of the island. But now the first thought of every one was 'the geysers,' and the Governor, to whom Mr. Norman had presented his letter of introduction, was good enough to give the strangers much information as to what they ought to do so as to enjoy the trip, and so as to suffer as little as possible from its hardships. Mr. Norman was told that the journey from Reikjavik to the Great Geyser would occupy two days, and must be made on horseback; also that the party must carry everything with them that could possibly be required—provisions, a tent, and bedding. Besides this, each member of the party would require a relief pony. The party was to consist of eight persons in all—Mr. Norman and the two boys, the Governor's son (Carl Rudenberg, fifteen years of age), a Mr. Christian and a cousin of his, a Mr. Scholler, these two gentlemen being retired merchants who had lived for years in Iceland, but had only visited the geysers once during all that time. Besides these six persons, two guides were to be of the party—eight persons in all and sixteen ponies, besides four baggage-ponies. 'Quite a cavalcade,' as Jim said. Well, we shall see how they prospered on their way.

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THE SEDGE-WARBLER AND HOUSE-MARTIN.

BOTH these little birds are visitors, who come to our shores about May or June, and stay with us till the autumn.

The Sedge-Warbler has its name from the fact that it likes to live among the sedges, reeds, rushes, and willows, which grow by the water-side. It is not easy to catch sight of this little bird, as it prefers to hide itself among the leaves; but its notes may be heard in the early morning and evening, and even, like the Nightingale, far into the hours of darkness.

The Sedge-Warbler is a brown bird, with a white throat and a buff breast.

The Sedge-warbler and House-martin.

The House-Martin is very like the common Swallow, but may be known from it by the large white patch on the upper tail-coverts, though this is more easily seen when the bird is flying than when it is seated on the ground or clinging to its nest.

The House-Martin is found in all parts of England. It has its name because it so often puts its clay-built nest under the shelter offered by the dwellings of men, and is not afraid to fix its home and rear its young ones close to the windows of a house.

It is curious that the Martins will often take a fancy to one side of a house and place rows of their nests under the eaves on that sides, while they neglect altogether other sides which seem equally suitable. They commonly avoid the south side, their instinct most likely teaching them that the heat of the mid-day sun might crack and loosen the mud-walls of their nests.

A story is told of a lazy Sparrow who had taken possession of a Martin's house, and would not leave it; and it is said *that the Martins* of the neighbourhood gathered together and brought each a supply of clay in their beaks, with which they stopped up the opening of the nest while the Sparrow was inside, thus turning his stolen house into a tomb.

When the Martins are going to leave for a warmer clime, they gather together for several days before they start, and seem to be arranging the way in which to carry out their migration.

The Martin is a pretty bird, from the contrast which there is between the tints of its feathers; the head and upper part of its body are glossy blue-black, except the quill-feathers of the wings and tail, which are dark as soot, while the upper tail-coverts are snowy white. Its legs and toes are spread over with tiny white feathers; its beak is black and its eyes brown; its length is a little more than five inches.

THE STALKING-HORSE.

ONE of the oldest methods of shooting wood-cock and wild-fowl was under cover of the stalking-horse. In very early times the stalking-horse was a horse broken in for *the purpose of* stalking. In the red-letter days of poaching the poachers made use of an artificial horse for the purposes of sport. Poachers had not much money, and hence the expense of keeping a real horse was, in most cases, beyond them. The sham animal, such as is shown in the illustration, was

The Stalking-horse.

long in use amongst sportsmen, including poachers, of former days, who concealed behind it could thus stealthily stalk on wild-fowl in the water, and land-fowl crouched on shore. To make the artificial stalking-horse, an old writer directs that the sportsman should take 'any piece of old canvas, and having cut it to the shape of a horse, with the head bending downward, as if he grazed, "stope" it with clean straw, moss, flocks, or any light matter, and paint it as near the colour of a horse as possible, and in the midst let it be fixed to a staff with a pick of iron in it to strike down in the ground at your pleasure, and stand fast while you choose your mark, and also to turn and wind any way you please, either for your advantage of the wind or for taking better aim, and it must be made so light that you may bear it

easily with one hand, moving it and wagging it in such wise that it may seem to move and graze as it goeth; neither must this in any wise exceed the ordinary stature or proportion of a common horse, for to be too low or little will not cover the man, and to be too big and huge will be both monstrous and troublesome and give a fright to the fowl.' The sportsmen, taught by experience, found that early morning, or late evening, was the best time for going out with the stalking-horse.

The stalking-horse is more effectively used against wild-fowl in the marshes than against woodcocks, these being mostly taken by nets and nooses.

Watch that sportsman. See, upon his back is slung the stalking-horse; he now unslings it, and, mounting it on his left arm, he presents it towards the birds; he then begins to walk as quickly as the nature of the ground will admit in a circle. He continues his walk, but contracts the circle. Meantime the birds watch his movements, and feel that they are beset on every side; every direction is blocked, everywhere appears that formidable and eccentric horse. 'I will creep near him,' thinks one; 'perhaps I shall escape his notice; he cannot mean to harm me, I have not made him angry!' The 'sportsman' behind the horse sees the bird approach nearer and nearer, and, levelling a short gun through a hole in the shield, he lays him dead in a moment. Then up comes the sportsman's dog—always a valuable helper to his master—and bears the 'game' to the spot to which he knows that it is his duty to take it. So well trained is this retriever dog that, if needful, he will plunge into the streams, or search among the grass until he finds the bird, when instantly he will take it to his master. JAMES CASSIDY.

HOW JOE SAVINE ESCAPED FROM MAIDSTONE FIGHT.

A True Story.

IT was in the eventful winter of A.D. 1647–8, that there happened what was called the Kentish insurrection, and in many parts of the county desperate fights occurred between the friends of King Charles I., and the soldiers of the Parliament, which had then taken the Government of England. The Cavaliers, as the King's soldiers were called, mustered in force, and before the General of the Parliament's army was aware of their designs, they had seized Canterbury, Sandwich, and other important places. Early in the spring, their forces were quartered along the banks of the Medway, and the leaders talked of making a sudden march upon London. Certainly they had only about eight thousand men, but before the City was reached no doubt they would have been joined by many more of the King's supporters. At the time of my story most of the troops were in camp between Chatham and Rochester, Lord Norwich having just taken the command instead of General Holes.

One of the best-known men of Canterbury then was Alderman Savine, a brewer and a well-to-do citizen, to whom these disturbances were a great trouble, for he had friends on both sides and wished to see peace again. It was on a May morning that the good alderman walked past the horse-chestnuts of St. Stephen's Green towards the bank of the river Stour, and with him two companions. One was his daughter Harriet, the other a young man helmeted and bandoleered, having a large broad-sword, this being his nephew Joe, an orphan who had always been under his uncle's care. We can fancy them talking earnestly, as the uncle and cousin tried to persuade the young man not to leave them, for he is intent upon joining the Cavaliers. At last he says, 'Give me thy blessing, dear uncle, and let me go. I must share the fate of my comrades, be it for good or evil, and may God defend the right!' He bows his head, upon which the alderman places his hand, uttering words of blessing. Then the youth kisses his cousin, and rides off rapidly on his charger towards Rochester.

He had a good thirty miles to travel that day, but before Joe had reached his journey's end, he met with an important and unexpected adventure. Going through a large forest called King's Wood, along a narrow and rough path, his horse stepped on a flint, and was lamed. Not knowing what to do he went on slowly, leading him by the bridle. By-and-by he saw smoke rising from a hollow. Advancing cautiously, he discovered a party of six well-armed men sitting round a fire, and from fragments of their talk, he found that they were troopers of Lord Norwich's army. One of them was telling the rest how he had got private intelligence that a strong force of their enemies was about to march upon the Cavaliers, and that many officers and men were sure to desert. Joe Savine tried to persuade them to stick to their colours, but they answered that it was no use—they meant to escape while they could. At least, he said, give me one of your horses, that I may hasten to tell Lord Norwich of the danger; and this they did.

Along the road upon which Joe galloped, he passed many stragglers from the army, and as he neared the top of the hill above Rochester, covered with dust, his horse almost exhausted, he saw the general and a group of officers. He at once told what he had heard, that Fairfax and his troops had left London, meaning to attack Maidstone first, where the Cavaliers had only about a thousand men. On hearing this, Lord Norwich dismounted from his horse, put the young man upon it, and, having given him some refreshment, told him to ride full speed to Maidstone, and order the Cavaliers there to quit before the Parliament's army arrived.

The night was fine, and Joe, who knew the country well, dashed over hedges and across fields, taking the nearest way. But ere the lights of Maidstone came in sight, he heard the sound of dropping shots, as if fighting had begun at the outposts, and to himself he cried, 'I am too late!'

Upon entering the town, Joe Savine had good proof that the fight had begun, for most of the inhabitants were indoors, and the garrison had moved out to defend the bridge. Louder were the reports of musketry, with intervals between, which told that the men were fighting nearer, pike against pike. He met an officer, to whom he said that he had orders for the troops to retire; but now it was

not possible, the only hope was that Lord Norwich might send more soldiers to help. The Cavaliers were driven from the bridge, and the fight became furious along the High Street, which was barricaded with waggons, barrels of earth, and piles of stones. Joe rushed to the front, shouting, 'Courage, my lads! courage! Stand to it like men—you will soon have help!' and the Cavaliers were so encouraged that for a time they forced back the troops of Fairfax. Some aid, too, did arrive, as eight hundred horse, sent from the army at Rochester, came into the town, and by their assistance the Cavaliers cleared the High Street of their enemies. But General Fairfax had full nine thousand trained men, the defenders not two thousand, and some of these were not skilled in fighting. One barricade after another was carried, and a fierce contest went on along the streets of the town. The troops of Fairfax seized the market-place before night, and the Cavaliers were killed or scattered. One party of three hundred held the church awhile, but they had at last to surrender.

Before this, however, Joe Savine had left Maidstone, weary and wounded. First, he had been dismounted, his horse falling from a shot; then a bullet struck his arm, and he could fight no more. Struggling through the crowd of fugitives, he resolved to make a desperate effort to reach his uncle's home at Canterbury. Binding his sash round the wounded arm, he chose the less-frequented ways, and slowly, faint as he was, he travelled on. He reached the edge of the forest not far from Canterbury, but his strength failed, and he dropped senseless under a tree, where he lay for several hours. His uncle and cousin had come out for an evening walk, and, as they entered the forest, they saw some person on the ground, wrapped in a cloak. Great was their joy and surprise when they found that it was Joe himself. Assistance was obtained, and he was helped to his uncle's house, where he had all the care needed for his restoration to health.

J. R. S. C.

NOWHERE LAND.

IF *you* can tell me, will you tell me, please,
Because, you see, I really want to know,
Where icicles are found that do not freeze,
And all the July fields are white with snow?

Where April showers are dry as dry can be,
Where buttercups are growing in the frost,
Where only sailors never go to sea,
And moments idly spent are never lost?

Where naughty children always are the best,
Where laziness is called a golden rule,
Where hours of work are named the time of rest,
And only silly people go to school?

If there is such a funny place at all,
It must be where the blackest things are white,
Where all the shortest men are very tall,
And everything is wrong and nothing right.

J. L.

GUY'S CLIFF MILL, WARWICK.

WARWICK, the county town of Warwickshire, on the river Avon, is a very ancient place, and has been able to preserve much of its mediæval character. But Warwick's chief glory is its stately Castle, on a rocky elevation forty feet high, overhanging the river.

Ethelfleda, King Alfred's daughter, built a fortress here in A.D. 915, but the present edifice is all of a later date, Guy's tower being built in A.D. 1394. This castle stood a memorable siege by the Royalists during the Civil War, and besides this, its great hall was gutted by fire in A.D. 1871. In a few years, however, the damage was repaired, and Warwick Castle is one of the few feudal residences in which its owners still live. Here there are relics of Guy of Warwick, of whose story we have to tell. He was the hero of one of the most ancient and popular of our English romances of the thirteenth century.

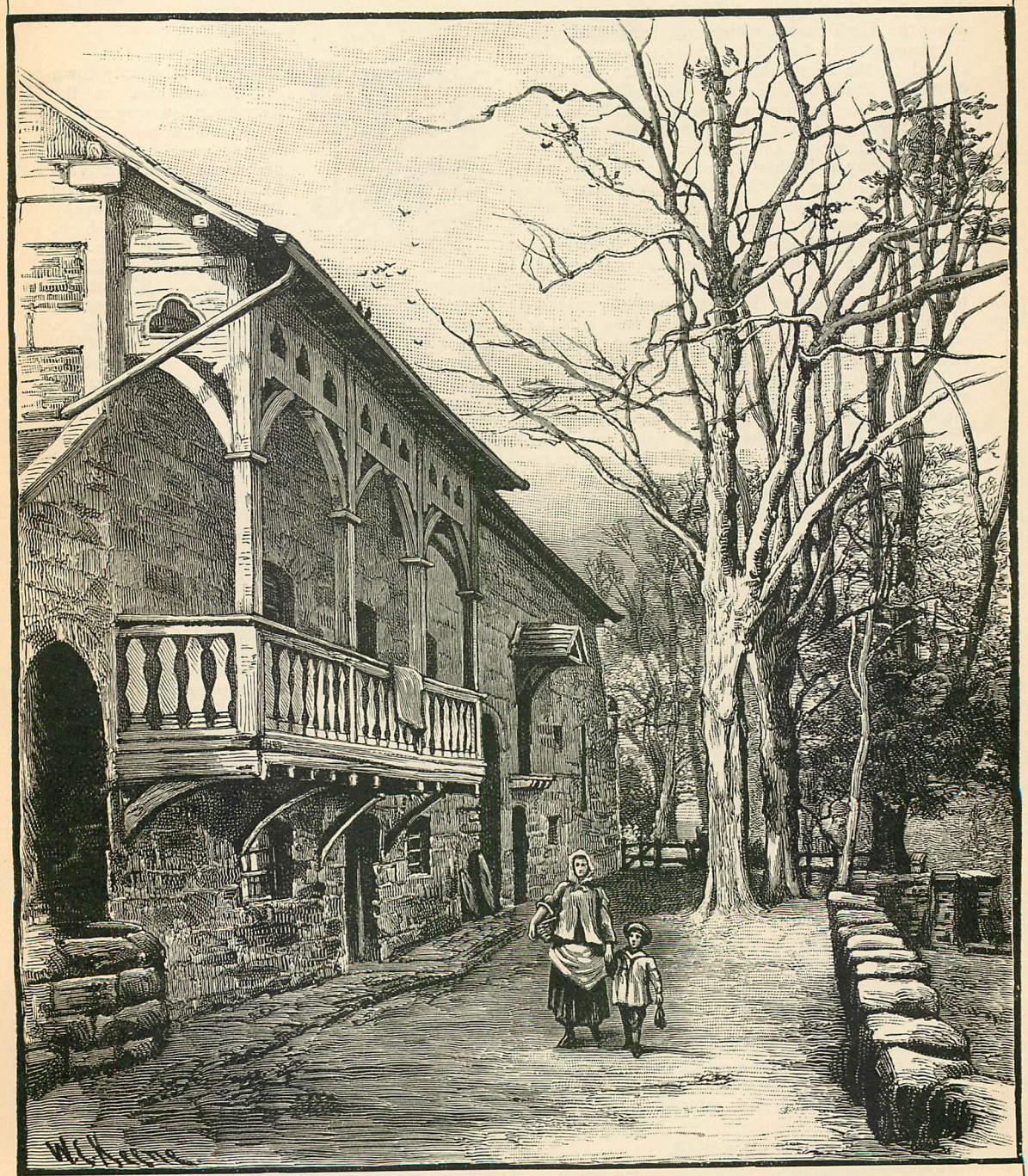
This Sir Guy of Warwick was son of Seagard, steward of the Earl of Warwick. Having fallen in love with Felice, the fair daughter of the Earl, he was promised her hand if he could earn it by knightly deeds.

On hearing this he crossed to Normandy, where he vanquished every competitor at the great tournament of Rouen, after which he set out for far-distant lands, gaining the prize in every tournament at which he appeared. He then returned to England, and overcame the famous Dun Cow on Dunsmore Heath, near Warwick; but finding his lady-love still unsatisfied, he went to Constantinople to save the Emperor from the Saracens, when, after countless other adventures, he again returned to England and destroyed a portentous dragon then ravaging Northumberland. Having slain this monster, the fair Felice had now no scruple in marrying him.

But now the tables were turned. Remorse for all the slaughter of which he had been guilty began to affect the hero, and after forty days of wedded happiness he left his home in the garb of a pilgrim to visit the Holy Land. After still further adventures there, he again wandered homeward, visited his wife all unknown in his pilgrim's dress, and then he retired to a hermitage at the place still called Guy's Cliff (see picture), near Warwick. Before his death he sent her parting ring as a token to Felice, and she arrived in time to close his eyes. She survived him only fifteen days, and was buried in the same grave.

Thus ends a very strange and romantic story—a story which clearly shows us how deeply the public mind of England was sunk in superstition during the thirteenth century. How thankful should we be that our lot has been cast in other and more enlightened times!

K.



Guy's Cliff Mill, Warwick.

"'Lead on,' said Mr. Christian, cheerfully, 'and I will follow.'"

A BOY'S VISIT TO ICELAND.

(*Continued from page* 211.)

CHAPTER XI.

WE feel almost sure that as we describe this journey to the Great Geyser, our boy readers will feel inclined to call Mr. Norman a muff when we tell them that, long before all the arrangements were completed, he felt very much inclined to give up the expedition altogether, the difficulties seeming to him to be quite too great for a man of his age and easy-going habits to undertake. In the first place, if the truth must be told, he felt horribly afraid of the ponies! On the day before the start he had examined with the greatest care every group of ponies which had been offered to him; but some of them had such wild eyes, while others were so frisky, that the poor gentleman felt quite frightened. Hitherto he had only ridden on horseback on very few occasions, and he could not help remembering how racked and battered he had once been by a Highland pony in Glen Tilt, and a Highland pony he felt perfectly certain must be quieter than these wild-eyed, rough-coated Icelanders.

While thinking over these things, Mr. Norman saw some country-women arrive at Reikjavik, riding on saddles rather like a low arm-chair placed sideways on the horse, allowing the feet to hang together on one side, where they were supported on a rest of wood. Oh, what longing looks he cast on these safe and comfortable saddles! Would it be thought very dreadful if he should ask the loan of one of these for his own use? Could he do it? Could he stand the laughter of the boys and the shame of adopting such a womanly plan? No, he could not! More moral courage was required to do the one thing than physical courage to brave the other. If he went on the expedition at all, he must mount on a man's saddle. Then, again, there were the boys to be thought of. What if Jim Arbuthnot should tumble off his pony and be killed! What could he say to the widowed mother if this should happen? Then his own boy, Frank. Why, the little fellow had never mounted any steed more riotous than the hobby-horse at home, and was he to let his own son throw his life away? Here the poor gentleman became quite troubled, and resolved to confide his feelings to the boys themselves; but the moment he broached the subject to these youngsters, he was met by such a wail of disappointment at the idea of having come almost, as one might say, within sight of the geysers, and yet going home without seeing them, that he felt quite unable to hold his own, and, with a feeling that desperate danger lay before them all, he yielded to the pressure put upon him, climbed into the saddle of the mildest-looking pony he could see—a creature with a shaggy, cream-coloured hide and enormous brown eyes—and proclaimed himself ready to start forthwith.

But during the time that Mr. Norman had been so undecided in his mind, a great deal of hard work had been done by the two guides. Provisions for four days had been gathered together, these consisting chiefly of tinned meats and soups, also biscuits and preserved vegetables. A good tent and suitable bedding had also been provided, with warm wraps and rugs of every kind. These various articles were securely strapped upon the backs of the baggage-ponies. The careful and skilful manner in which all these articles had been packed so as not to weigh more to the one side than to the other, reflected great credit upon the men who undertook this duty. At last the moment came when, amid the cheers of the bystanders, the whole party mounted and rode off, the two boys, Frank and Jim, with their new comrade, Carl Rudenberg, being as happy as it was possible for boys to be. Carl turned out to be a pleasant young fellow. He could not speak English so well as Conrad Salveson had done, but in every other respect he was quite a gain to the whole party. Lively, gay, and most amusing, he was constantly darting here and there on his clever pony, his light figure now to be seen outlined on the sky a quarter of a mile ahead, then capering among piles of rough blocks of lava. He was indeed a lively, happy boy, never to be forgotten by the more sober-minded Scotch lads, who regarded him with an admiration which they had never felt for any young companion before.

For the first three or four miles after leaving Reikjavik the track had been a good deal cleared of stones, and was not very difficult to ride upon, therefore (but very slowly) poor Mr. Norman began to recover his spirits, and to entertain some hope that the whole party might possibly reach the geysers without any fatal accident having taken place. Perhaps this regained cheerfulness was partly caused by the fact that, so far as they had gone, the road had not been so rough as he had expected. The weather, too, had cleared, and the sun was beginning to shine upon them, while the lively talk and laughter of the whole party was decidedly cheering. After a while, when the smoother path had come to an end, and the real rough-and-tumble road lay before them, it was thought best to pause a bit, examine the baggage-horses, and give them each a mouthful of fodder, while the men and boys of the party partook of a sandwich and a glass of beer. Then, with a wild shout and hurrah, away they all went, bound for Thingvalla, where they were to pass the first night.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER the pleasant luncheon of sandwiches and Danish beer, which the travellers had partaken of while still sitting on horseback, the whole party settled down to the serious business of the day, for (as Mr. Christian kept constantly reminding them) five-and-twenty English miles still lay between them and Thingvalla, where they were to camp for the night—five-and-twenty miles of black, dreary, wild volcanic wastes, where no near sounds reached their

ears but the sharp clang of the ponies' hoofs grating over the rocks and stones, or splashing through deep mud puddles, and no distant sounds save the cries and whistlings and plaintive wails of the curlew, the plover, and other wild birds of the mountain and the swamp. At length the party reached a deep ravine, wild and frightful, along the edge of which they rode, up hill and down dale, fording streams, and dashing through many rough places. After this experience, a black, stony plain lay before them, a moor which extended over some fourteen miles of their journey, where very often there was not the vestige of a track to be seen, although they were kept in the right direction, partly by the guides, and partly by cairns of black stones placed here and there on slight elevations.

During all this time, Mr. Norman had remained fairly tranquil in mind, Mr. Christian having assured him that no accident of any moment had ever occurred while on the route between Reikjavik and the geysers; he said, too, that he had desired one of the guides to keep an eye upon the boys, so that really he might put away from his mind all thought of disaster to them. Thus assured, Mr. Norman had quite recovered his usual good spirits, and having ascertained that Mr. Christian, who was a quiet, sensible man, had spent two years in Leith, and was well acquainted with Edinburgh, he had quite a friendly talk with him, and made him his chief companion during this ride to Thingvalla. Mr. Christian's cousin, Mr. Scholler, was a man of quite a different character. Although by no means young, he was full of frolic and laughter, and as he delighted in the company of juveniles, he joined himself to the party of boys, and kept them in peals of laughter by his oddities both of speech and demeanour. He was, however, a well-meaning man, and had no intention of leading the youngsters into danger of any kind.

At three p.m., the whole party, to their great delight, caught the first view of the blue lake of Thingvalla lying peacefully in the valley beneath them. Two small volcanic islands were in this lake, and they lay gleaming like silver mirrors in the sun, while the wild hills all around had taken on a deep violet colour. It was an unexpected and most beautiful scene, but they did not spend much time in admiring it; they were all desperately hungry, and as they knew that Thingvalla was to be their resting-place for the night, as well as the place where they might hope for what our American friends call a good square meal, the light-hearted and more youthful members of the party, headed by the lively Mr. Scholler, had proposed a rapid scamper down into the valley, that they might help the guides in preparing for dinner, besides enjoying some much needed repose. Mr. Norman, however, felt too tired to keep up with the others, therefore Mr. Christian at once fell behind to bear him company, while the others were speedily out of sight.

Knowing that dinner preparations would occupy the guides for some time after their arrival in the valley, the two gentlemen—Mr. Norman and Mr. Christian—took things easily, and rode very leisurely along, admiring the green level plain, more than one hundred feet beneath, and wondering how they were to find their way down to it, when quite suddenly they came to a yawning chasm, or rent, running down through the edge of the plain. Here they drew rein and gazed down the rent with feelings of awe and wonder. They knew that their companions, including the three boys, must have descended by this chasm, for there was no other road; but how they had managed to do so they could not imagine. Had they dismounted, and led the ponies down? It seemed scarcely possible that they could have done so, for the animals would certainly have tumbled on the top of them. It was more probable that they had kept their seats, and trusted themselves entirely to the sagacity of their ponies.

'How shall we set about it?' asked Mr. Norman, with rather a rueful look at his friend. 'You have been here before, and must remember something about it.'

But Mr. Christian declared that he could not remember what he had done, it was so long ago; his impression was that he and his friends had just tumbled down the best way they could, the ponies being so sure-footed that nothing of any particular moment had occurred, at least that he could remember.

'Well,' said Mr. Norman, after a pause, 'whatever you may do, I must keep my seat if I can, for the pony is more sure-footed by far than I could hope to be.'

'Lead on, then,' said Mr. Christian, cheerfully, 'and I will follow.'

Having thus resolved, Mr. Norman left his pony to choose its own steps, when it slowly picked its way down the gorge, zig-zagging from crag to crag, or stepping from one block of stone to another. Repeatedly the poor gentleman was compelled to lean back, touching the pony's tail with the back of his head, in order to avoid being shot forward, feet first, over its head, among the rocks. More than once, the wise animal drew up its hind legs, and slid down in a sitting posture, kicking out right and left to keep its balance, the sparks meantime flying out from its heels. At length they reached the bottom in safety, where they found, to their horror, that something most distressing had taken place.

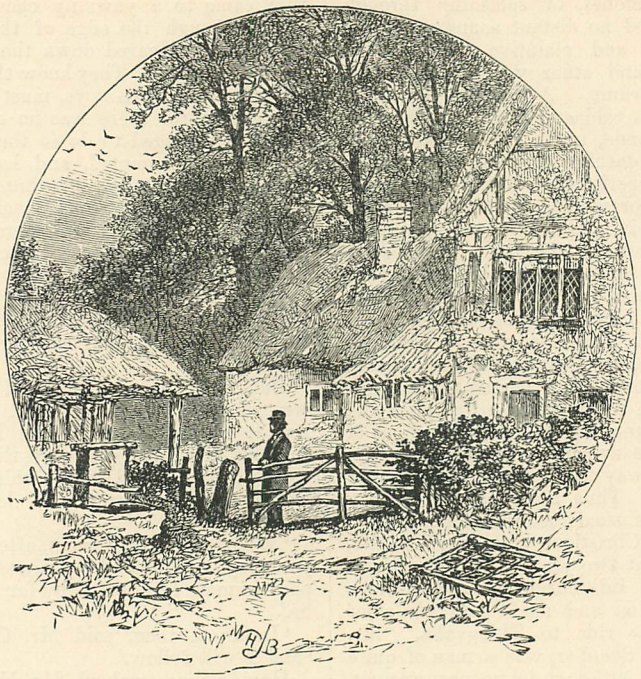
(*Continued at page* 226.)

THE COUNTRY HOME.

MY home is not a lordly hall,
Nor does my land stretch far and wide,
No serving-man attends my call,
Or ministers to pomp and pride.

Oh, no; it's but a cosy cot
Nestling mid lowly bush and tree:
But, well contented with my lot,
None happier than I could be.

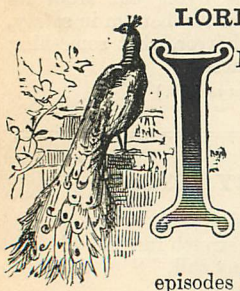
I do not live alone—not I,
For solitude is not my taste;
My home is by my laughing babes
And by my wife's sweet presence graced.



A Country Home.

Ah! home is sweet indeed when those
Who love us dearly there we find,
When every voice speaks gentle words,
And even every look is kind. K.

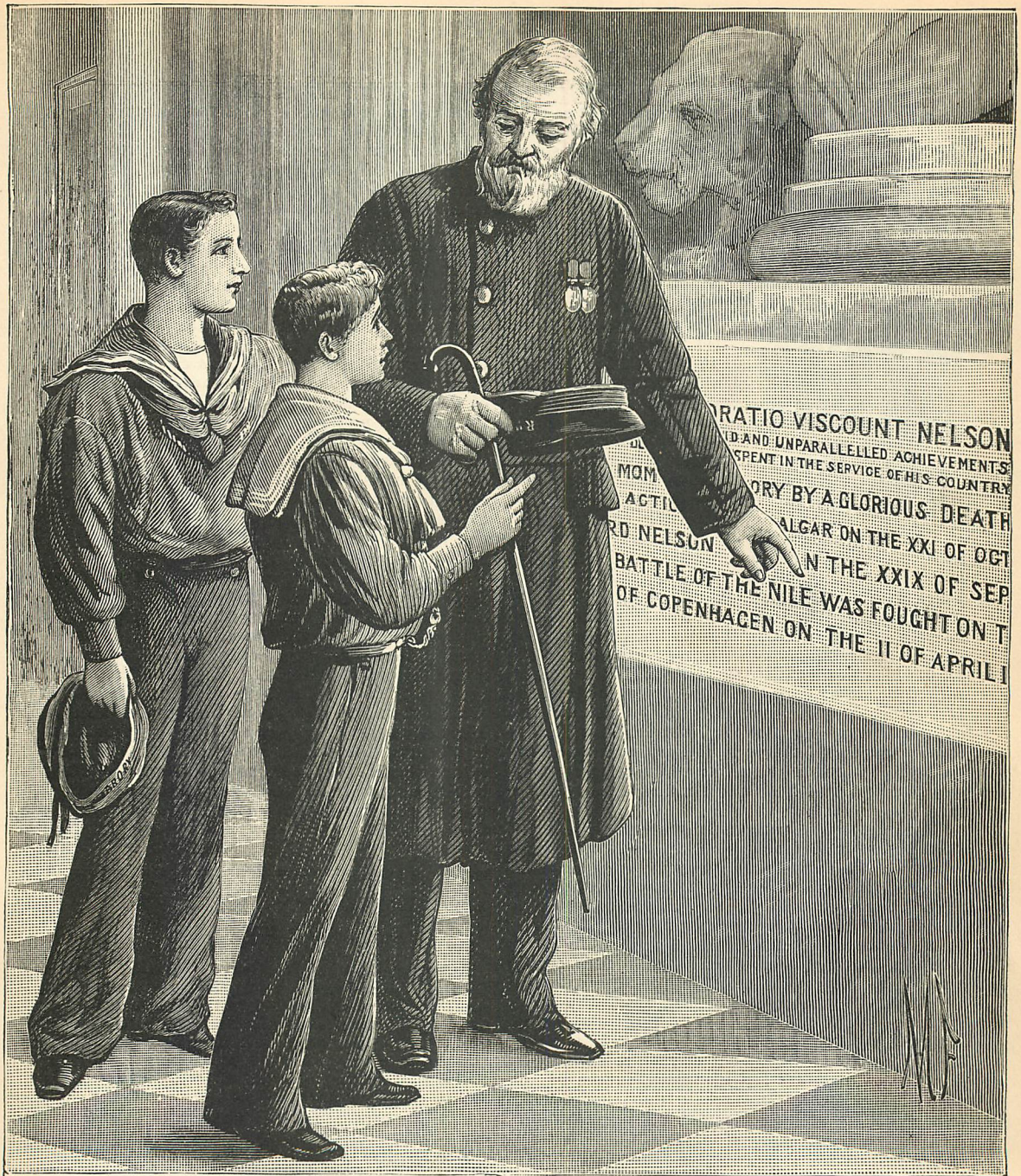
LORD NELSON.



IN the picture before us we see two lads, who have already chosen the sea as their profession, looking at the splendid monument in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, erected to the memory of Lord Nelson, one of England's greatest admirals. Some of the many stirring episodes in the life of this brave man, a man to whom England owes so much, may be interesting to our young readers.

Lord Nelson was born in A.D. 1758, in Norfolk. He entered the navy at the early age of twelve years, under the patronage of his mother's brother, Captain Maurice Suckling. After serving in the Arctic Expedition of A.D. 1773, he was sent to the East Indies in the *Sea-horse*. Two years of that climate, however, tried his constitution so severely that he was invalided home. On his recovery, he was promoted to be Lieutenant, and went to Jamaica, where he was taken by the Admiral into the flag-ship. Then we find that in A.D. 1780, when he was twenty-two years of age, he commanded the naval force against San Juan, but the heavy boat-work up the pestilential river again prostrated him, and he once more returned home, apparently dying. But, recruited by a few months' rest, he was once more fit for service, and was actively engaged in various places in succession.

But we have no space for details as to these. We must at once turn to the later and more exciting periods of his career. After serving in the West Indies for three years (during which time he married the niece of the President of the island) his ship being paid off, he, with his wife, retired to Norfolk, the place of his birth, where he lived for the next five years. At last, when Britain was on the eve of war with France, A.D. 1793, Nelson was appointed to the *Agamemnon*, of sixty-four guns, in which he accompanied Lord Hood to the Mediterranean. There he did good work for his country, his conduct winning for him the Cross of the Bath. In due course he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral. He continued with the fleet off Cadiz till July, A.D. 1797, when in an engagement, Nelson had his right elbow shattered by a grape-shot. His arm was amputated, and he was compelled for a time to return to England. After serving his country at sea for several years, there came the battle off Cape Trafalgar, where the English gained a decisive victory. At this engagement, of French and Spanish ships combined there were thirty-three; with Nelson there were twenty-seven. At daybreak on the 21st October, A.D. 1805, the two fleets were in presence of each other, and

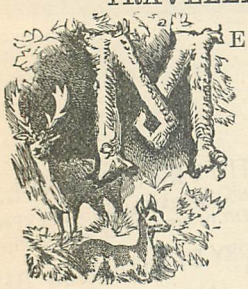


A Visit to Nelson's Tomb.

Nelson at once made the signal to bear up towards the enemy. The wind was very light, and it was noon before the lee division of the fleet, under Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, broke through the rear of the Franco-Spanish line. Nelson, with the other division, had reserved to himself the duty of over-awing the van, till, convinced that they had no immediate intention of turning to support their rear, he bore up and threw himself on their centre. But as the *Victory* (Nelson's ship) passed astern of the French flag-ship, she fell foul of the *Redoutable*, and her quarter-deck became exposed to the musketry fire from the *Redoutable's* tops. Nelson, while standing speaking to Captain Hardy, fell, mortally wounded by a shot on the left shoulder, which striking obliquely downwards, passed through the spine. He was carried

below, and died some three hours later, just as the battle ended in the decisive victory of the English. His body was brought home, and, after lying in state at Greenwich, it was interred with much pomp in the crypt of St. Paul's. D. B.

TRAVELLING SEEDS.



MEN, women, and children, too, have sometimes travelled rapidly through the air in balloons, for long or short distances, but this way of travelling has its difficulties and dangers. By-and-by it may become a usual way of journeying, when we can manage to steer balloons, also to direct the starting and stopping of them better than we can do now. However, there are always plenty of travellers in the air, birds, insects, and other living creatures — some which few people think of or notice, as, for instance, seeds. Man is a great sower; year by year he puts in many seeds. We see the results in the gardens and fields; but still larger is the number of seeds which are not distributed through man, seeds carried about by birds, or wafted upon the breezes. It is probably during country walks in summer or autumn that we most frequently catch sight of seeds travelling through the air, yet even in winter and spring some are on the move which have ripened slowly, and waited for a strong wind to give them a start.

There are seeds, many of them well known to our young folk, which have either what are called wings, or something that answers the same purpose. Some of the winged seeds belong to trees. The 'keys' of the ash and sycamore are the seeds, with bits of membrane over them, which act like wings or sails. Other forest trees have the like. Most of the pines and firs, for instance, when their cones burst open, send out their seeds, ready to speed along, and often they travel a good distance. The hop, which is so largely grown in several English counties, has the small flat seed attached to a scale, so that the wind may support it, but this plant has only a few flowers that are fertile. Then, in the group of plants which botanists call the Umbellifers, because the flower-stalks spread out somewhat in umbrella fashion, there are several kinds which have small winged seeds, such as the common cow-parsley.

Hosts of seeds which travel past us, or perhaps above us, have not wings exactly, but a curious sort of fringe, which is light, elastic, and yet strong. Often it is above the seed, and when that is ripe this fringe opens in shuttlecock style, and the future plant starts off rapidly or slowly, as may happen. This is best seen in the great family of the Composites; there it has the name of 'pappus.' Boys and girls know well the 'pappus' of the dandelion; it is an amusement to blow off the feathered seeds from the round flower-heads of that plant, or of one of its kindred, the hawkweeds.

Similar tops occur in the hawkweeds, and also in the hawksbeards, the shaggy long down suggesting their name. The groundsels, again, have the Latin name of *Senecio*, because their white pappus was thought to be like the hoary hairs of old age. Amongst the thistles and knapweeds, the bristly or spiny flower-heads, which act as a defence to the plants, serve also to convey the seeds rapidly to distant places, and new crops spring up, often of surprising extent. It is a fact that a well-known thistle of Europe, the seed of which somehow travelled to South America, has covered immense plains there, flourishing in the warmth and moisture of that region, and stopping the growth of useful plants. The pretty little daisy of our fields has a seed which can travel, though it is only raised in the air by a tiny rim or edge. Other seeds are borne along by hairs, which are rather different, such as the cotton grasses, sedges, and reeds; the feathery plumes of these are showy in summer and autumn. The willows, of which we have so many kinds, produce hair-adorned seeds.

There are also seeds which travel, if not very far, owing to the force with which they are sent out from the ripe fruit or pod. Strolling over a furze-covered common on a sunny day, we often hear a succession of pops or crackles, which are caused by the bursting of the furze-pods, which thus send the seeds to some distance. Tares and vetches distribute their seeds in the like fashion. Many seeds travel by water. They drop from trees into brooks, ditches, and rivulets, which bear them to new places. Nuts take no harm from a journey in this way, and the hard seeds of borages, nettles, docks, and other plants are not hurt even by a long float or swim. J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

30.—Geographical Acrostic.

A colony belonging to Great Britain in Western Africa. It consists of a small peninsula and an elevated region covered with forests, besides numerous islands. The soil is very fertile, but the climate so unhealthy for Europeans that it is sometimes called 'the white man's grave.' It was discovered by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, but became a British colony in the eighteenth.

1. A northern country of Europe; it has a very extensive coast-line and important fisheries.
2. A group of islands in the Mediterranean Sea under the protection of Great Britain.
3. The chief town of one of the British islands.
4. The smallest county in England.
5. The largest country in Europe.
6. One of the Lowland counties of Scotland; it has great quantities of coal, iron, lead, copper, and limestone.
7. The capital of one of the southern countries of Europe; it was almost entirely destroyed in the last century by a great natural calamity.
8. An eastern county in England; it once gave a title to an earl.

9. A group of islands to the north of Scotland, from which they are separated by the Pentland Firth.
10. A city in China, formerly the capital; it contains a wonderful tower.
11. The most northerly cape of Asia. C. C.

[*Answer at page* 246.]

ANSWERS.

27.—1. Bear with evil and expect good.
2. Gluttony kills more than the sword.
3. A fool may throw a stone into a well which a hundred wise men cannot pull out.
4. Love rules his kingdom without a sword.
5. He who would have what he has not, should do what he does not.
6. Quickly and well seldom meet.
7. If the staff be crooked the shadow cannot be straight.
8. Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.
9. A wise man need not blush for changing his purpose.
10. All rivers must have a source.
11. Speak suitably, or be silent wisely.
12. The foundation of all excellence is truth.
13. Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time.
14. Difficulties strengthen the mind, as exercise does the body.
15. The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams.
16. They can conquer who believe they can.

28.—*Charles Dickens.*

1. Larch.
2. Lead.
3. Chide.
4. Kneel.
5. Sadness.
6. Chase.
7. Sire.
8. Kindness.
9. Deal.
10. Link.
11. Acre.
12. Care.

29.—1.—1. Time.
2. Mite.
3. Item.
4. Emit.

2.—1. Wolf.
2. Fowl.
3. Flow.

3.—1. Angle.
2. Angel.
3. Glean.
4. A glen.

4.—1. Diet.
2. Tide.
3. Tied.

WILD HORSES AND THEIR CAPTURE.

IN the North American prairies the horses which the Indians ride are the wild horses found in great numbers on the prairies. It is supposed that the ancestors of these horses were introduced into the New World at the time of the Spanish invasion of Mexico, and strayed off from Mexican camps and ran wild, stocking the vast plains right away to Lake Winnipeg, lying two or three thousand miles to the north. They are small, but hardy, tough, and powerful, and very useful to their Indian masters. The Mustang, as the wild horse of America is called, has prominent eyes, a sharp nose, small hoofs, and thin legs.

There is no other animal on the prairie so wild, knowing, and difficult to capture as the mustang. So keen is its sight, that it can see an enemy a mile distant. When a foe is seen, the wild horse starts off at full gallop, and does not stop until he has covered three or four miles.

A British writer says: 'I made many attempts to approach a herd of mustangs by stealth, when they were grazing and playing their gambols, without having been more than once able to succeed. In this successful instance I left my horse, and, with my friend, skulked through a ravine for a couple of miles, until we were at length brought within gunshot of a fine herd of them, when I used my pencil for some time' (he was an artist) 'while we were under cover of a little hedge of bushes, which screened us from their view. In this herd some were milk white, some jet black, others were sorrel, and bay, and cream-colour. Many were of an iron grey; others were pied, having several colours on the same animal. Their manes were very thick and long, and hung over their necks and faces, and their long tails swept the ground.'

The Indian, when he hunts the wild horse, mounts one of the fleetest, and coils his lasso on his arm. The lasso is a long halter or thong made of raw hide plaited together, and is of some fifteen or twenty yards in length. The Indians throw it with great dexterity. It has a noose at one end, and as it is dropped over the head of the animal while running at full speed, it soon stops it.

The Indian gallops at full speed into the midst of a band of wild horses, and in a trice he has his lasso about the neck of one of them. Quickly dismounting and leaving his own horse, he runs as fast as he can, and allows the lasso to pass out gradually and carefully through his hands, until the horse falls for want of breath, and lies helpless on the ground.

He then slowly advances towards the horse's head, keeping his lasso tight upon its neck. Then he dexterously fastens upon the animal's two forefeet a pair of hobbles, and loosens the lasso. The loosening is only just in time, for the poor creature is gasping for breath. Adjusting a noose around the lower jaw, he is complete master of the affrighted animal, which, when it gets its breath, snorts and plunges madly. This noose enables the Indian, as he advances hand over hand towards the horse's nose to hold his horse down, and prevent it from throwing itself over on its back.

At last his hand is on the animal's nose and over its eyes, and he is able to breathe into its nostrils, when it soon becomes docile and quiet and conquered, so that he has little else to do than remove the hobbles from its feet, and lead or ride it into camp. This 'breaking down' or taming, however, is not pleasant to the horse, which plunges in every possible way to effect its escape, until its power is exhausted and it becomes covered with foam, and at last yields to the power of man, and becomes his slave for the rest of his life.

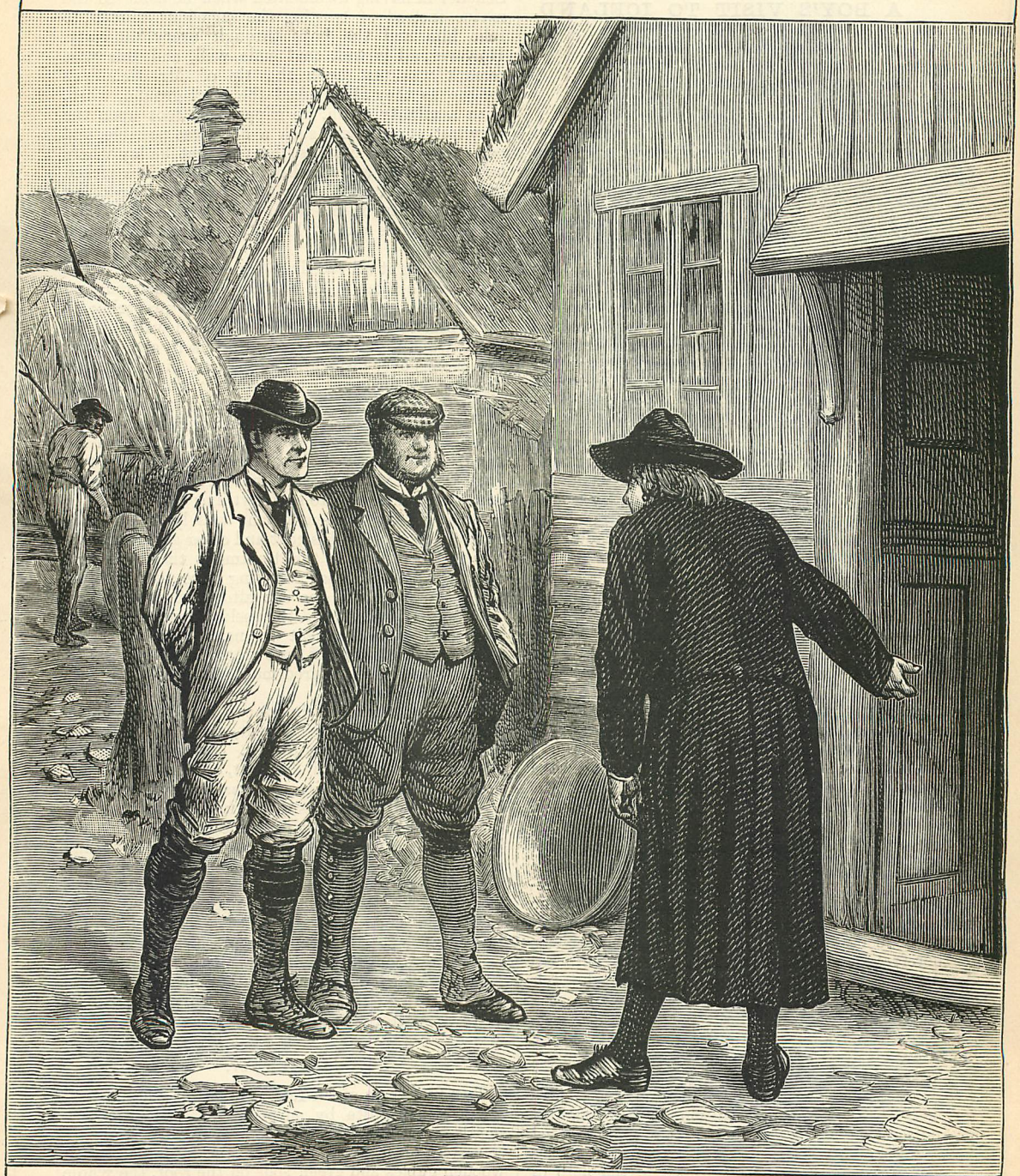
The North American Indians are not by any means kind and gentle masters, which is just another

Throwing the Lasso.

way of saying that they are cruel in their treatment of these spirited animals. This appears all the more shameful when it is remembered of what great service the mustang is to the Indian living on the vast plains, enabling him to take his game more easily, and willingly carrying his burdens. In seasons when buffaloes are scarce, the Indians do not hesitate to use the mustang for food. Both in winter and summer the prairie horse 'fends' for himself on the plains, biting diligently at the grass.*

JAMES CASSIDY.

* One of the most interesting books you can read upon American-Indian life is that by George Catlin, Esq.



An Introduction to the Pastor.

A BOY'S VISIT TO ICELAND.

(*Continued from page* 219.)

CHAPTER XIII.

It seems that Mr. Scholler and the boys, after parting from Mr. Norman and Mr. Christian, had become so very lively and frolicsome that when they had arrived at the fearful chasm to which we have already referred, they were so heedless of danger that, in spite of the warning of the guides (who, having to attend the baggage-horses, could not be constantly watching their footsteps), they had dismounted from their ponies, and had tried to lead the animals down the ravine, all the time laughing and chatting together instead of keeping anxious and careful watch over their own footsteps. The result of this heedless behaviour was that Frank Norman stumbled and fell, and would most certainly have gone bounding from crag to crag till he reached the valley below, had he not, happily for himself, kept a firm clutch upon the bridle of his pony. So steep, however, was the spot where he had fallen, that even though he had the bridle in his hand, he could not regain a footing on the path, but he hung suspended in the air in a manner quite frightful to behold.

But now the sagacious pony came to the rescue. Although the terrible strain of Frank's weight upon the bridle must have caused the utmost annoyance to the brave little creature, it seemed at once to take in the situation, and it began to back carefully and slowly, so as to drag the boy's feet once more into contact with the rocky path. Now, if our boy readers will try to realise how difficult it must have been for the pony to go backwards, dragging the boy with him, on such a frightfully precipitous path, they will then see clearly how wonderful was the instinct which could cause the animal thus to adapt itself to circumstances. But the poor pony had come to the end of its resources so soon as Frank had recovered his footing among the rocks; it could do no more, and evidently had made up its mind to await some move on the part of its human companions. It therefore stood quite still, all its four feet gathered together on one rock, while poor Frank, who felt sick and giddy after what he had gone through, closed his eyes that he might not see the depths underneath him, and, with the bridle still in his hand, he threw his arms round the pony's neck as though it was the dearest friend he had in the world. But help was at hand. Mr. Scholler, who felt conscience-stricken when he remembered what a bad example of indiscretion he had shown to the boys, shouted lustily to the two guides to leave the baggage-ponies to themselves, and to return at once to the help of Frank, who was evidently quite unable to do anything for himself. This the men did, but not without many muttered words in their native Icelandic dialect, reflecting severely on the folly of Mr. Scholler in having dismounted when he came to the ravine, instead of trusting the sagacious animals to take him and the boys through every difficulty. However, all is well that ends well, and this wise remark was just upon the tip of Mr. Scholler's tongue as they all reached the level ground, when, with a mighty crash, he slipped his foot upon the very last stone where such a deed was possible, and came to mother earth so heavily that he lay where he fell, stunned and bleeding, until the guides picked him up again. Unfortunately, the laughter-loving man had fallen on his face, which was bruised and bleeding, while one of his eyes was already much swollen.

At this sight all the three boys as well as the two guides were filled with alarm. They plastered him up as well as they could, and were preparing to carry him to the pastor's house, which was close at hand, when the patient came to himself, and, after a few groans over his aching limbs and his altogether battered condition, he burst out laughing, and exclaimed, 'Serves me right, boys; and won't I catch it, Frank, when your father and Mr. Christian arrive? I believe they will tell me that I am an old fool for being so heedless when I had the charge of you boys.'

But neither Mr. Norman nor Mr. Christian were hard-hearted enough to say anything of the kind to a stout, elderly gentleman who was lying on some swampy grass, with his coat and other garments very much the worse for the treatment they had met with, while his broad, smiling face was bruised black and blue, and one eye altogether invisible.

After having satisfied themselves that the life of their good-natured patient was not in any danger, the whole party went off into peals of laughter, in which not only the injured man, but even the guides could not help joining.

But now that this threatened mishap had been proved to be of little moment, the cry for dinner became louder and more urgent. It was late in the evening, though broad daylight, and it is not too much to say that every one was hungry, while the boys declared themselves to be quite ravenous.

'Then buckle to, and help the guides,' said Mr. Norman. 'Everything has to be unpacked, and there are no servants here, remember; and while you are busy, Mr. Christian and I will call at the pastor's house, and make his acquaintance.'

Nothing could have pleased the boys more than this arrangement. They were presently surrounded by packages, out of which they got tins of preserved meats, sardines, biscuits, and other delicacies, while Mr. Norman and his friend, Mr. Christian, walked up to the pastor's door.

CHAPTER XIV.

The first sight of an Icelandic pastor's house took Mr. Norman quite by surprise. It was simply a small farm, like others which they had seen. It consisted of a group of separate buildings, with wooden gables and green sods on the roof, the whole surrounded by a low stone wall coped with turf. Beside this little farm was the silent churchyard, with its simple grassy graves of all sizes. Here we must pause for a moment in our story, to say that

the number of very small graves so greatly outnumbered the larger ones, that Mr. Norman made some inquiries on the subject, when he was told that out of every hundred infants born in Iceland, more than half that number breathe their last before they have reached the age of twelve months, one reason for so many deaths being the scarcity of good fuel. There is no coal in Iceland, and the price of imported coal is so great that none can be used by the cotters. The peat, too, is scarce and bad; therefore the people burn dried seaweed and the dried bodies of sea-birds, and one can easily imagine the volumes of thick, greasy smoke which must fill their miserable-looking huts, and which of itself must be almost enough to quench infant life. Then, again, during the long, dark winter months, the bitter cold causes the poorer people to crowd together for warmth, so that fifteen or sixteen persons will sleep in one small apartment, and that apartment often placed over another where cattle are kept. When one thinks of these things the wonder is, not that so many infants die, but that any of them survive the first twelve months of life. But, to pass from this sad subject. Behind the pastor's house was the church—such a tiny place, but at the time of which we write it was under repair, so that the visitors could not inspect it, as they had hoped to do.

The pastor, who had been busy all day securing his hay crop—the only crop raised in Iceland—soon made his appearance, and was as kind and hospitable as he could well be. He had one spare bed in his little cottage home, which he begged one of the gentlemen to occupy, and, as poor Mr. Scholler (though he made very little fuss about his injuries) was evidently suffering a good deal of pain from his injured face, the offer of a bed for him was thankfully accepted.

Meanwhile the guides and the boys together had set up the tents, unpacked the provisions, and cooked the dinner at the pastor's kitchen fire; and, this kind man having added to their tinned meats a couple of fine large trout from the adjacent river, and a loaf of bread baked by himself, the whole party sat down to dinner, or perhaps we ought to say supper—for it was nine p.m., though as light as day—in high spirits, though weary enough, and not very long afterwards they were all in bed, and sound asleep, bags and packages serving for pillows, while plaids and wrappers were spread over them for blankets.

The next morning they were all early astir, the tents were struck, the breakfast cooked, the ponies seen to and saddled, and the whole party, having said farewell to the kind pastor, went on their way. The road traversed on this, the second day of their journey to the geysers, was somewhat different to that which they had already passed; there was certainly plenty of rough, rocky ground, but it was varied by many fine belts of pasture-land, and by a shallow river which went brawling over white and slate-coloured stones, on its way to the lake of Thingvalla. Having crossed this river, which was not much more than ankle-deep, they now ascended the sides of a green hill range, where they met several small caravans of Icelanders, on their way to Reikjavic to trade. These country people were very polite. They doffed their head-gear, bowed low, and saluted the strangers in words the English translation of which is, 'God's peace be with you, friends.' They then asked several questions, such as, 'What are your names? Where have you come from? Where are you going?' These questions, however, were only meant to show their kindly interest in the strangers.

We have not space to detail all the varied adventures of this day, but we must take notice of one difficulty which the party had to face, a difficulty which would have proved too much for them if they had been without skilful guides. This was the crossing of the Bruarâ River, a broad, deep, rapid torrent, which could only be forded in one place just above a singular waterfall, shaped like a horseshoe, with a volcanic rent nearly three hundred feet long in the middle of it. Across this rent or chasm some planks have been placed, with a slight hand-rail on either side, forming a rude bridge about twenty feet long and seven or eight feet broad. The river was swollen by recent rains, so that at least a foot of water rushed over the bridge itself. Some thirty feet of the river had to be waded through ere the bridge in the middle could be reached; the water was deep, turbulent, and rapid, while the dismayed visitors could hear large stones grating upon each other as they were borne along in the current. But there was no pause. The guides led straight on, and the rest had just to follow, the three boys being sent on first, that they might be near the guides, lest any of them should stumble.

Very soon the ponies were up to the girths, leaning up the river, so as to withstand the current. A little to the right was the roaring waterfall, and every effort had to be made to avoid missing the bridge; in that case they would certainly have been swept over. All went well, and in less time than they could have expected they drew rein on the other side. Now the guides, pointing to a certain hill, told them that when it was crossed they would see the Great Geyser. The good little ponies were urged to the top of their speed. Away the riders went up hill and down dale, crossing a rather deep morass, then along a very miry lane, until they turned the flank of the hill. When, hurrah! there were the clouds of white steam rising from the boiling springs. In short, there was the Great Geyser himself.

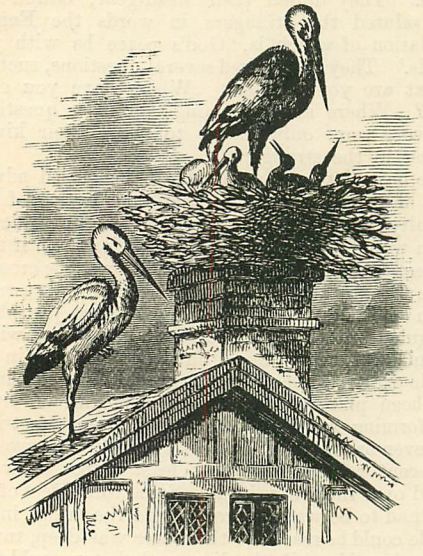
Then the whole party dismounted, having been ten and a half hours in the saddle.

(*Continued at page* 234.)

THE STORK.

IN days past, the Stork used frequently to visit the British Isles, but it now seldom comes to see us. It is common in many parts of Europe, to which it migrates yearly from its winter quarters in Africa. It is much valued in many countries on account of the services it renders in destroying noisome reptiles and unpleasant offal.

The stork is a very docile bird and soon learns to follow its feeder for any dainty morsel. When it is hungry, it crouches on the ground and seems to



A Stork's Nest.

beg for food by its gestures—such as nodding its head and flapping its pinions. It is a very mild and peaceable bird, seldom making use of its great bill against its companions.

The stork is a great favourite in Holland, and is found most useful in eating up the frogs, lizards, and toads which abound in the marshes; and the people are so fond of the storks, that they become quite familiar and tame, and build their nests on the chimneys and roofs of the houses. The Dutch say, 'A stork never builds on a bad man's house,' therefore it is a protection to a house if a stork comes and builds its nest, as no one would injure one of these favourite birds.

The stork is very fond of building its nest upon high places, such as the top of a house, a chimney, or a church spire, and in the ruined cities of the East, upon the top of almost every pillar a stork's nest is to be found. It is said that when the parent birds grow so old as to be bare of feathers and unable to fly and provide food for themselves, the young ones will bring it to them, and nestle close to them to keep them warm and protect them.

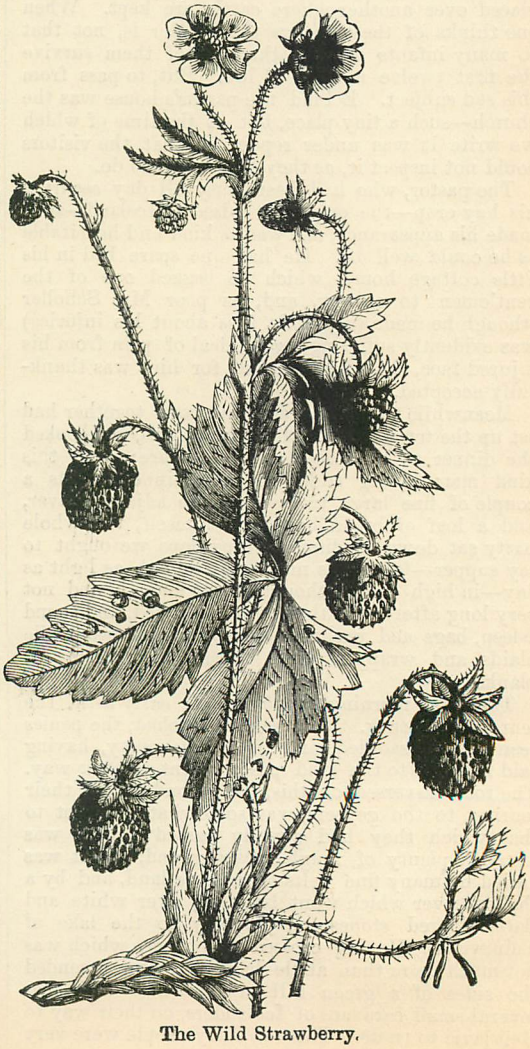
Before the cold winter comes, the storks fly away in large flocks to Africa, where they remain till the warm weather returns.

THE WILD STRAWBERRY.

THE fruit of all plants bearing blossoms shaped like the wild rose may be eaten with perfect safety. They belong to the order *Rosaceæ*, of which the strawberry, cherry, and apple are familiar examples: if pulled to pieces, it will be seen that the thread-like stamens in the centre of the flower adhere to the calyx or green part at the top of the stem, instead of to the coloured leaves, or petals, as is the case with the poisonous buttercup tribe.

Strawberries, though found in most countries, flourish best in temperate climates. In Sweden they are especially abundant. The great botanist and physician, Linnæus, valued them highly for their purifying qualities, and says that in two cases he, by their means, cured patients of attacks of gout: they are also considered good for consumptive persons.

The strawberry was not known to the Greeks and Romans, although they had most of the other fruits which we possess. There now exist above sixty varieties of the strawberry, most of which are easily cultivated, and with a little trouble in choosing a succession of sorts, the fruit may be had almost every month in the year, though during the winter months it is without flavour. The strawberry is the emblem of foresight. R. B.



The Wild Strawberry.

"A rose-tree I have planted here;
I water it each day."

THE YOUNG GARDENER.

THIS little garden is my own,
'Twas mother gave it me;
Dear mother, she has gone away,
Beyond the great wide sea.

But I can ne'er forget when last
I saw her face so dear;
She drew me gently to her side,
And strove my heart to cheer.

'Dear child,' she said, 'I'll come again
Before two years have passed;
Your father he will bring me home,
We three will meet at last.

'And, oh, 'twill be a joyful day
For father and for me,
When, working in her garden plot,
Our little girl we see.'

So now I run with spade and rake
On busy, active feet,
For, when my darling mother comes,
My garden must be neat.

A rose-tree I have planted here;
I water it each day,
And never do I pluck a rose
But to myself I say,—
'My mother soon she will come home,
Though now she's far away.' D.

NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

—o—

WHILST a wanderer through parts of Southern Africa, I was deeply interested in the early history of Natal. As far as the world at large is concerned, Natal dates from the year A.D. 1497, just four hundred years ago, when that pioneer of bold seamanship in unknown oceans, Vasco di Gama, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, where now stands our most prosperous South African colony. Sailing on along that dangerous coast and roller-beaten shore, he dropped anchor at length in front of what is now called Port Natal. The hardy Portuguese seaman gave it the name of Natal to commemorate the fact that it was on the anniversary of the day of the Nativity that his eyes had first rested on its shores. It was thinly peopled with peaceful natives, untroubled by wars or rumours of wars, and whose only anxiety in life was how to get food enough to sustain them from day to day. For over three hundred years successive generations of these inhabitants were left in peace to pursue their simple life, and it was only in the early days of the present century that a rude awakening came upon them. Then it was that Chaka, chief of the great Zulu nation, descended with a huge horde of blood-thirsty warriors upon Natal. They poured over the mountains and hills from every side, murdering and burning as they marched. The whole territory south of the Tugela, and as far as the Umzimkulu River, was conquered by the Zulus, and until Chaka was himself murdered, some years later, by his brother Dingaan, the country all around was under the domination of the Zulu power.

Soon after Dingaan became the ruling chief, Lieutenant Farwell, an English officer, with a small number of settlers in his train, founded a little trading-station, which ultimately developed into the town of Durban. They submitted to the rule of Dingaan, traded with his dusky people, and these two vastly dissimilar races settled down to pursue their employments side by side in unity and peace.

The next phase in the colony's history was the advent of some Dutch Boers, or Cape Colony farmers, who, dissatisfied with the conditions of their life under British rule, 'treked' across what is now the Orange Free State, worked their way over the snow-clad mountains of the Drakensberg, and arrived, with their long Dutch-built waggons and oxen, to settle over the north-west portion of the land, which had been almost stripped of its original population by Chaka, several years before.

Here they began their farming pursuits, and, as the years rolled on, prosperity came more and more their way. But in A.D. 1838 a terrible check was put upon their peaceful operations. The then Boer leader, Pete Retief, with many of his followers, obtained an interview with Dingaan for the purpose of getting some further grants of land. These were at once made, and then, according to Zulu custom, Dingaan invited the Boers to a feast before their departure. Suspecting nothing, the Boers, leaving all their arms outside, entered the King's kraal, and, whilst seated there, at a given signal, the Zulus swarmed in and murdered every white man present. They were unarmed and outnumbered, moreover, by at least ten to one. Then, like savage beasts thirsting for blood, the Zulus started off to massacre the rest of the emigrants, and five or six hundred of these unfortunate people fell in a few hours, not even the women or children being spared. A small force, less than four hundred strong, of the 'Trek-boers' were got together by Pieter Uys, and a terrible struggle ensued between them and Dingaan's followers. The English settlers joined forces with the Dutch, and, raising native levies, they tried by every means in their power to defeat the Zulus. It was all in vain, however; Pieter Uys and most of the other leaders, English and Dutch, were killed, and their followers were driven back upon Port Natal, and even forced to take refuge upon the ships in the harbour there.

But retribution was at hand. Another Dutch force, seven hundred strong, was led by one Pretorius over the Drakensbergs again, and attacked Dingaan, this time with success. Dingaan, undaunted by his defeat, raised another army, but his younger brother, Mapande, suddenly went over to the other side, with true African treachery. A fearful battle ensued. Dingaan was completely routed at the finish, and it is said on good authority that, shortly after his flight from the field of battle, he also fell a victim to assassination. Panda succeeded him as King, and was, in turn, succeeded by Cetewayo, whose name is so well known in England, and with whom I was personally well acquainted. He was a man of rare intelligence, and in conversation with him, at a time long before he had ever thought of seeing England, I found that he had, with wonderful accuracy, gauged her strength and desires, both in peace and war.

After the formation of the Dutch Republic, trouble arose from the Pondos, a border tribe, killing some oxen belonging to the Boers. The Boers retaliated savagely by burning the kraals of the Pondos, whereupon the latter sought British protection. England sent up a regiment, and occupied the place. Hostilities commenced, and for a time the Boers were triumphant; but, on the arrival of reinforcements for our troops, the Boers gave in,

dissolved their Republic, and formally acknowledged the British supremacy.

This episode carries us down to the year A.D. 1842, and from that time up to the last Zulu war, in A.D. 1879, Natal had the full enjoyment of the blessings which peace always brings in its train.

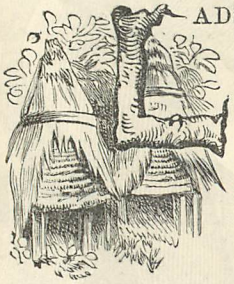
F. R.

LETTER-WRITING.

WHO has not laughed at the story of the letter-writer who concludes: 'I would say more but an impudent Irishman is looking over my shoulder, and reading everything I write,' with the self-betraying denial of the Irishman?

A tragic story is told of Frederick the Great. When all lights had been forbidden under pain of death, he found an officer finishing a letter to his wife by the light of a taper. Looking over his shoulder the General grimly said, 'Add a postscript:—"Before this reaches you I shall be shot for disobedience to orders;"' and shot he was.

LEARNING TO BE SAILORS.



LADS are not 'born' sailors any more than they are 'born' scholars, engineers, or builders. Sailoring must be learnt, and the art of conducting ships over the ocean is termed Navigation. Now, our great ship-owners know perfectly well that boys who would be sailors worthy the name must be properly trained, so they have established 'training ships' in various parts of the United Kingdom for the purpose.

There are about twenty-one such vessels, and upon these boys are trained to become good navigators.

Two of the twenty-one ships, the *Worcester* and the *Conway*, stationed at London and Liverpool, are designed to train and educate boys intended for the mercantile (trading) navy, and by an order of the Board of Trade two years' service on either of these ships will reckon as one year at sea. The boys go through the usual course of study followed by the pupils of a high school, but omit the classics, taking instead navigation, nautical astronomy, chart-drawing, and French.

During nautical instruction they are exercised in the duties of a first-class ship, such as every sailor learns afloat, with the addition of the management of boats and practical navigation generally. The boys are also instructed in the most useful and practical departments of surgery and medicine.

Such knowledge on board ship, when thousands of miles away from a doctor, dispensary, or ambulance, must be of great value, and even careless Jack is likely to appreciate it. The fees for admission on the *Conway* are fifty-five guineas yearly, and for this sum uniform is supplied and outer clothing, medical attendance, washing, and the use of books and stationery. The fees for the *Worcester* are much about the same.

Our Queen presents, every year, a prize to each ship. The boy who shows the qualities likely to make the finest sailor is presented with a gold medal. 'What,' you may ask, 'are these qualities?' We answer: Cheerful submission to superiors; self-respect; independence of character; kindness and protection to the weak; readiness to forgive offence; desire to conciliate the differences of others; and, above all, fearless devotion to duty and unflinching truthfulness. The Queen, to encourage the *Conway* and *Worcester* boys to qualify for service in the navy, offers a prize yearly to those boys who compete for a cadetship granted by the Admiralty. The prize is a beautiful binocular glass with a suitable inscription, and a sum of 35*l.* towards the expense of the outfit of the boy who obtains the prize.

The other nineteen training ships are for training forecastle hands. Some of the boys trained on these ships are destitute boys; some unruly lads; others the orphans of seamen, while for some the parents make a payment, and three are reformatory ships. We see, then, that a training ship is a technical school for the sea, where boys may learn something of their trade before they sail aboard a big steamer.

How necessary it really is that boys intending to choose the sea as a business, should learn the duties expected of them, may be gathered from the fact that ship-owners and directors declare, 'Lads must now learn something of their business before they come to us, or we will not carry them.' 'Three untrained boys,' say they, 'cannot do the work of one man, yet a boy eats almost as much as a man.'

The question has recently been asked—in fact, it has been asked very often—'Do many boys become sailors?'

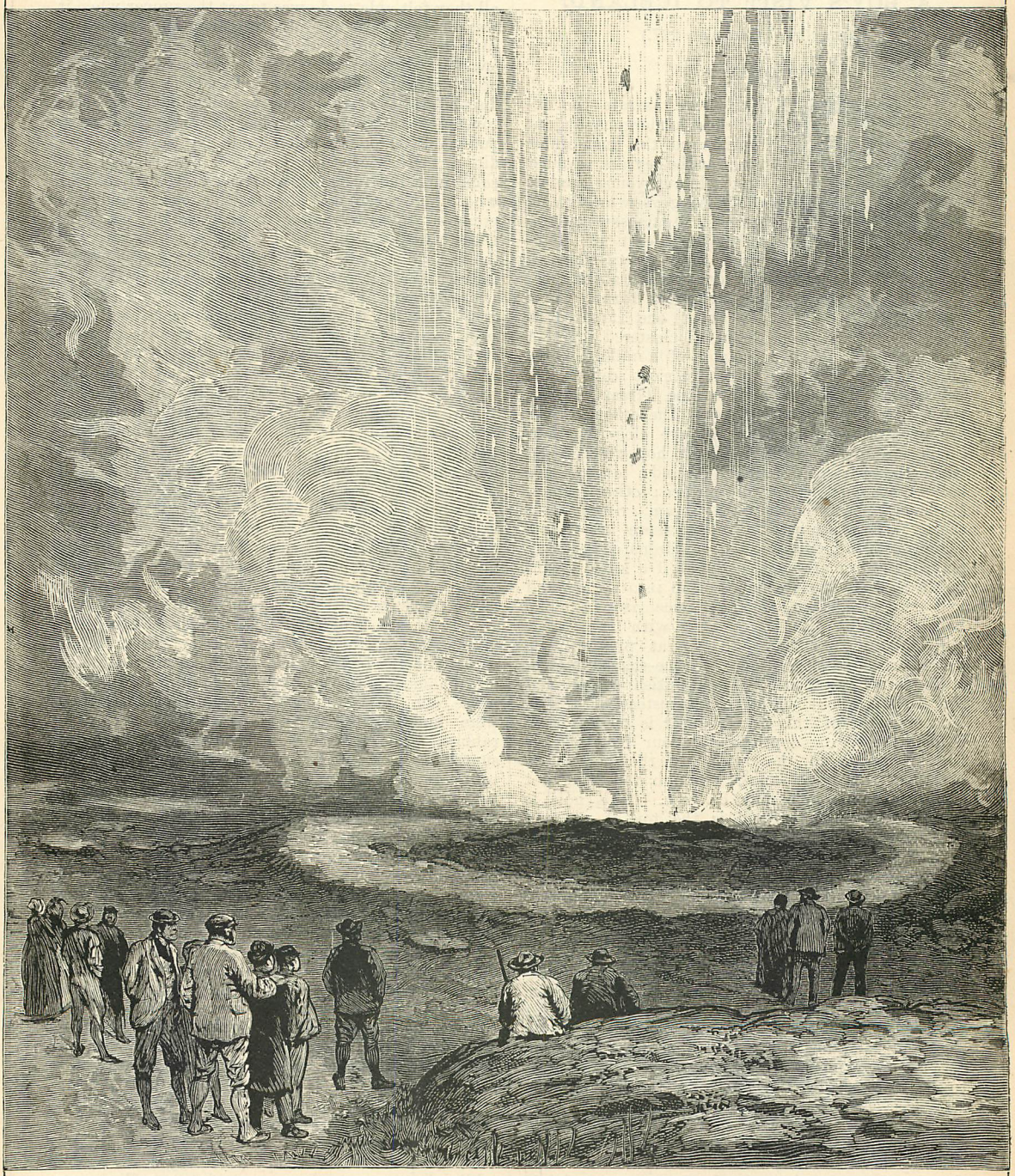
It has been shown that only one boy in a thousand—here we are giving real figures—of all those who leave the London Board schools, becomes a sailor. Boys become mouse-trap makers, minstrels, newsboys, call-boys, cooks, and every conceivable thing, but very few find their way to the sea.

Machinery of various kinds—steam, electric, hydraulic—has made its mark as deeply in the world of ships as in any department of human activity, and untrained lads are not only not wanted, but in some cases might prove in the way amidst the intricate machinery of a modern steam-vessel.

It may interest you to learn that the oldest of the associations for the maintenance and instruction of boys as ordinary seamen is the Marine Society, which was instituted in A.D. 1756. This society was the pioneer of the training-ship system. It was in A.D 1786—thirty years later—that a merchant-ship named the *Beatty* was purchased, and fitted up as a training ship by the Society. The ship at present used by the Society is the *Warspite*, lying off Woolwich. She is a two-decker, was formerly the *Conqueror*, and has berths on board for three hundred lads.

JAMES CASSIDY.

A Lesson in Navigation on a Training Ship.



Eruption of the Great Geyser, Iceland.

A BOY'S VISIT TO ICELAND.

(*Continued from page* 227.)

CHAPTER XV.

BEFORE we narrate the experiences undergone by our tourists on this memorable night at the geysers, we must first tell our young readers that these geysers are boiling springs, situate seventy-two miles north-east of Reikjavik, on a gritty slope, at the foot of a hill about three hundred feet high. There are about one hundred of them, all clustered together in an area of about a quarter of a mile. Three of these geysers we might almost call water volcanoes. These three are the Great Geyser, the Little Geyser, and Stroker. The other geysers are of various kinds, and all are close together. Some are merely little pools of hot water, level with the surface of the ground; others are boiling hot just below the surface; others, again, are mere dark holes with steam rising from them. Then, strange to relate, there are others which seem to be nothing but cauldrons of seething clay, while in many places around, if a stick should be thrust some twelve inches or so into the ground and then withdrawn, steam at once rises from the hole so made. But it is only with the Great Geyser that we have to do at present. Its basin is situated on the top of a cone-shaped mound. It is perfectly smooth, of a whitish colour, and saucer-shaped, but slightly oval instead of round. The diameter of this great saucer is no less than seventy feet, its depth about four feet. It is full of water to the brim. In the bottom or centre of this huge saucer, through the clear hot water, a round hole may be seen. This hole is ten feet in diameter, and is the top of a stony funnel or pipe, which goes straight down, it is said, to a depth of eighty-three feet. It is through this great stone funnel that the water rushes violently when an explosion takes place. These explosions occur very often, though they are not always of the same violent character. No accident can happen to persons visiting these wonderful geysers if care is taken, as a severe explosion never takes place without warning being given of what is about to happen.

In our last chapter the travellers had arrived at the geysers, after a very fatiguing day, during which they had been ten and a half hours in the saddle. Few of our readers can have any idea of what it is to be upwards of ten hours in the saddle at a stretch, especially when riding over such rough-and-tumble roads as the roads of Iceland. Mr. Norman was the greatest sufferer on this occasion. He was a heavy man and not used to riding at any time, therefore he had to be assisted off his pony and laid on the grass, where he begged earnestly just to be allowed to lie still. The Scotch boys, too, were a good deal overcome; they refused to help in erecting the tent or unpacking the provisions, declaring that all they felt able to do was to eat the supper when it was ready for them. Mr. Scholler, also, seemed a little out of spirits, his face being still very much swollen, while severe toothache increased the torture of his already aching head. To add to the general discomfort, the whole party, guides and all, were covered with mud from head to foot — the good, patient little ponies being in much the same condition. Mr. Christian, however, always cool and calm in manner, had made friends with a farmer whose homestead was close to the geysers, and who promised to give shelter to such of the party as needed it most. All he had to give, however, was the use of a small empty room floored with wood, instead of being on a level with the damp earth. He also, after some hesitation, thought he could spare a crateful of hay to spread over the floor, as well as a large, fine trout; and, oh, joy! a pitcher of rich, sweet milk—the only drawback to the value of this last offer being that a good deal of greasy smoke and volcanic dust had settled on the top of the milk. The guides took the trout, tied it head and tail together, and hung it to one end of a string and a big stone to the other end. The fish was then plumped into one of the smaller holes of boiling water, and the stone left outside near the edge to moor it. After being in the pool for twenty minutes, the trout was found to be cooked to perfection. Supper was now ready, and Mr. Norman, who had heard of the fine boiled trout, the rich milk, and the comfortable potful of tea prepared from boiling geyser water, began to revive a little, and joined the supper party, greatly to the delight of his friends. During the meal a shepherd arrived on the scene with a couple of baby lambs in his arms, which he offered to sell for the moderate price of one shilling and threepence each, English money. Poor little lambs! they were innocent-looking and scarcely larger than rabbits. The travellers had enough of food for supper and breakfast, but to-morrow's dinner had to be thought of, and so in a very short time the tiny creatures were simmering and stewing in a large pot lent by the farmer for the occasion.

But now, supper being over, the whole party, except Mr. Christian and Carl Rudenberg, retired to bed, quite overcome with fatigue, Mr. Norman and Frank being bedded in the farmer's tiny room, and the others in the tent. Mr. Christian, however, with Carl as companion, resolved to keep a watchful eye all night upon the movements of the Great Geyser, which was beginning to spit, and hiss, and growl in a manner very suggestive of an immediate explosion.

'Well, if anything does happen, you will be sure to rouse us up, old fellow?' said poor Mr. Scholler, who had a red pocket-handkerchief tied over his aching cheek. 'You won't keep all the fun to yourself, will you?'

'No, no; don't be afraid,' replied Mr. Christian, calmly. 'If the old gentleman bursts up, I will send Carl to rout you all out of your beds.' And with this promise the sleepy heads lay down again, while the two watchers, wrapping a railway rug over their limbs, sat down on a warm ledge of rock immediately under the Great Geyser. The lazy ones had not been long asleep when they were

aroused by Carl, who stood in front of the tent beckoning to them in a state of great excitement. 'Come along! quick, quick!' he cried. 'We shall be in the thick of it soon, and I must run to the farm for Mr. Norman and Frank.'

CHAPTER XVI.

In a few minutes after Carl's exciting information that the Great Geyser seemed to be on the eve of an eruption, all was hurry and commotion; half-clad, sleepy-looking figures were chasing each other along the gritty road. All were making for the Great Geyser, where subterranean noises like thunder were beginning to wax louder and louder every moment, accompanied by a strange tremor of the earth. After a few minutes, bells of water like huge glass shades began to rise in quick succession from the saucer-shaped basin; then they fell again, each one increasing in size till a large one burst. This seemed almost like a signal for the uproar to begin in earnest. Jets of water in successive spurts rushed up from the tube, ever increasing in size till they reached a height of about two hundred feet. Dense clouds of steam all this time were rising and rolling away in vast curling volumes, which, condensing in the air, came down again like heavy dew. Then tremendous sounds were heard, following one another in quick succession like the near discharge of artillery, and the whole party of deeply-interested and over-awed spectators became aware that they were really witnessing the sublime spectacle of one of the grandest eruptions of the Great Geyser which had taken place for several weeks. No one, however, spoke; they could only gaze and admire, until the eruptive forces spent themselves for the time, the fountain gradually subsiding in the same manner, though more speedily than it had risen. The whole terrific spectacle lasted for about twenty minutes.

The first to break silence after this wonderful spectacle had come to an end, was Frank Norman. 'Father,' he said, 'did you think that an eruption would have been so grand as this?'

'Indeed, I did not, Frank,' replied his father. 'It seems to me that no description can possibly come up to the reality. But now I should like much to have a closer view of the funnel; but don't you come near it, as there may be some danger.'

He then beckoned to Mr. Christian, and the two gentlemen went together to the very edge of the great white basin, which, as has already been stated, is always full to the brim of hot water while the geyser is in a quiescent state. They found, however, that at this moment it was quite empty, and having been assured by the guides that there would be no danger in doing so, they both leaped into the saucer, the depth being only four feet. And now they were able to gaze down the great stony funnel, which, our readers will remember, is ten feet in diameter. It was indeed a strange experience to be gazing down an enormous tube which scarcely half an hour before had been the centre of a violent outburst of boiling water. Of course they could not remain for any length of time in such a risky situation; therefore, after chipping off a fragment of the white silicious matter which lines the basin, they once more joined their friends. Here it may be said that this silicious matter which had been chipped off was carefully packed in cotton wool to preserve it, yet, when examined a few days later, it was found to have all crumbled away into a kind of glittering dust.

But the geyser having sunk into a state of quietude, the question arose, 'What should the visitors now do?' To have returned to bed would certainly have seemed the wisest plan, as it was only four o'clock, a.m., but they all felt much too excited to think of such a prosaic proceeding as returning to bed: they therefore resolved that as all of the party was suffering from the discomfort of damp and muddy clothing, they should each choose one of the tiny pools of hot water and enjoy the luxury of a hot bath, meanwhile spreading out every spare article of clothing over the whole mount, which was more or less warm, in order that they might get thoroughly dried. No sooner proposed than done, and very soon there was a lively scene of washing and dressing, this being the first time that they had enjoyed the luxury of hot water at their toilet for several days. Very soon, too, there was an exhibition of damp stockings, handkerchiefs, and towels laid out on the hotter parts of the mount, all weighted with lumps of lava, lest an explosion should again take place and wash them away.

While they were all thus surrounding the geyser, washing and dressing, and the boys talking and laughing, a rumbling noise was again heard underneath their feet, the water rose in the funnel till it overflowed and filled the basin to the brim, all this accompanied by a shaking of the ground, which caused rather a panic. There was, therefore, a hurried gathering up of clothes, and an immediate scamper away to a place of greater safety. But it was a false alarm. After a slight heaving of the water in the basin, everything settled down again, and the whole party bathed and dressed in peace. When the toilet arrangements had come to an end, the visitors found a delightful surprise awaiting them; the worthy and industrious guides, without having been told to do so, had prepared some hot coffee, which, with biscuits and tinned meat, was laid out in the tent, waiting for them, and to which they all did ample justice.

After this, as it was still quite early, they rolled themselves up in rugs and lay down on the warm mound, to consider what their future movements should be—there were many things to consider. It was necessary to economise their time, for on the fifth day after this the *Polar Star* was to start on her homeward way, and two full days must be allowed for the return journey to Reikjavik. They had been fortunate enough to witness a grand eruption of the Great Geyser, therefore the object of their journey had been attained, and they need not remain any longer; but could they possibly mount their ponies and again remain for nine or ten hours in the saddle on their way to Thingvalla, the only possible resting-place?

'No,' exclaimed poor Mr. Norman, who had a lively recollection of the sufferings of the previous day.

'No,' echoed poor Mr. Scholler, who was still groaning under his attack of toothache; while the guides put in a word for the ponies.

The Woodlark and White-throat.

'They did wonders yesterday, gentlemen, as I am sure you will all allow; but another day's rest is really needful for them.'

'Then that decides it,' said Mr. Christian; 'so after we are fully rested, let us all go to the farmer's house, pay him what we owe, and enjoy a stroll for the rest of the day, starting for Thingvalla to-morrow morning.'

And so it was agreed.

(*Concluded at page* 242.)

THE WOODLARK AND WHITE-THROAT.

THE Woodlark is very like its cousin, the Skylark, only it is smaller, has a shorter tail, and a light streak over the eye. Its song is not so loud a song as that of the Skylark, but it is so sweet and gentle that some persons prefer its note, and think it even rivals the Nightingale. Like the Nightingale, it will often sing almost all through the hot summer nights.

It has the curious habit of fluttering to some branch of a tree, singing by fits and starts, and then, after uttering a few low notes, it darts from the branch and soars up into the air, nearly as high as the Skylark, its song becoming louder as it rises, and sinking down into softness again as it drops towards the ground.

The nest of the Woodlark is placed on the ground, and is made of grasses, moss, and hair. It generally lays four or five eggs, which are pale reddish white, covered with little red-brown spots.

The White-throat is common in many parts of England. It is a lively little bird, chiefly known for the curious movement which it makes when singing. It commonly starts from some low bush, uttering its sweet, quiet song; then, springing suddenly into the air, it flies straight up, as if it also were going to rival the Skylark in its lofty flight. But, after getting up about four or five feet, it slowly sinks down again on the spot from which it started, soon soaring up in the same manner with a fresh burst of music.

As it sings, the white feathers of its throat and of its crest vibrate, from its eagerness to pour forth its notes, and from this it has its name.

The White-throat boldly matches itself against any other feathered songsters, and has even been known to challenge the queen of the woods—the Nightingale! At other times it turns mimic, and imitates the notes of other birds by which it is surrounded.

COCK-CROW.

NOW come, little chicks, and listen to me,
Come and sit under the shady tree,
For I have something to say, you see—
A little advice and warning.

But it's all about the new-mown hay,
And all about the summer day,
And all about work and all about play,
And all about early morning.

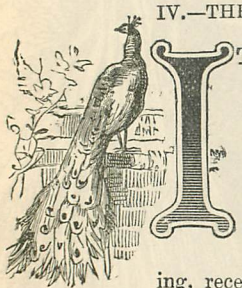
It's oh! in the morning the sweet fresh air,
And oh! in the morning the field so fair,
And oh! it is pleasant everywhere
When the summer day is dawning.
And it's how does the earth grow warm and dry?
And how does the grass grow long and high?
It is that the sun gets up in the sky
When I crow in the early morning.

The woodman sharpens his axe at night,
The mower's scythe is ready and bright;
They'll be up and at work with the first day-light,
As soon as they hear my warning.
The grindstone's ready to grind away,
The great rakes are ready to rake the hay;
But how would the work be done in the day
If they did not begin in the morning?

Oh, hours are precious, and hours do fly,
And all do spend them, and none can buy—
That's what I say when you hear me cry
So shrill when the day is dawning.
Now go, little chicks and children dear,
For your window is open, I hope you are near;
Come out when you hear me crowing clear,
Crowing clear in the early morning.

THE SCHOOL-DAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIME MINISTERS.

IV.—THE EARL OF DERBY.



IT was in the spring-time of the year A.D. 1799—nearly a hundred years ago—that there was born to the thirteenth Earl of Derby, and Margaret, his wife, a little son, who was afterwards to become Prime Minister of England.

The baby, at his christening, received the names of Edward George Geoffrey. His surname—the name which he had by inheritance—was Smith-Stanley.

Far back in the time of the Normans the family name had been Alderthly, sometimes called Audley. It was said that the family bearing this name came over to this country with William the Conqueror. Others think that Alderthly or Audley was the name of the property in Staffordshire, granted to the family by the Norman King, or his sons, for help given him in his wars.

It would seem that some of the Alderthlies married into a Saxon family, who owned the manor of 'Stanlegh' or 'Stonelegh,' and ever afterwards the name of Stanlegh—now spelt Stanley—became the name by which the one-time Alderthlies and their descendants are known in English history.

The Earldom—the title and possessions of an Earl—has descended in a straight line through the famous Earl Stanley of Queen Elizabeth's days.

The Prime Minister's grandfather, the twelfth Earl of Derby, who died about sixty years ago, was very fond of horses, and loved to watch them run. He it was who founded two races, one known as the 'Derby,' and the other as the 'Oaks.'

But now to our young Earl. Edward, when he was old enough, went to Eton, where he learned Latin and Greek. He studied hard his Virgil and Homer, and in a book with a very long name,* there is a capital Latin composition by this boy. The last lines of the composition show that young Edward, like many of his school-fellows, read and appreciated the English poets of his own day. One of the ideas which the Eton lad skilfully introduced from the writings of the poet Moore, was so beautiful that we must give it here. He uses the sun-flower as a type of fidelity:—

'As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets
The same smile which she turned when he rose.'

A writer upon Eton students and their studies says:—'Formerly, any average boy of ordinary taste at Eton, on leaving school had read much of the English poets and a great deal of English history, as well as other literature.'

The boys, at the time when Edward was at school, 'used to devour greedily every poem of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Southey, and other modern poets, as fast as they came out. The boys spent a great deal of their pocket-money in buying books. Dante, Tasso, and other Italian authors, were read by many.'

When Lord Derby became a busy statesman, he did not lay aside the studies which had won him fame in his boyhood. From Eton, Edward Stanley went to Christ Church, Oxford, and won the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse, with a poem on Syracuse, in A.D. 1819. How was it, some will ask, that so promising a student left Oxford without obtaining his degree? Why did he not further distinguish himself?

We can only reply in the words of one of Lord Derby's biographers, that 'the steady and continuous application necessary to secure the highest honours in the school was a very different thing from the composition of two or three hundred Latin hexameters, which the young Lord, with his Etonian training, would probably have thrown off in a few days.'

We have already said that the Earl, when in after years he became a busy statesman, did not forget his favourite studies, but as late as A.D. 1865, he published his version in English blank verse of Homer's *Iliad*.

Shortly before his death, when Lord Derby was speaking at a meeting for the distribution of prizes, a meeting at which much had been said in praise of the various 'ologies,' the Earl spoke of himself as having been 'born and educated in the "pre-scientific" age.' Such may have been the case, but he gave ample proof that he had been trained gracefully and soundly.

A ray of light falls on Lord Derby's early days, as we remember that his father, the thirteenth Earl, was so fond of animals, and took such a keen interest in their habits and ways, that he collected at

* *Musæ Etonensis.*

Knowsley one of the finest private zoological collections in Europe. This collection cost such large sums of money that, when Lord Derby succeeded to the estates in A.D. 1851, he was obliged to break it up. The cages and houses were converted into labourers' cottages, and of the birds and animals some were sold, some presented to the Queen, and some to the Zoological Gardens.

It has been already said that Lord Derby's grandfather founded the two great Epsom races, the Derby and the Oaks, and the grandson had some famous race-horses. He was not fond of betting, but he loved sport for its own sake.

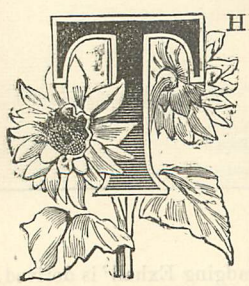
One of them, named Canezou, was kept in a paddock at Knowsley, till the infirmities of age increased upon her so much that it became at length a mercy to shoot her. 'She outlived her old master some years,' says the chronicler, 'and together with his paddock-groom, Timothy Forshaw, was provided for in his will.'

The Earl of Derby was fond of shooting. Some of his 'covers' adjoined the coal-pits, and with the colliers he was on the best of terms. One writer has it, 'They never touched his game, but always turned out in large numbers to see the "covers" shot. . . . . The pitmen indeed . . . . knew that they were sure of his forbearance and indulgence in any just cause. . . . . On one occasion when his party was approaching the pits, a deputation waited on the Earl to beg him not to allow a particular hare to be shot. She had made her form on one of the "spoil-banks," as the mounds are called on which the refuse is deposited, and the men had tamed her, so that she would eat out of their hands. It is needless to say that their prayer was granted, and an edict was issued placing "puss" under protection for the remainder of her existence.'

In A.D. 1821, Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, was returned to Parliament, in the Whig interest, for Stockbridge. He afterwards became a leading Conservative, and was three times Premier between A.D. 1852 and A.D. 1866. He died in A.D. 1869.

JAMES CASSIDY.

AN OLD THATCHED HOUSE AT BROOM.



THERE are not many trustworthy records preserved of Shakespeare's youth. Students of his plays will find there many allusions to country life, and from such allusions it may be gathered that he spent his play-hours among the fields and woods.

Round about the poet's old home at Stratford-on-Avon are many villages, all within the compass of twenty miles, and it is certain that young Will Shakespeare visited these, and joined in the fairs and the merry games which were then customary. The boy knew all the fruits that were to be found in the orchards, especially the apples, and to them he gives local names. Thus we find him writing of 'leather-coats,' 'pomewaters,' the 'bitter-sweets.' He speaks also of the 'apricocks' on the garden-walls, and the ripe figs and the mulberries.

No modern boy could have beaten him in his knowledge of the common wild flowers that grew in the hedges, the fields, and the meadows. He must often have watched the falcon in his flight, and attended hawking parties in the fields. He angled in the Avon and roamed among the trees in the forest of Arden and Charlecote Park. He knew just where to drop upon the deer, the rabbits, and the hares, in their haunts, and could tell the notes of the birds as they called to their mates.

In the youthful days of our great poet there were no 'Bands of Hope,' and the following anecdote is scarcely to his credit, but we must remember the times in which he lived.

Until quite recently there stood on the road to the village of Bidford-on-Avon a very old crab-tree, under which tradition says that Shakespeare and some of his companions once passed the night.

There is an old manuscript which gives the following story, and, unfortunately, there is little doubt as to its truth:—

'Our poet was extremely fond of drinking hearty draughts of English ale. In his time there were two fraternitys of village yeomanry who used frequently to associate together at Bidford, and who boasted themselves superior in the science of drinking to any set of equal numbers in the kingdom, and hearing of the fame of our Bard it was determined to challenge him and his companions to a trial of their skill, which the Stratfordians accepted, but when they arrived at Bidford they found the *topers* (heavy drinkers) were gone to Evesham fair, and were told that if they had a mind to try their strength with the *sippers* (lighter drinkers) they were ready for the contest. Shakespeare and his companions made a scoff at their opponents, but for want of better company they agreed to the encounter, and in a little time our Bard and his companions were so intoxicated that they were not able to contend any longer, and they set out on their return to Stratford. But they had not got above half a mile ere they found themselves unable to proceed any further, and were obliged to lie down under a crab-tree by the side of the road, where they slept till morning.' The sweet light of morning does not seem to have caused the companions of William Shakespeare to feel ashamed of their conduct, inasmuch as 'they roused him, and entreated him to return to Bidford to renew the contest.' It was then that he declined, asserting, 'I have drunk with

> Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
> Haunted Hillborough and hungry Grafton,
> With dadging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
> Beggarly Broom and drunken Bidford.'

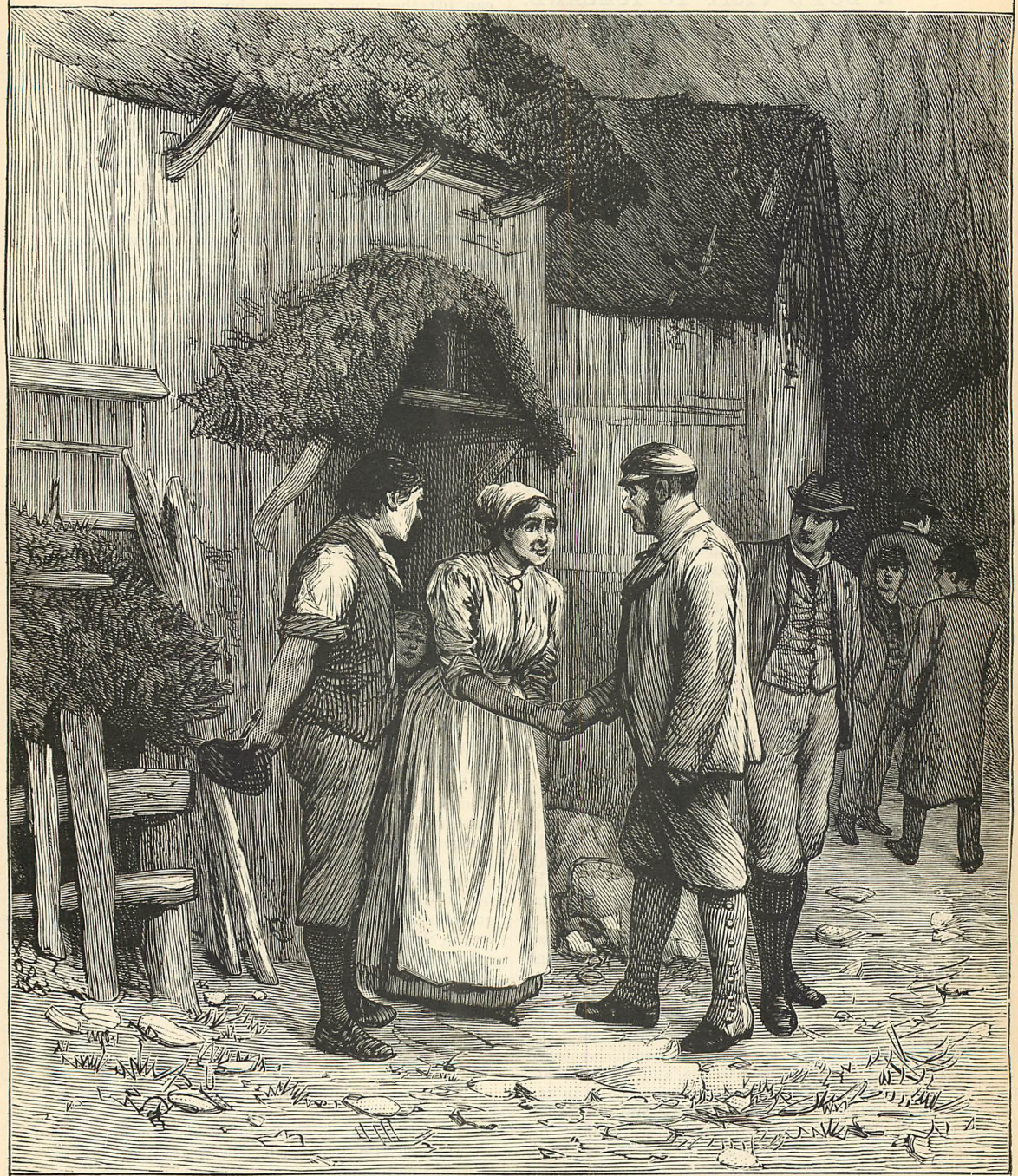
The exact locality of the crab-tree is still shown on the Ordnance Survey map of Warwickshire. A hundred and thirty years ago it was known as 'Shakespeare's Canopy;' it stood about a mile from Bidford.

An Old Thatched House at Broom.

This village, alas! still retains its bad reputation for drinking. 'Piping Pebworth' and 'dancing Marston' are still renowned for their love of music.

A lonely farmhouse on the river-banks is all that remains of Hillborough, while 'hungry Grafton,' Temple Grafton, as it is now called, has a farm known as 'Hungry Arbour Farm.' It is not quite clear from what the name of 'Dadging Exhall' is derived; some think it may be from an old word 'dadge,' to walk clumsily. 'Papist Wicksford' still belongs in great part to a very ancient Roman Catholic family there, while 'Beggarly Broom,' which has to do with our illustration, is so called from the poverty of its soil and its inhabitants.

J. C.



Farewell to the Friends in the Faroe Islands.

A BOY'S VISIT TO ICELAND.

(*Concluded from page* 236.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THIS visit to the farmer turned out to be a most interesting one, as, on questioning the man, they learned a great deal about the terrible difficulties of life in Iceland, and also they learned how, by patience, energy, and perseverance, these difficulties may be overcome.

His farm consisted of a cluster of small hovels placed close together, with their far ends half buried in a rising bank, the whole being thickly covered with sods of turf—these arrangements being, of course, for the sake of warmth. In some of these hovels cattle were lodged; others served as workshops, for in Iceland every man is his own carpenter and smith. The visitors having entered by a low door in the central hovel, presently found themselves in a dark passage, giving access to the several apartments: a kitchen, with a turf fire; a family room, with several beds, all of them dirty and mean-looking; then the empty room with the wooden floor, of which they had had the use. This room was in process of being furnished. The walls were being panelled with wood, and a chest of drawers was lying half-made, while one or two neatly framed pictures were ready to hang on the walls. But now the most interesting fact of all remains to be told, and this is, that the farmer himself had made the whole house and its furniture; an amount of work which seems quite marvellous when we reflect that every single plank of wood employed in building and furnishing his little home had been carried by himself on horseback over the seventy-two miles of rough wilderness which lay between Reikjavik and the geysers. Besides all this tremendous labour, he had forged his own scythe and tools, had made his own and his wife's saddles and bridles, and the shoes needed by himself and his family. He was indeed a most energetic and worthy man, whose labours seemed to be endless. When the more pressing duties of the day were over, he took in hand the education of his children, for, like almost all Icelanders, he very greatly valued education, both for his boys and his girls. His wife, too, was worthy of all praise, for, although it is admitted that the house was dirty to a degree, we must remember the wretched fuel which she was obliged to use, and also the fact that she had no grate, the fire being built in the middle of the floor, the thick smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. Her duties, too, were many, for in Iceland the women spin and weave all the thick cloth worn by the family; they also knit all the woollen under-garments, besides doing the tailoring required by husbands and sons. In the long winter evenings the whole family work together by lamplight while some one reads aloud.

This sounds rather comfortable, for if anything can lift these poor people above their sordid surroundings it is the use of books, and the great pleasure of being able to enter into the lives of others whose lot in life differs widely from their own. But when we hear about the food of these poor Icelanders, our first feeling must be thankfulness that we were not born in that inhospitable region. They take their food cold, probably to save fuel, and, as a rule, their meals consist of raw dried stockfish, and a preparation of milk called *skier*. It is needless to describe how skier is made, for merely to hear about it would set our readers' teeth on edge; it is enough to say that it is very acid, and used when cold. Some of the cotters have a very little hard black bread, made of rye, this being considered quite a luxury. Meat is dried at certain seasons of the year for future use, and the rivers abound in excellent fish; but, unfortunately, every farmer cannot arrange to live near a river. The chief use to which the kitchen fire is put is to prepare a cup of warm coffee, which to these people is as nectar itself. Coffee, sugar, grain, and other foreign goods, they get at Reikjavik in exchange for the feathers and wool, which they carry thither on horseback.

These statements will enable our readers to form some idea of the daily life in the numerous farms which are scattered over the habitable belt of pasture-land which nearly surrounds the island. One thing should be mentioned, which is that there are no wild animals in Iceland except the fox and a few herds of reindeer, nor is there a single snake or viper in all the island.

But now, having arranged all money matters with the good farmer, and said farewell to him and his family, our party slowly returned to the tent, where they intended to spend the rest of the day in much-needed rest.

The weather had greatly improved, the sun was shining as it seldom does in Iceland, the misty clouds had dispersed, and the whole party felt much gratified by a clear and distinct view of the great volcano, Hecla, thirty miles distant from the Great Geyser, but divided from it by a deep, dangerous, and unbridged river. There it stood in its solitary and savage grandeur, its snow-clad summit, with its five craters, towering to a height of over five thousand feet, the whole region presenting an appearance of utter desolation. The last eruption of this volcano was in September, A.D. 1845, when a terrific outbreak occurred, and lasted for more than a year. The fine dust from this eruption was scattered over the Orkney Islands, a distance from Hecla of five hundred miles.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next morning, the fine weather still continuing, the travellers were speedily mounted on their hardy little steeds, who seemed quite lively after the day's rest which had been granted to them. It would be tedious, however, to give any details of this, the first day of the return journey; it is enough to say that under a bright sky they made their way cheerfully enough till towards evening, when they once more drew rein at Thingvalla, where they

found their good friend, the Pastor, looking out for them, and quite prepared to extend to them the same hospitality which they had received before. Next morning, however, things were not quite so pleasant, the weather had completely changed—it was wet, cold, and stormy, yet there was no time now for delay. The journey had to be faced; the only cheering thought being the fact that they had succeeded in their object, and only one other day of hardship was required to bring them back to civilisation and comfort. With close-buttoned coats, therefore, and caps tied well down on their heads, they jogged along for many miles across that frightful rocky wilderness which had formed their first day's journey on leaving Reikjavik. Sometimes they rode in a long row, sometimes close together; but, in the general sense of suffering, there was little conversation among them. But, oh, it was indeed a dreadful ride! Once or twice Mr. Norman looked round with an encouraging smile to the poor boys, who, drenched and sick and suffering, were inclined to fall to the rear.

'Cheer up, Jim,' he said. 'And you, Frank, it will soon be over now; and what a feather in your cap it will be, when you tell your school-mates where you have been and what you have done.'

Carl Rudenberg, however, needed no cheering; he was a strong lad, and though he had never been at the geysers before, he was well used to rough riding.

At length the weather began to improve—the rain ceased, the wind fell; and, by general consent, a halt was made to rest the steaming ponies and to take some food. They were now within two hours' ride of Reikjavik, and it was amusing to observe how the sagacious little ponies seemed to know that they were nearing home. They became quite frisky, and would scarcely wait till the signal 'Forward' was given. And then such a scamper over the rocky road! Certainly the little creatures, plucky as they were, could never have done it except from knowing that stables, provender, and rest were all at hand.

It was nine o'clock p.m., but broad daylight, when the whole party rode into the streets of the town, and dismounted on the beach, covered with mud from head to foot, but cheerful, triumphant, and happy, having passed through their week of exposure and tremendous exertion without any damage to health, nor any harm whatever, except what had happened to their lively friend, Mr. Scholler.

Nothing now remained to be done but to say farewell to the kind friends whom they had met in Iceland. Then, after many expressions of friendship from the two Scotch boys to their Danish companion, Carl Rudenberg, the travellers went on board the *Polar Star*, and steamed away from Reikjavik. A three days' voyage brought Mr. Norman and his boys back to the Faroe Islands, where the captain hoped to find a supply of coal which had been sent for from Lerwick. The coal had come, and while it was being carried on board the steamer, Jim and Frank rushed on shore that they might once more meet with Conrad Salveson, who had been their companion not only at the whale-hunt, but also at the fowling expedition. How delightful it was to tell him all that they had seen and done while in Iceland, and how repeatedly they made him promise that he would spend his next holidays with them in Edinburgh!

While speaking to Conrad, the boys espied another old friend approaching them. This was Ernest Hoffman, the one-eyed pilot, who, having lost his boat at the whale-hunt while diving to assist the boys, had been presented with a beautiful new one, the gift of Mr. Norman and Sheriff Salveson. With great pride he now exhibited this boat, especially pointing out the name which was painted on it, and which was a Norse word signifying *The Little Scotchman*.

This amused the boys very much, and fain would they have stayed another week at the Faroes in order to enjoy some more of the fun which had fallen to their share on the previous visit.

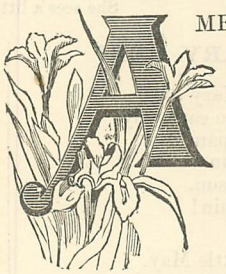
But it could not be. The coals were all on board, steam was getting up, and Mr. Norman was calling them to come without more delay.

Three more days of mingled sunshine and storm, and the *Polar Star* steamed into Leith Harbour, where many kind friends were waiting their arrival; but Jim was in a hurry to get home, for 'Mother' had been in his thoughts ever since they had left the Faroe Islands. Mrs. Arbuthnot was not at all strong, and her delicate health and recent widowhood seemed to make the boy love her the more. He was eager to tell her all his news—all he had seen and done since he had left home; for our readers must remember that no letters had passed between them—a post between Iceland and Leith being only a rare privilege. He therefore called a cab, jumped in, rattled away home, and took that dear mother in his arms.

'Oh, mother, I have so much to tell you!' were his first words. But, as our readers have already heard all that Jim had to tell, our story now comes to an end.

D. B. McKean.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.



A MERCHANT, who was very punctual in all he did, one day gave a joiner an order for some work. Knowing that the man was rather careless, and often promised but did not perform, he said to him, 'When will you have my work finished?'

'On Thursday next,' replied the joiner, 'if I am living, you shall have it.' Thursday came, and passed, without the promised work. In the evening the merchant called at the newspaper office, and asked the printer to insert among the deaths the name of the joiner. On taking up the paper next day, the man was surprised to find an announcement of his death, and went to the printer to demand an explanation. He was referred to the merchant, who, on seeing him expressed some surprise, 'for,' said he, 'you solemnly promised my work for Thursday if you were living, and as it did not come I thought you must be dead.'

"From out the window-pane,
She sees a little Bunny run."

WHAT DOES MARY SEE?

WHAT does little Mary see
That she looks so earnestly
From out the window-pane?
She sees a little Bunny run
Across the garden in the sun.
See! there it comes again!

'Oh, how I wish,' cries little May,
'That I might leave the house to-day,
And to the garden go!
I'd like to catch that Bunny dear,
And bring the little rabbit here,
But—mother might say "No!"

'Because my task is not yet done;
But, oh, it would be jolly fun
To catch that little pet!
I almost think were mother here
She'd say, "Yes, you may go, my dear."
Suppose I go? But yet——

'I'm half afraid that she might grieve
To find me gone without her leave;
And, oh, to give her pain
Is what I could not bear to do!
So, Bunny dear, good-bye to you;
Perhaps you'll come again.' K.

THE BROKEN HOOP.

'Love and Friendship's broken toys
May God's good angels mend.'
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I.

DAISY and Reginald set off one day,
Hoops for their horses, to race in their play;
Gold was the sunshine, like crystal the air,
All that they looked at was smiling and fair.
Surely if ever a lass and a lad
Ought to be beaming, good-humoured, and glad,
This was the morning to fill them with glee,
Hopping and singing like birds on the tree.

The Broken Hoop.

Pity, alas! ere the playtime was ended,
Storms of ill-temper like clouds have descended.
Daisy's eyes flashing because the first race
Brought her new hoop sad defeat and disgrace.
Reggy, elated, made mocking reproach,
'She, like her hoop, was a poor old slow-coach.'
Heated with passion, see Daisy turn round,
Pushing poor Reginald flat to the ground;
Seizing his hoop, and with wild, reckless speed,
Pausing no instant to look or take heed,
Sending it spinning along the hard road,
Where, at the corner, beneath a huge load,
Slowly a waggon comes creaking along.
Woe! to the hoop, be it never so strong,
Falling and lying across the wheel-rut!
Snap! goes the rim, like the shell of a nut.

On goes the cart, while with sobbing and crying
Daisy runs on where the poor hoop was lying.
Snatching it from her, with outburst of woe,
Vainly tries Reggie to make the hoop go;
Sulky and silent they go on their way,
Caring no longer to talk or to play,
Till on a sudden the thought strikes the boy,
'Perhaps at the smithy they'd mend the poor toy.'

II.—At the Smithy.

'Pray, Mr. Blacksmith, would you try
To mend this broken thing,
Which naughty Daisy in a rage
Beneath the cart did fling?

'We used to be good friends before,
We'll ne'er be such again;
It's all her fault my fine new hoop
Lay broken in the lane.

'No more it spins at lightning pace,
For since the deed was done
It jumps and bumps along the road,
And can't be made to run.'

'Young miss and master, quoth the smith,
'Methinks your broken hoop
Might teach a lesson to you both,
If you to learn would stoop.

'You'll ne'er run smoothly on life's path,
But rough and hard your way,
So long the breach is left unhealed
That you have made to-day.

'Your hearts, that should be joined in one
By love unchanged and true,
If ever parted by harsh strife,
Should straight be joined anew.

'So, as I join this broken ring,
Clasp hands in love once more,
United, like these severed ends,
In old affection sure.'

Then—almost ere the words were spoke—
Their arms the children threw
Around each other's necks and wept,
While love sprang forth anew.

And soon a laughing, dancing pair
Are speeding on their way:
Their hoops are whirling on ahead,
As joining in the play.

And as upon their homeward path
The children gaily run,
'What silly geese we were!' they cried,
'To fight, and spoil our fun!

'If ever we fall out again,
That hoop shall bring to mind,
Our hearts should be united fast,
As only love can bind.'

E. C. Rickards.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

Word Puzzles—Metagrams.

31.—1. There is a small instrument in very frequent use, sometimes for very good purposes, but it may at other times be made most mischievous. Change the first letter, and the following words will appear:—
2. Part of the human race.
3. The home of an animal.
4. A biped which often helps to supply your table.
5. Low, marshy land.
6. The number of what ought to be our rules of conduct.

32.—1. A fruit; the time of an event.
2. A companion; a naval officer.
3. The head.
4. An entrance.
5. Destiny.
6. An evil feeling against another.
7. To lessen; to moderate.
8. Not in time.
9. To reprove in anger; a tax. C. C.

33.—Changed Words.

1.	Change Hate to Love.		5.	Change Buns to Cake.	
2.	,,	Year to Week.	6.	,,	Give to Lend.
3.	,,	Fire to Cold.	7.	,,	Leg to Arm.
4.	,,	Shop to Mart.	8.	,,	Ask to Beg.

C. C.

34.—Geographical Anagrams.

1. Man does it. A town in Kent.
2. Chinese law. A town in Sussex.
3. Ne'er dip. A river in Russia.
4. Ted for war. A county of Ireland.
5. 'Tis she. A river in Hungary.
6. Slow gag. A city in Scotland famed for its trade and manufactures.
7. I sent Morel. A town in Herefordshire, also in Massachusetts, U.S.
8. Biter. A river in Italy flowing into the Mediterranean.
9. Brute's dwelling. A favourite health resort in Kent, famous for its mineral waters.
10. Cold hare. A town in Lancashire; it has a great trade in slate, stone, and coal.
11. Not a nut. A town in Somerset, one of the first in which woollen manufactures were established.
12. Gain one test. A town in Essex. C. C.

35.—Riddle.

Why is the letter D like good advice acted upon?

[*Answers at page* 263.]

ANSWERS.

30.—*Sierra Leone.*

1. Sweden.
2. Ionian Isles.
3. Edinburgh.
4. Rutlandshire.
5. Russia.
6. Ayrshire.
7. Lisbon.
8. Essex.
9. Orkneys.
10. Nankin.
11. East Cape.

SNAKES AND ADDERS.

IN some parts of Sussex there are vast numbers of snakes existing, chiefly in the woods. Some years ago we were moving an old tree-trunk which had been lying a long time on the ground, and from under it issued swarms of these harmless, but no less repulsive reptiles. The labourers engaged in the work of removal killed of these no less than three hundred! In the same part of the country—the parish of Lower Beeding—adders also abound, and the bite of these is somewhat dangerous, as a certain amount of poison is contained beneath the fang. Fishing one day in the moat of an old manor-house, I saw my companion unwittingly sit down on a nest of young adders. The parent adder was also there, but, strangely enough, instead of biting the intruder, it merely wriggled away down the bank, and was lost in the long grass. My friend gave a horrified cry, as well he might, at seeing the old one escaping, and then he, with a long twig, took up all the young ones and flung them into the moat. To our great surprise, they seemed quite at home in the water, and swam away out of sight.

FOX RUSSELL.

THE SABLE ANTELOPE.

TAKE a good look at the picture. Have you ever seen a more beautiful creature? It is really magnificent. There are two young antelopes of this species in the London Zoological Gardens, and they are highly prized, as it is a long time since the Society possessed any such treasures. The Sable Antelope, and some of his near relations, are only found in Africa. The most marked feature of the animal is its fine horns, ringed nearly to the tips. It is from a ridge on the skull, just over the eyes, that these horns rise. They curve into a bold sweep backwards. The neck is clothed with a distinct, erect mane, which is, as a naturalist would tell us, 're-curving.' Notice the enormous ears, situated below the base of the horns. The tail is not a long one, but it is smartened up by a tuft. The horns of the female are shorter than those of the male.

A long word tells of the genus to which our sable antelope belongs. As some of you may like to know it, we put it down. It is Hippotragus.

A clever naturalist, writing about this animal, says: 'The sable antelope is a southern species, ranging some distance to the north of the Zambesi, and being now most abundant in Mashonaland. This antelope frequents forest-clad highlands.'

The famous African hunter, Selous, states that the animal is often met with in herds of from ten to twenty individuals, though sometimes as many as fifty may be seen together. The same writer says that as a rule the sable antelope runs very swiftly. It is very savage when wounded, and will make terrible havoc amongst a pack of dogs. He says that he has known one kill three dogs with three consecutive sweeps of its long, scimitar-shaped horns.

The sable antelope is sometimes successfully chased by the Cape hunting-dog. The inhabitants of the Cape often call the antelope the Harris-buck, as it was discovered by Sir C. Harris.

Gordon-Cumming, writing of his first sight of this majestic and beautiful antelope in its native wilds, says: 'I shall never forget the sensation I experienced on beholding a sight so thrilling to the sportsman's eye; he stood right in our path, and had detected us before we saw him. Shouting to my pack, I galloped after him; but the day was close and warm, and the dogs had lost their spirit. My horse, being an indifferent one, soon lost ground, and the beautiful creature, gaining a rocky ridge, was quickly beyond my reach, and vanished for ever from my view. I sought in vain to close my eyelids that night, for the image of the sable antelope was still before me.'

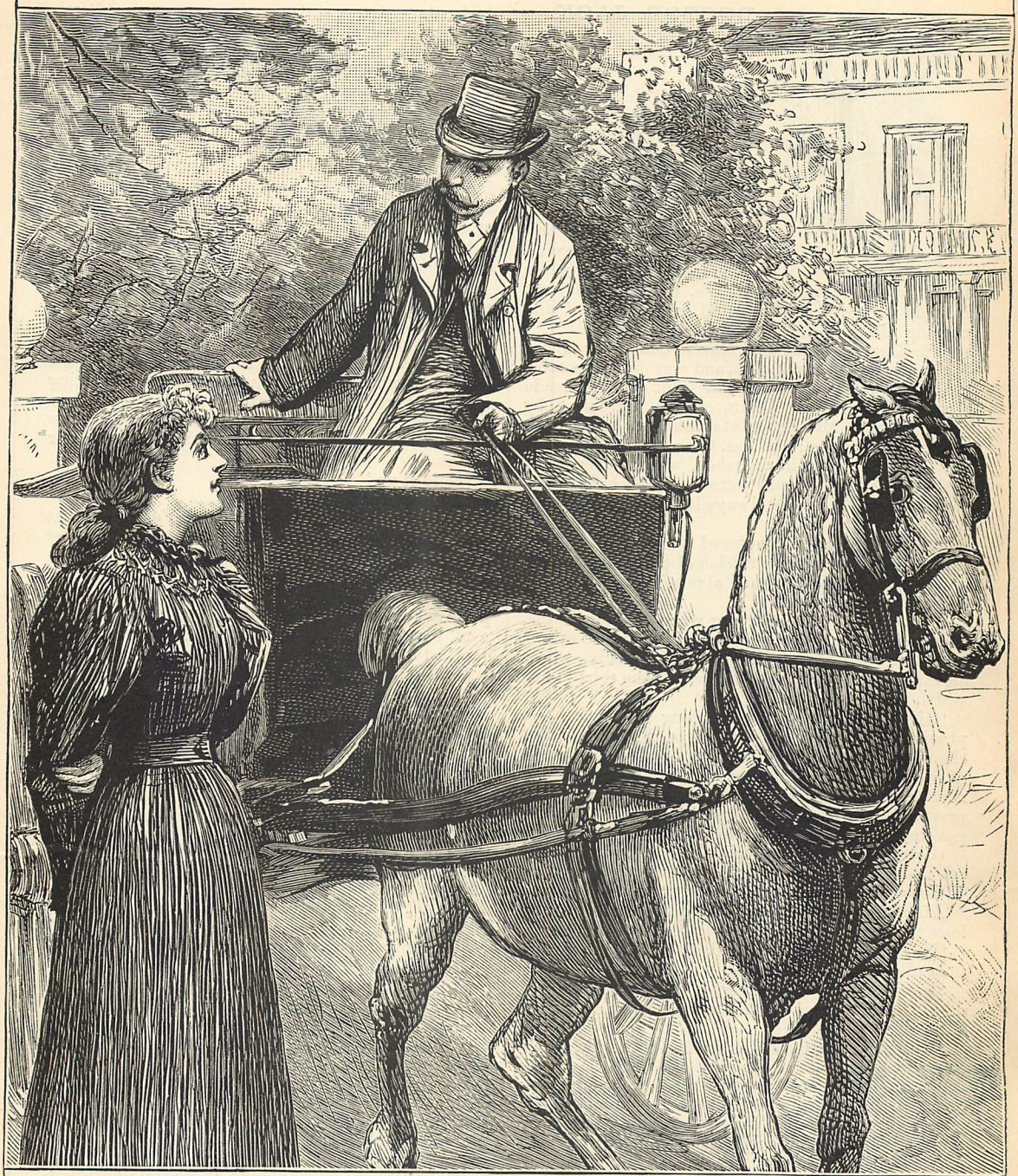
The sable antelope has several foes, but perhaps the one which does him the most harm is the Cape hunting-dog, a curious-looking animal of great strength, and about the size of a tall greyhound. The Cape dogs hunt in packs, varying in number from ten to sixty. By their extraordinary powers of endurance, and mode of mutual assistance, they are able to run down the swiftest or overcome the largest and most powerful antelope. They commit great havoc among the flocks of the Dutch Boers. Mr. Selous describes the pursuit of a male sable antelope by a single hunting-dog—a very rare occurrence. The hunter and his comrades had been for some time watching the antelope, when suddenly it started off full in their direction. On looking round for the cause of this sudden movement, 'we saw,' writes Mr. Selous, 'that an animal was running on its track, and although still distant, was overtaking it fast, for the sable antelope, not being pressed, was not yet doing its best; so that when it was about two hundred yards from us, its pursuer, which we now saw was a wild dog, was not more than fifty yards behind us. The noble-looking antelope must just then have seen us, for it halted, looking towards us, and then, turning its head, glanced at its insignificant pursuer. That glance, however, at the open-mouthed dog thirsting for its life-blood, must have called up unpleasant reminiscences, as, instead of showing fight, as I should have expected it to have done, it threw out its limbs convulsively, and came dashing past us at its utmost speed. It was, however, to no purpose, for the wild dog, lying flat to the ground as a greyhound, its bushy tail stretched straight behind it, covered two yards to its one, and soon came up to it. The dog gave the antelope one bite in the flank, and, letting go its hold, instantly fell a few yards behind. At the bite the sable antelope swerved towards us, and upon receiving a second in exactly the same place, turned still more; so that, taking the point on which we stood as centre, both pursuer and pursued had described about half a circle round us. As the wild dog was just going up the third time it

The Sable Antelope.

scented us, and instead of again inflicting a bite, it stopped dead and looked towards us, while about a hundred yards from us the sable antelope came also to a stand. The baffled hound then turned round and made off one way, while the sable antelope, delivered from its tormentor, cantered off in another.' Mr. Selous adds that this is the only instance known to him of a hunting-dog pursuing an animal by itself.

It has been asserted that the females of the species do all the watching, while the male goes on eating. At the least alarm the antelopes are off like the wind. Our illustration represents a doe attacking a reptile such as is common to South Africa. The buck has evidently not quite made up his mind what is to be his share in the adventure. Scarcely gallant, is he?

JAMES CASSIDY.



"A garden party—next month—all invited!"

DOCTOR JACK.

—o—

'ISN'T she tall?'

'How pale she looks!'

'Do you think her pretty?'

A little bell's tinkle interrupted the whispered comments of the thirty schoolgirls assembled to meet their new governess. That bell was the signal for prayers, a summons which never failed to secure perfect silence, for not the most intrepid of her scholars would ever dream of disobeying Madame de Mari.

'The Limes,' Madame de Mari's 'School for Girls,' bore an excellent reputation, and was quite a notable feature of the neighbourhood. Not that it made any extravagant pretentions, or was patronised by great people. Madame's establishment had neither of these advantages; but Mrs. Gascoigne, the Squire's wife, put the thing 'in a nutshell' when she remarked that 'If Madame's pupils were not ladies before they came to her, they were always ladies when they left her.'

Madame's scholars numbered about one hundred. She herself had the supervision of the whole school, leaving the actual tuition almost entirely in the hands of her teachers.

On the bright June morning when our story opens, Madame, as she entered the upper schoolroom, was accompanied by a tall, slight young lady, whose clear grey eyes gazed with interest at the thirty faces which were turned upon her.

'Girls,' began Madame, speaking with calm emphasis, 'it is long since there has been any important change in this branch of the school. Probably many of you recollect no other teacher than my niece; but now that she is happily married, you are, of course, prepared to meet—and, I hope, to welcome—another governess. Let me introduce to you Miss Forester—try to show by your behaviour that you merit her affection and respect, as she is sure to win yours. Let each girl answer to her name on the register.'

After calling the names, Madame de Mari departed, leaving the class in charge of the new governess.

'Now get your books,' said Miss Forester, as the door closed behind Madame.

'If you please,' said a girl at the end of the last desk, 'I have left my book in the lobby; may I fetch it?'

'Not now, Pattie,' answered Miss Forester, whose exceptionally good memory had retained the names of her pupils, although she had heard them only once; 'you would lose part of the lesson—you must share with your neighbour this morning, and for the future always bring all the books you are likely to need into class with you.'

An audible whisper of 'What a shame!' reached Miss Forester's ears. For the time being, she took no notice of the impertinence, but went on quietly with the history lesson, which she made very interesting.

In the midst of a pathetic anecdote concerning Lady Jane Grey, a little cry came from Pattie Madyson's end of the class.

Miss Forester stopped abruptly, and all eyes were turned upon poor, blushing Pattie.

'What is the matter, Pattie?'

'If you please, Miss Forester, I would rather not say,' said the girl with a quivering lip. 'I am sorry that I made a noise.'

'Come up here, Margaret Madyson,' said Miss Forester to Pattie's sister, who sat next the child, and who had been guilty of the rebellious whisper at the beginning of the lesson.

Margaret obeyed, but slowly and with an unpleasant expression on her face.

'You have dropped something upon the floor,' said the governess; 'go and fetch it.'

'It is nothing,' replied Margaret, sullenly—'nothing worth mentioning'

'I heard it fall,' insisted Miss Forester, 'and as I consider it worth mentioning, and also worth picking up, I must trouble you to bring it to me.'

A moment later, Margaret was standing before her governess, with a long hat-pin between her fingers.

'Hold it up.'

Margaret did so, but defiantly.

'I regret very much,' said Miss Forester, 'that you should have tried to make trouble this first morning, and I regret still more to find that you are so cowardly as to create a commotion at your little sister's expense, and so cruel' (pointing to the hat-pin) 'as to adopt this method.'

'I scarcely touched her with it,' muttered Margaret, stung to the quick by this charge of cowardice and cruelty; 'I did not mean to hurt her.'

'Your intention, however, was a wrong one,' answered Miss Forester, 'and I must warn you against offending again in any such way. Go back to your seat, Margaret—the rest of you may collect your books.'

* * * * *

'What do you think of her?' asked Eva Johnson, the chatterbox of the class, as the bell rang for recreation, and the whole school trooped into the playground.

'Nasty, mean, spiteful thing!' burst out Margaret Madyson.

'You only got what you deserved, Meg,' said Gwen Jones, the eldest girl in the school, 'and, if I were you, I wouldn't speak like that. If Madame should hear you, you would get a reprimand and lines to write; besides, that is exactly what the butcher's girl shouted after you yesterday, and you thought it very low of her.'

'Ah! taken up with a fresh face,' muttered jealous Margaret; but she said no more just then, for Gwen had great influence over her schoolfellows—even over Margaret, who posed as the 'leader' of the school. Gwen came of an old Welsh family, was first cousin to Lord Wynne, and niece to the Squire of Brentwood. If, however, these facts carried weight with any one, they certainly did not with Meg; the two girls had been close friends from early childhood.

The true reason of Gwen's influence—the secret of her popularity and charm—was that, besides being a thorough gentle-woman, she was striving to follow in the footsteps of Him who has said, 'Love one another.' She took no notice of Meg's little outburst.

The others continued their discussion of the new governess.

'I think she might have let Pattie fetch her book,' said one of the girls.

'And I'm very glad that she did not let me go.' It was Pattie who spoke, in a tremulous yet resolute voice. Every one was amazed.

'Why?'—'Upon my word!'—'Well done, Pattie!'—'Whatever do you mean?' asked a chorus of voices.

'It's just this,' went on Pattie, bravely; 'I purposely left my book behind, in order that I might smuggle up those sweets which I promised to Edith Carson. I dared not bring them while Madame was in the room, and so it was best—I mean—I ought not——'

'Don't you turn pious, Pattie, pray!' broke in her sister. As the child paused she gave a side glance at Gwen as she added: 'One saint in a school is quite enough.'

'For shame, Meg!' exclaimed several voices. Gwen, again ignoring the spiteful speech, wound her arm around Pattie with the words: 'Bravo, dear! That was well done! Come and walk with me.'

To walk with the head girl was a great mark of distinction, especially for Pattie, who had only lately been promoted to the upper schoolroom. This was indeed a reward of virtue! Pattie's tears were speedily dried, and her heart lightened by Gwen's merry talk.

'Oh!' she cried suddenly, in tones of delight; 'see, Gwen! there is Uncle Jack!'

They had not been the first to observe the newcomer. There was a general shout of 'Dr. Jack! Dr. Jack!' as the girls crowded round the dogcart which had just appeared, and from which descended a gentleman with kindly brown eyes, smiling lips, and outstretched hands, which were eagerly grasped by half-a-dozen others.

Dr. Jack Beresford—or, as he was commonly called, Dr. Jack—was a universal favourite. Being a tried friend of Madame's, and a great ally of the children, he frequently turned into the playground at recreation-time, declaring that he needed a little relaxation himself. Sometimes he would join in the games, and he was the prime mover in coaxing holidays from Madame. His appearance, therefore, might well be hailed with shouts of delight.

'Good morning, Gwen!' he called out, as she and Pattie hurried towards him. 'We must shake hands next week, as I fear that my wrists will give way after this! Now, Pattie, do not disarrange my best tie; I have to call on Mrs. Gascoigne, you know!'

Pattie was clinging around his neck as he spoke, for Uncle Jack was her idol.

'Get down, little woman, while I tell my grand news. If you knew how madly I galloped here from Brentwood Park, so as to arrive before the bell rings you in to work again, you would not waste my valuable time like this.'

'Oh, Uncle!'—'Oh, Dr. Jack!' exclaimed every one, 'what have you to tell us? Oh, do be quick, please!'

'Lady—Brent—is—going—to—give—a—party! There!'

'Oh-h-h!' went round the playground. 'Are we invited? When? Where? How soon? Children or grown-ups?'

But Dr. Jack stopped his ears, and, making a run for it, regained his dogcart, from which point of vantage he called out, as he drove off:—'A garden party—next month—all invited! There goes the bell!'

Suddenly he pulled up again. 'Gwen,' he called, and the girl came running to the side of the dog-cart. 'Did you find your verse?' asked the doctor; 'and did it help you?'

'Yes, Dr. Jack, so much.' Thank you for finding it for me. I have written it out, and pasted it into the cover of my Bible. I look at it every night and morning, and sometimes——'

'When your faith weakens? That is right, Gwen. Then by this time I suppose you can repeat it?'

'"For their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven," said the girl, softly. 'But I must go—the bell is stopping.'

'Good-bye,' said the doctor; 'I am on my way to the Grange, and will look in again to-morrow with any news that I may gather.' Then he drove away at a brisk trot, and never slackened speed until he reached the lodge gates of Greylands Grange.

From the small cottage which did duty as a lodge, a woman came out to open the gates, and said, with a curtsey: 'Joey is main bad to-day, sir. Perhaps you will call in on your way back and have a look at him?'

'The old trouble, I suppose, Mrs. Mason?'

'You're right, sir. It will always be the same, I'm thinking.'

'You must not be down-hearted,' was the kindly reply. 'When Joey is beyond our skill, he is still in the hands of the Great Physician. Certainly, I will look in on my return.'

'Always a kind word he have for a body,' murmured the woman, as she returned to her crippled boy. 'I reckon he be a-going to see the mistress. There isn't much the matter with her.'

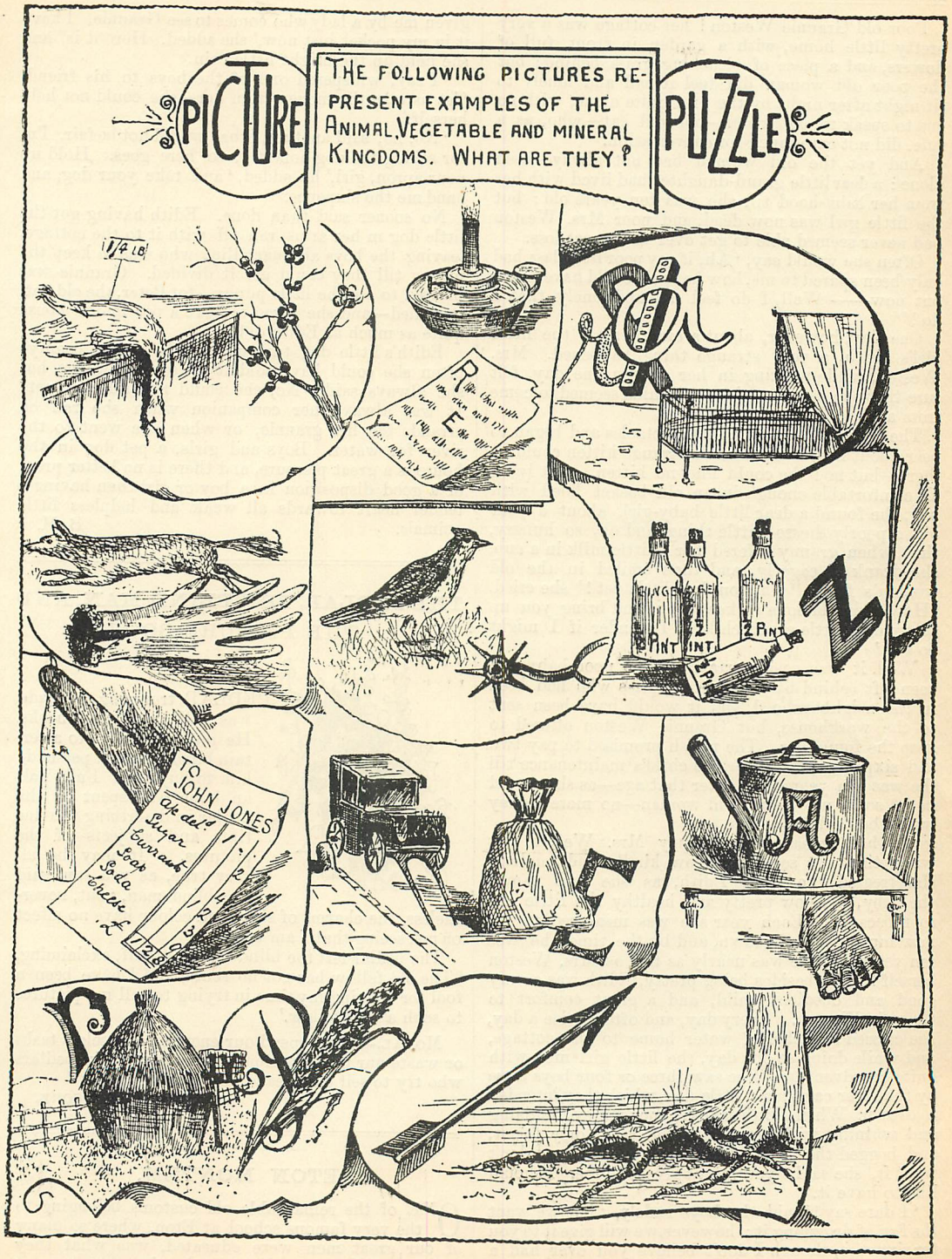
Mrs. Gascoigne, however, held a different opinion. From being a delicate, sensitive girl, she had slipped into a state of semi-invalidism. Since the death of her only child—the Squire's son and heir—she had lived in melancholy seclusion, giving herself up to somewhat selfish brooding over her own troubles.

(*Continued at page* 258.)

EDITH'S LITTLE DARLING.

DEAR, dear, to think that I should have neither chick nor child to help me and comfort me in my old age; when I am so ill with rheumatism, too. Well, well, it does seem hard!'

The Foundling.



For Answers, see page 263.

Poor old Grannie Weston! her cottage was a very pretty little home, with a garden in front, full of flowers, and a piece of bleaching grass behind; but the poor old woman did feel it sad and lonely to sit night after night by the fire, quite alone, with no one to speak to, but Peter—her old cat—who, as a rule, did not care much for conversation.

And yet the old woman had not always been alone: a dear little grand-daughter had lived with her from her baby-hood till she was ten years old; but the little girl was now dead, and poor Mrs. Weston had never seemed able to get over that great loss.

Often she would say, 'Ah, if my poor little lass had only been spared to me, how happy I could have been! but now—— Well, I do feel sad and lonely, that I do!'

One day, however, about a month after the little girl's death, a very strange thing happened. Mrs. Weston, while walking in her garden one day, felt sure that she heard a faint cry, which seemed to come from a laurel-bush, close at hand.

The old woman put on her spectacles and began to peer about her, to see if some strange kitten could be there—but no! she could find no kitten. But lying all comfortable enough in an old basket lined with hay, she found a dear little baby-girl, about a year old, a poorly-dressed little thing, and oh, so hungry, that when granny offered her a little milk in a cup, she drank it eagerly, and then smiled in the old woman's face. 'Oh, you dear little pet!' she cried. 'How I should love to keep you, and bring you up as my own little grand-child! I wonder if I might do so?'

Well, it was easily arranged; the poor baby had been left behind by a party of gipsies who had been in the neighbourhood, and it would have been sent to the workhouse, but Grannie Weston offered to keep the foundling. The parish promised to pay two and sixpence a week for the child's maintenance till she was ten years old; after that age—as she would be of some use to the old woman—no more money would be paid for her.

Oh, how pleased and happy Mrs. Weston felt when this was settled! How kindly and tenderly she treated the little Edith, as she had named the baby, and how pretty and healthy the little one soon became! Each year she was measured to see how much she had grown, and by the time she was ten years old, she was nearly as tall as Mrs. Weston herself! But besides being pretty, Edith was a very good and obedient child, and a great comfort to Grannie Weston. Every day, and often twice a day, she carried a pitcher of water home to the cottage, and while doing so one day, the little girl met with quite an adventure. She saw three or four boys close by the river carrying a little dog, which they intended to drown. When Edith saw the poor puppy trembling and whining with terror, she felt very sorry for it, and begged the boys not to drown it. 'If you don't want it,' she said, 'you might give it to me. I should like to have it.'

'I dare say!' said the boys rudely, 'but we want the fun of drowning it; however, we will give it to you for sixpence, though I don't believe you ever had a sixpence in your life.'

'Oh, yes, I have!' said Edith, briskly. 'It was given me by a lady who comes to see Grannie. I have it in my pocket just now,' she added. Here it is,' and she held up the bright little coin.

'I say,' whispered one of the boys to his friend, 'let us take the money from her—she could not help herself.'

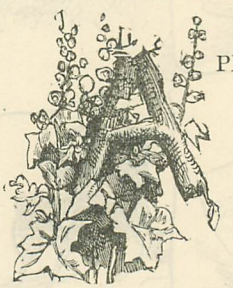
'No, no,' said another, 'that would not be fair. I'm for selling the dog honestly, so here goes. Hold up your apron, girl,' he added, 'and take your dog, and hand me the sixpence.'

No sooner said than done. Edith having got the little dog in her arms, ran off with it to the cottage, leaving the boys all quarrelling who was to keep the money till they could get it divided. Grannie was pleased to see the little puppy—for Peter, the old cat, had died—and she loved to have a pet in the house quite as much as Edith did.

Edith's little dog turned out to be quite a beauty; often she could have sold it for some shillings, but she always said, 'No, she could not sell her pet.' It was always her companion when she ran on errands for her grannie, or when she went to the river for water. Boys and girls, a pet dog in the house is a great pleasure, and there is no better proof of a good disposition in a boy or girl than having a tender heart towards all weak and helpless little animals.

B. M.

THE PEDLAR, THE BLIND MAN, AND THE PICTURE-BOOKS.



A Fable

PEDLAR, tramping the roads, was selling picture-books. He must needs go to a certain blind man and persuade him to buy one. Fully half an hour was spent by the pedlar in describing the fine tints and subjects of the pictures. 'It may be all very true, as you say,' said the blind man, 'but, nevertheless, the charms of sight and colour have no effect on me, seeing that I am blind.'

The pedlar left the blind man in a huff, exclaiming, 'The old fellow has got no sense, and I have been a fool for wasting my time in trying to sell my pictures to such a silly fellow.'

MORAL.—If we spend our energies on useless tasks or waste our precious time, we are surely like pedlars who try to sell pictures to blind men.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

ETON MONTEM.

ONE of the remarkable old customs belonging to the very famous school at Eton, where so many of our great men were educated, was what they called the Montem. If you ask why they gave it this name, we can only say that most likely it arose

from the fact that a hill, which is known as Salt Hill, was formerly the scene of the chief part of the day's doings, and the Latin word *mons* stands for 'mountain' or 'hill' in English. When the Eton scholars first began to hold their Montem, we cannot tell. The College was founded about A.D. 1440, by Henry VI.; but we do not read anything about the Montem till the reign of Elizabeth. Some people think it had to do with another old custom common amongst schools and choirs during the Middle Ages, that of choosing a boy bishop in the Christmas festivities, who, with several juvenile followers, imitated what the clergy did in church—which was not a very reverent custom.

Long ago, it seems the Eton boys had this Montem procession towards the end of December, for we are told that upon one occasion they could not get to the hill until a path had been cut through the snow. February is mentioned as a month in which the custom was kept, but for many years the usual day was Whit Tuesday, though not every year. Perhaps this was wise, the principal object of the Montem being to raise a sum of money.

This money was called 'Salt,' hence the place where they halted had the name of Salt Hill, also Arbor Hill. At one time there was a mill upon the top, round which the party marched. Scouts were sent off also to the villages or mansions about the neighbourhood, to demand gifts. Salt used to be carried by some of those walking in the procession, the salt-bearers and their deputies being dressed in robes of bright silk. The money which was collected they called 'salt,' too; some of it, or all perhaps, went, in the olden time, to the expenses of the school; from the reign of George III., however, if not before, it was given to the senior scholar, or captain of the school.

We do not know much concerning the way in which the Montem was first observed, but we are told that the party halted now and then on the march while the boys sang songs or repeated pieces. There was a mock chaplain, and he had a clerk. The two used to repeat certain Latin prayers, after which the chaplain kicked the clerk down the hill. When this was done before Queen Elizabeth, she objected to it, so the custom was dropped. Then, again, it seems to have been a joke with the boys to force people to swallow a spoonful of salt—I expect those who refused them money—and, supposing they refused, the boys beat, or pretended to beat them, with the poles which they carried. This appears from a curious fragment of a poem written upon the Montem:—

'Each passing traveller must halt,
Must pay his tax or eat the salt:
You don't like salt, you say, and storm—
Look at these staves, sir, and conform.'

The oldest account of this ceremony or procession shows that it was like a military array. At the head of the party the second boy of the school marched; he carried a truncheon, and was called the marshal; next to him came the chaplain, gowned and bewigged, with broad-brimmed hat; and then the captain of the school, having an escort of officers, gold-laced, and bearing swords; behind him was the third boy of the school, who acted as lieutenant; he preceded the colours, borne by the ensign, which displayed the College arms, and had the motto, '*Pro more et monte*;' after these followed the rest of the boys, some dressed as soldiers, others like footmen, with white poles. Sometimes a part of the boys had splendid Eastern costumes, and they generally had one or more bands of music.

Old Etonians from many distant places came to see the Montem, and it had the encouragement of royalty: a gift was presented by the King, or by both King and Queen. One of the most notable of this century was that of A.D. 1826, in the reign of George IV., who presented a hundred guineas, the whole amount raised being 1250*l*. The captain was named Pickering. The flag was borne by Ensign Vallancey, an old man, who had for a number of years been the poet of the Montem, and who was seated in a triumphal car. Nearly 600 boys took part in the procession, which was attended along the way by crowds of people on foot, and ladies in carriages. One of the special features of that year was that an endeavour was made to represent the dresses and costumes of all countries of the world. Afterwards the boys had a grand feast at Eton, spread on forty long tables.

J. R. S. C.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

I AM the farmer's little girl,
My name is Dolly Clare,
And mother lets me share her toils,
And help her to take care
Of geese and ducks and chickens small,
And how I love them one and all!

I would not change my happy lot
With any one I know,
For though we all work pretty hard,
It is work that suits me so:
I love to mix their daily food,
And give them everything that's good.

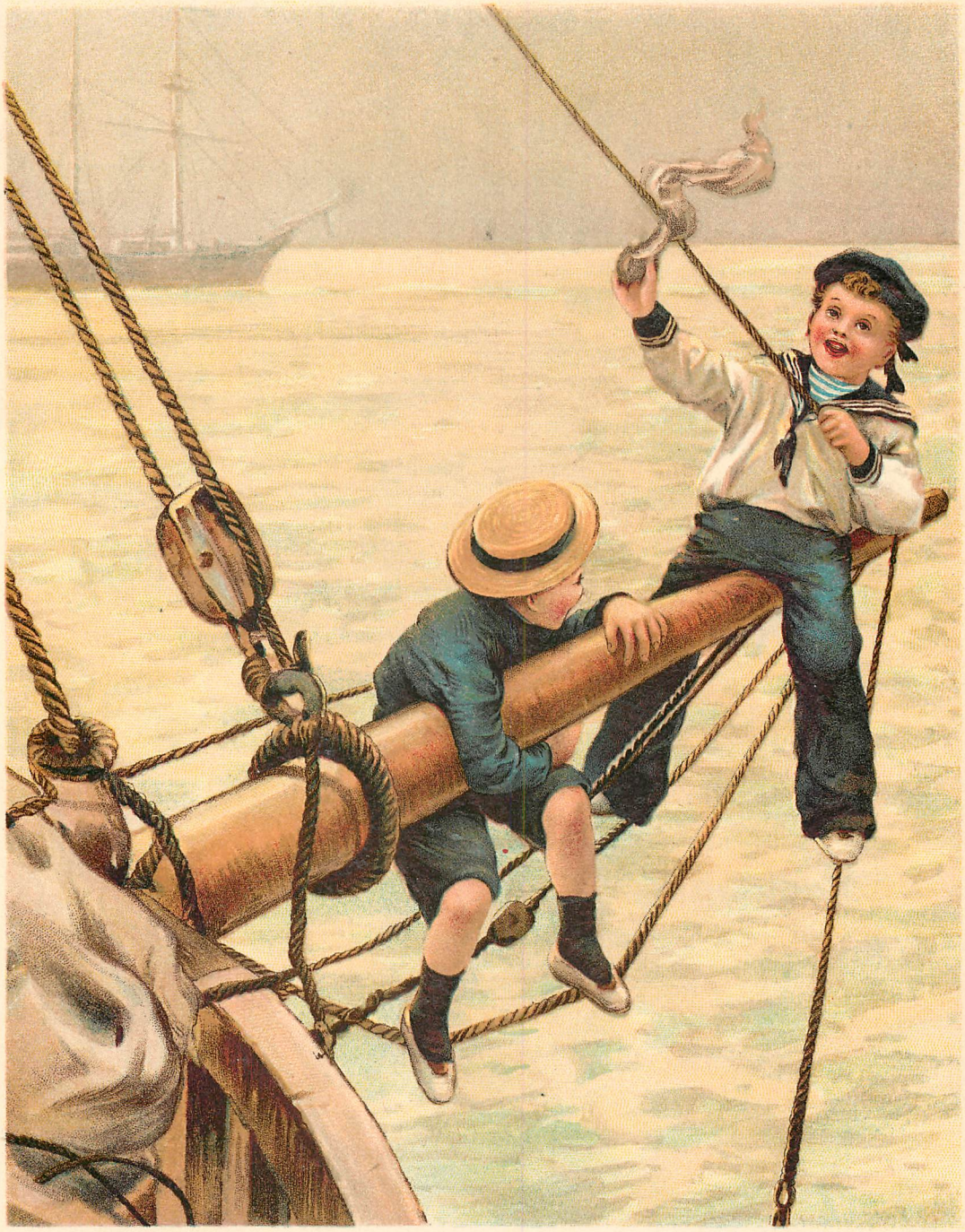
There's just one thing I cannot bear,
And that is when old John
Says 'Miss, to-day is market-day,
And when I look upon
Them fowls of yours, I know they'll sell,
For they are big and plump as well!"

Oh, dear! oh, dear! to think my pets
Must all be sent away,
And sold to horrid, greedy folk
Who'll eat them up next day.
I would not eat them—no, not I;
I think I'd rather starve and die!

But fly away just now, sad thoughts,
My children want their food;
So here it is, my little pets,
I know you'll find it good.
But don't be greedy; oh! no, no;
I'd hate to see you acting so.

K.

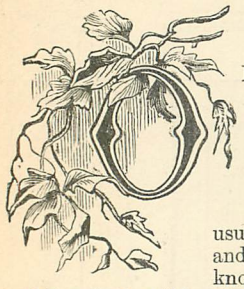
The Farmer's Daughter.



JOLLY LITTLE SAILORS.

"If you please, sir, can you tell me of any place where a body can get a decent lodging?"

DOCTOR JACK.



(*Continued from page* 251.)

ON this particular morning Mrs. Gascoigne had a new grievance.

'Do you know, Dr. Jack,' she began, after the doctor had felt her pulse, and prescribed his usual tonic—fresh air, exercise, and more society—'do you know, I am so worried to-day?'

'How is that?' inquired the doctor.

'Those two Jones' boys have been in mischief again.'

'I heard that from Gwen.'

'Oh, you have seen Gwen lately? What does she say? Isn't she ashamed of her brothers?'

'She is much grieved, of course,' replied Dr. Jack, and she has sent the whole of her quarter's pocket-money to pay the doctor's bill for the woman who was hurt in this last escapade. But, although I know it was wrong of the boys to carry their jest so far, I am sure that the injury was done thoughtlessly, and not out of wanton cruelty.'

'Perhaps so,' sighed Mrs. Gascoigne; 'but the worst of it is that now my husband wishes to have them here for a time. He fancies, too, that a woman's care and society might have a good effect upon their characters.'

'An excellent plan! I quite agree with him.'

'I see that I shall get no sympathy from you!' said Mrs. Gascoigne, with a smile. 'But whatever am I to do with two great, noisy, mischievous lads? If it were Gwen it would be different. Of course, this will be her home when she leaves school. But those lads!'

'I really do not think that the arrangement would be such a bad one as you imagine. The lads would be out and about most of the day, for the Squire told me he wished Llewellyn to get a practical knowledge of farming. They would also, to some extent, continue their studies, and Ernest, I know, has a decided fancy for medicine. Between us all,' concluded the doctor, cheerily, 'I think we can find enough to occupy their minds and bodies until they can be otherwise disposed of.'

'My husband remarked this morning,' said Mrs. Gascoigne, 'that, "if the lads would make a friend and companion of Dr. Jack, and if he would be bothered with them now and then, they would soon rub into shape." Those were his very words.'

'I am much obliged to him!' laughed Dr. Jack, reddening at the praise of himself. 'Well! do look at this plan in as favourable a light as possible. And I may tell Gwen, may I not? She has been so anxious about her brothers and their future!'

'Tell Gwen, by all means,' replied Mrs. Gascoigne. 'She came to see me yesterday, and was full of speculations about the new governess. Well, Dr. Jack, I have decided. Your unselfishness puts me to shame. Besides, I ought to consider the Squire's wishes. So tell Gwen to come across to-morrow to welcome her brothers. Their uncle will wire as soon as he learns my decision.'

'I cannot tell you how pleased I am!' said the doctor, as he pressed his friend's hand in farewell. 'I will not forget your message.'

Neither did Dr. Jack forget to call at the lodge, where his visit was eagerly looked for. Few days passed without bringing this one beam of sunshine to the poor cripple, who had never had the free use of his limbs, never felt beneath his feet the soft, grassy carpet of the field, the firm, frosty earth, or the smooth, level ice. His spine and feet had been bent from birth, and lame Joey was such an every-day object to his acquaintances that few of them realised how wearily the little life dragged on.

Joey was worse than usual. The pain from which he was sometimes free was just now very severe. But across his thin, worn face flitted a ray of gladness at sight of his friend.

After a few questions about the poor back, the doctor asked: 'Would you like a cradle-song?'

'Oh, please sir!' Joey's beaming eyes answered more eloquently than words.

Cradling Joey tenderly in his arms, Dr. Jack began to walk slowly up and down the small room.

'I can't stay long to-day, Joey,' he said presently; 'what shall I sing?'

'"Jesus, Lover of my soul,"' replied the little fellow, promptly. To be nestled in those strong arms, to listen to that deep, musical voice singing his favourite hymns, seemed to Joey a foretaste of Heaven.

The child had had a sleepless night, and by the time Dr. Jack had reached the end of the second verse, his head was resting more heavily against his bearer's breast, and the heavy eyes had closed. Fearing to wake him by stopping too suddenly, the doctor continued his lullaby as he laid his light burden on the settle near the open window.

'I reckon it's nigh on one,' said Mrs. Mason, bustling in from her wash-house. 'I must look to my dinner. I see the young ladies are a-taking their midday walk, so it must be getting towards dinner-time. Here they come down the road, two and two, and the new governess with them, I declare!'

Putting up a warning hand to enjoin silence, the doctor continued crooning rather than singing the hymn to its close. When Madame's pupils passed the cottage, the girlish voices were lowered as the sound floated out on the air.

'That is Dr. Jack,' said Gwen to Miss Forester, as these two, bringing up the rear, passed the empty dog-cart, and came within hearing of the voice. 'You were not in the playground this morning when he called, were you? But you are sure to see him soon. Everybody here knows Dr. Jack Beresford. He is so good to every one—especially to poor, lame Joey Mason, who thinks there is nobody in all the world like Dr. Jack. Are we walking too fast for you, Miss Forester? Don't you feel well?'

Yes, Miss Forester said, she was quite well. Perhaps it was the heat which had made her feel faint for the moment. She was certainly very pale.

'There is not much shade this way,' said Gwen. 'Shall we turn up Beech Lane? It will be cooler there.'

The signal was given, and the 'boarders' parted from Margaret and Pattie, who had accompanied them as far as their ways agreed, and were soon on their way back to the school. The two girls trudged on until the sound of wheels brought them to a standstill. For a moment Dr. Jack pretended not to notice them, and made as though he would drive on, although there was a suspicious twinkle in his eyes as he pulled up his mare in answer to frantic waving and gesticulating on the part of the girls.

'Dear me! What an unexpected pleasure!' he said. 'Well, Tartars! what do you want now?'

'Oh, please, Uncle Jack, can't we get up for the rest of the way?'

'Lazy creatures! Why, it isn't a stone's throw! Do you want to squeeze me to a jelly this hot weather? Well, up with you! Take care, Pattie, or you will have me over the side! Indeed, I think I had better leave the cart to you and your books! How many more do you intend to pile in?'

'Such a lot of lessons!' panted Pattie, as she deposited her books under, and herself on, the seat next her uncle.

'I should think so!' grumbled Meg; 'a whole reign of history—Edward the Sixth's—and a string of dates that long!' making a yard-measure of her arm.

'And miles of sums!' put in Pattie.

'I call it too bad this hot weather!' said Margaret, peevishly.

'How is it,' inquired the doctor, 'that you have so many more lessons than usual?'

'It's the new governess!' exclaimed both girls together.

'She is so strict, uncle!' added Margaret.

'But I think she is kind when you do right,' said Pattie.

'Have you been doing wrong then, Puss?' asked the doctor.

Pattie blushed and hung her head as she answered, 'I'm afraid I have, a little, uncle.'

'That's right, Pattie—own up!' said her uncle. 'I suppose you owned up to the new governess, too?'

'Yes, uncle.'

'And it was then you found her to be kind?'

'Yes. Mademoiselle used to punish us by giving us whole chapters to learn out of the Bible, about evil-doers and sinners, and all that; but Miss Forester does not. She just said, "I will give you a verse to think of, Pattie, and I believe you will remember it."'

'What was it?'

'"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."'

'Ah!' said Uncle Jack, and, although he did not add another word, both girls understood that he approved of the new governess.

As the mare stopped at their own door, Dr. Jack uttered a sound which was very much like a smothered giggle. The girls looked in the direction which his eyes had taken, and neither could repress a hearty laugh.

Along the street of the quiet village, there approached them at a slow pace a short, fat woman of middle age, with skirts which Meg at the first glance pronounced to be 'miles wide.' Although wide, her brown gown was extremely short, making her appearance rounder still, and displaying a pair of rather clumsy boots. A green-plaid shawl draped her ample shoulders. On her head fluttered a restless black bonnet, bedizened with little jet ornaments which nodded in the breeze. In her hands the woman carried a handbox, a parcel, a bundle, a bird-cage—partially concealed by a cloak hanging on her arm, and an umbrella. How she managed to hold them all was a mystery! The effort had made her very red in the face, and almost breathless.

'She looks like a walking clothes-shop!' said Meg.

'Or a museum,' added Pattie.

'Her face seems familiar to me,' said their uncle, knitting his brows in a puzzled fashion. 'Where can I have seen her before?'

'Nowhere, I should think!' laughed his elder niece; 'you could never have forgotten her, uncle!'

'How hot the poor creature looks!' said Dr. Jack, as he got down from his dog-cart, and helped down the girls. 'Come, girls! run in to dinner. It is wrong, anyhow, to laugh at any one in distress or discomfort; if she were to see you, she might feel hurt.'

After the two girls had entered the house, Dr. Jack was accosted by the queer-looking stranger.

'If you please, sir,' she began, 'can you tell me of any place where a body can get a decent lodging?'

'For how long?' asked the doctor.

'That I can't say, sir, exactly; perhaps for good, if I can meet with a good, motherly body, as will agree to my dog and parrot. I have been to four places already—besides the long walk from the station—but they won't look at the bird, to say nothing of the dog. Mighty particular they be! though I'm willing to pay well for the creatures' keep, and to look after them myself, besides making myself "generally useful," as they says in the papers. They were a gift of my old missus to me, and my young lady would be in a fine way if I was to part with them. They are company, too, in a way.'

'I am fond of animals myself,' said Dr. Jack, with a smile; 'but I fear that few folk hereabout share the sentiment. Stay, though! I know of one place where they might be glad to take you, money being short.' And he directed the woman to the lodge which he had just left.

'Thank you kindly, doctor,' said she, managing, in spite of her burdens, to drop a curtsey. 'And glad enough I shall be of a shelter, for I am that hot I can hardly bear my own weight. My name is Sarah Tromans, at your service.'

So saying she waddled off, leaving the doctor wondering how she could have learned his name in so short a time.

'Very odd,' he muttered; 'I seem to know her, and yet——'

His cogitations were cut short by the sound of the dinner-bell.

(*Continued at page* 266.)

WATER-LILIES.

'SHUT up, little Lilies, the sun has gone down,
And our home his last blessing receives;
Come furl up your petals, and draw in your heads,
And we'll tuck you up under the leaves.'

So spake the old lilies, and packed themselves close
In their cosy green waterproof coats;
The young ones all hated these regular hours,
And were frisky as any young goats.

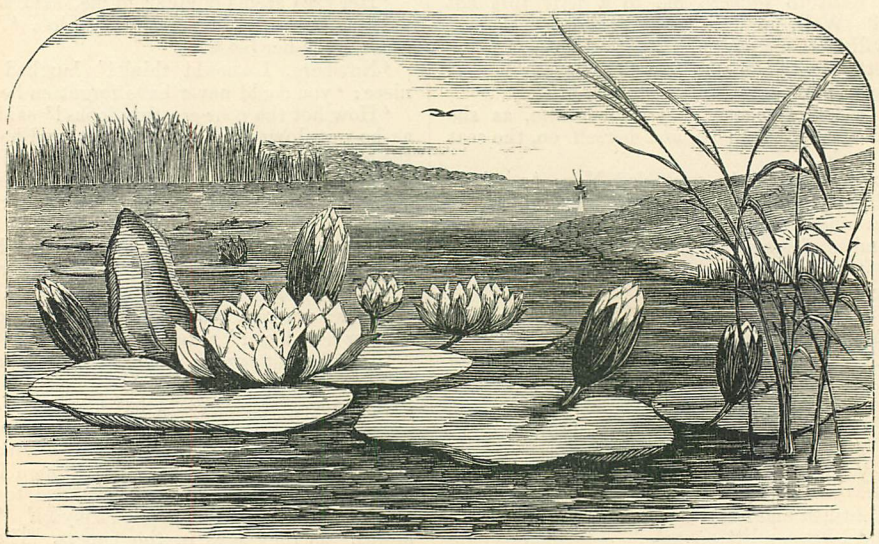
They vowed and declared that they would not go down,
Let their grandmothers say what they would:
So they danced a quadrille to the song of the Gnats,
Which they thought was uncommonly good.

'Oh, Lily-belle, darling, just sit up this once,
You shall see such a beautiful sight:
The Glow-worm is out with his lantern I know;
He is going to a party to-night.'

'I would if I could, but you see that I can't,
For my back does so ache from that waltz,
And if we are ill, all our mothers will say,
"There, I told you—it's all your own faults."'

'Well, now, I am growing quite cross, I declare,
I always did think you were silly;
I am not afraid of a pain in my back—
You have not the heart of a lily.'

'I'm weaker than you,' and she sighed; but she stayed,
And truly a marvellous sight



Water Lilies.

Then followed a waltz, which quite tired them out;
So, with many a kiss and good-night,
They dreamily rocked on their watery couch,
And soon they had slipped out of sight.

But one rogue of a lily would not go to bed,
And would not shut his great yellow eye;
Determined to sit up as long as he could,
Just to peep, and to peer, and to spy.

He made up his mind he would know at what hour
Madam Reed Sparrow went to her nest;
The pert blue Forget-me-nots too, why should they
Wide-awake be, when he went to rest?

'Come down,' said a tired little flower at his side;
'If we sit up we shall grow so yellow,
Like those upstarts who call themselves lilies down there,
Their complexions are shockingly sallow.'

Was that which the two little lilies beheld,
On that naughty, that wonderful night.

They looked up to Heaven, and saw the far sky
All a-blaze with its glorious eyes,
Till Lily-belle cried out, 'The glow-worms, oh! look!
They are crawling all over the skies.'

And afar and afaint o'er the glistering grass
Came the Grasshopper's comical note;
And the soft curling mist, as it wrapped all around,
Seemed in silence of gladness to float.

But, suddenly darkening the river's white breast,
A monster of blackness appeared,*
And close to the beds of our two little friends,
Its terrible body was steered.

* Probably a barge.

Tattooing his Initials.

And alack and alas! oh, if lilies wore shoes,
How these would have shaken in theirs;
For two horrible arms from the monster's black sides,
Did distressingly add to their cares.

For they reached out so far, as they scrabbled along,
That the lilies were quite in the way,
And one terrible stroke from the cruel right oar
Fell exactly where Lily-boy lay.

With a thundering crash it battered his head,
And blackened his poor yellow eye,
And strained at his roots, and bedraggled his leaves,
Till it left him a regular guy.

And Lily-belle, she, with a petal knocked out,
Looked not nearly so neat as before;
I think, too, the place where the lost leaf had been
Must have felt very queer and so sore.

* * * * *

That dreadful next day, when the flowers got up,
Oh, dear! how they laughed, to be sure;
Our poor little friends, with their sad, dirty looks,
Thought they could not such rudeness endure.

The Coot brought her young ones to look at their plight,
The Forget-me-nots laughed till they cried;
A ticklish young Minnow went head over heels,
The Convolvulus split her frail sides.

The Marsh-mallow giggled behind her leaf fan;
Madam Reed Sparrow paused on her way,
To say with a flirt of her impudent tail,
'How pretty you're looking to-day!'

How thankful they were when the day was all done,
For with night came some rest from their pain:
What a warning they had! Between you and me,
I don't think they will do so again.

Now, dear little readers, I hope you'll not think
That my story is useless and old;
The moral is this, as perhaps you've found out,
'Always go to bed when you are told.'

BICEPS.

TATTOOING HIS INITIALS.

—o—

TATTOOING is the custom of marking the skin with figures of various kinds, by means of slight incisions or punctures, into which a colouring matter is rubbed, the colours usually employed being black and various shades of vermilion; the black derived from Indian ink, and the vermilion from the material known as cinnabar. There are cinnabar mines in Spain which have been worked for over a thousand years.

The curious practice of tattooing is very widely spread over the whole world, being universal in the South Sea Islands, where it is resorted to from some religious or other ceremonial motive. The Maoris of New Zealand, who are distinguished by elaborate tattooing of the face, evidently undergo the operation not from religious motives, but from the desire to increase their warlike and ferocious appearance, which it certainly does in a great degree. Tattooing has often been employed as a badge of brotherhood in some particular cause, and more often still as a means of identification for slaves and criminals. The so-called branding of the letter D on military deserters, and B C on men of bad character, was merely tattooing with needles and Indian ink; this practice of branding deserters, however, has been given up since 1879. Among the lower-class criminal population of Europe the practice of tattooing is still common, more than twenty designs being sometimes found on such persons: hearts, anchors, serpents, flowers, initials, being the figures usually employed. The practice is still very common among civilised sailors. The pain of the operation is trifling, and if properly done the marks are indelible. Elderly people will remember that in the famous Tichborne trial a point of much importance in the decision of the case was that the claimant, Arthur Orton, could not show the tattooed marks which were known to have been upon the body of Roger Tichborne, the man whom Orton falsely represented himself to be.

The practice of tattooing was expressly forbidden to the Jews (Lev. xix. 28), from which it seems reasonable enough to conclude that it was common in those far-off times among the neighbouring nations.

It is said that among the relics of the ancient cave-men of Europe there are many hollowed stones, in which the ochre and other colours used for tattooing themselves were ground to powder. This fact, if it may be relied on, is another proof of the antiquity of this custom.

B.

A PEEP AT THE SWIFT MOTHS.

THE habits and ways of insects are so curious, and sometimes so amusing, that I often wish that young folk would give more time than most of them do to notice insect life, as it may be seen in town or country. Entomology need not be at all a dry study, nor is it an unpleasant one. We are not obliged to kill the insects, unless we are making a collection of any particular kind. We need not even touch them unless we wish to do so. No doubt they prefer to be left alone, but there are few of our native insects which we might not handle without being in the least harmed.

As you look at the various flying insects which you see about, you might say they fly all of them much in the same way—but you would be wrong. Those who watch insects can often tell by the way a moth, a beetle, or a fly moves when on the wing, what is the species or the tribe, before they are near enough to see the colour and shape. Some insects have received their names from the mode of their flight. This is the case with those moths which are called the Swifts, though one or two of the species are less swift than the rest. Their time for excursions is the twilight, or later, and they have a good reason for going fast, since they are the more likely to escape the nightjar, the martin, and various winged enemies.

Probably the best known of the swift moths is one which has a remarkable name of its own, and also a way of flying not very rapid, yet peculiar. Often it is to be noticed taking a solemn evening flight in

some neglected churchyard, beside a railway bank, or some other spot where the ground is seldom disturbed by digging. It is in such places that the caterpillar, too, has its home, burrowing under nettles, plantains, and similar plants, to feed on their roots; though the insect has sometimes been seen in hop plantations. This is the Ghost Moth, perhaps taking its name from the silvery wings of the male. It flies backwards and forwards over one spot with a pendulum sort of movement, then gradually changes its position, and performs a similar flight over another place. Its caterpillar is smooth and yellowish white, with a horny head.

About the north of England, and in Scotland, is to be seen the 'Northern Swift,' a quick flier but in a jerky fashion, not going to any height above the herbage. It is reddish brown, having a pale band, and also some spots over the wings. Those who want the caterpillar hunt for it by digging up roots of the common fern or bracken upon heaths or in woods, as it gnaws these, or burrows along their sides. Then there is the beautiful swift which is found all over Britain, a pretty moth of orange brown, one that we may now and then see sitting quietly upon palings in daylight. This flies during August, when the other swifts have disappeared.

The most abundant of these moths is that called the Common Swift, the May insect, which flies on the wing each evening for about half an hour only, and has a 'dodgy' flight, so that it is not easy to catch. It is rather a small moth, greyish or dark brown, and the caterpillar feeds upon roots, nettles, and various weeds. Still smaller is the Golden Swift, fond of wood openings, where ferns are growing near. Some of these are golden brown and some dull in colour. When they have just emerged from the chrysalis state, it has been noticed that they often have a perfume, which is rather like the smell of ripe pine-apple. The caterpillars of swifts live nearly two years, though the moths fly only for a few weeks.

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

36.—Historical and Geographical Acrostic.

A British king who, in the first century, was defeated and taken prisoner by the Romans who had invaded Britain and conquered a great part of the country.

1. The chief town of a country in Africa, much famed in ancient history. There is a large canal running through the whole of the town.
2. A Grecian famed for his strict justice.
3. A river in Germany noted for the beauty of its scenery.
4. A name borne by two royal persons, a father and son, in the present century. The latter is the heir to a very important kingdom.
5. An island in the Mediterranean, famed as the birthplace of a great conqueror and very remarkable man.
6. A river between England and Scotland.
7. One of the best and greatest of the kings who have ruled over England.
8. A great discoverer who lived in the fifteenth century.
9. A town in Middlesex on the river Colne; it has a great trade in malt and corn.
10. A king of England who usurped the throne from a female relation.

C. C.

[*Answer at page* 275.]

ANSWERS.

31.—1. Pen. 2. Men. 3. Den. 4. Hen. 5. Fen. 6. Ten (Commandments).

32.—1. Date. 2. Mate. 3. Pate. 4. Gate. 5. Fate. 6. Hate. 7. Bate. 8. Late. 9. Rate.

33.—

1. Hate.	2. Year.	3. Fire.	4. Shop.
Have.	Wear.	Fore.	Mops.
Lave.	Weak.	Ford.	Maps.
Love.	Week.	Fold.	Mats.
		Cold.	Mart.
5. Buns.	6. Give.	7. Leg.	8. Ask.
Bunk.	Live.	Lag.	Gas.
Bank.	Line.	Rag.	Bag.
Bake.	Lend.	Ram.	Beg.
Cake.		Arm.	

34.—1. Maidstone. 2. Winchelsea. 3. Dneiper. 4. Waterford. 5. Theiss. 6. Glasgow. 7. Leominster. 8. Tiber. 9. Tunbridge Wells. 10. Rochdale. 11. Taunton. 12. Ingatestone.

35.—Because it makes men, mend.

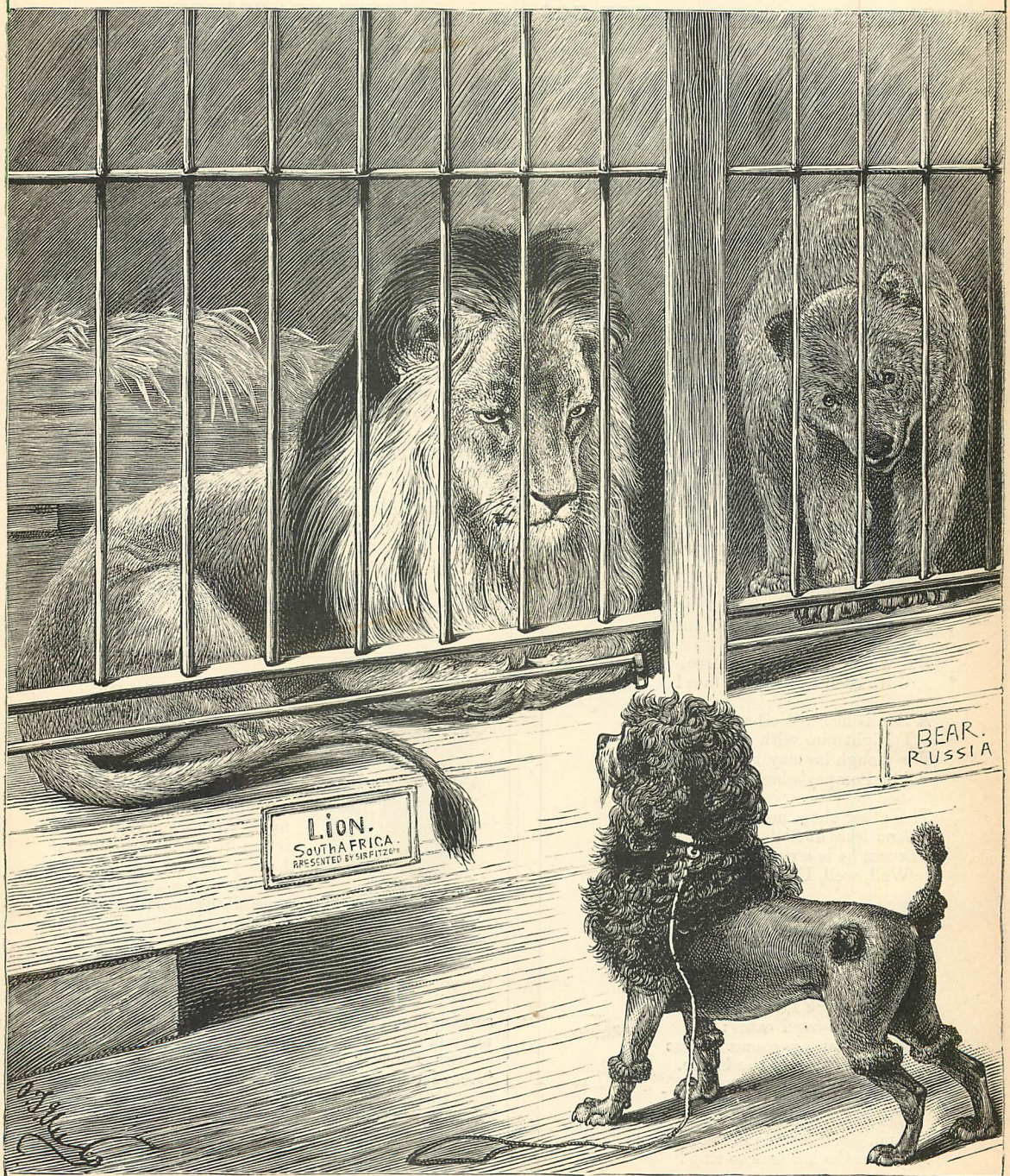
ANSWERS TO PICTURE PUZZLE.

Goose berries	Gooseberries.
Lamp rey	Lamprey.
A pri cot	Apricot.
Fox glove	Foxglove.
Lark spur	Larkspur.
Quart (4 half pints) z	Quartz.
Razor bill	Razorbill.
Cab bag e	Cabbage.
Pot a toes	Potatoes.
Prick ly p ear	Prickly pear.
Arrow root	Arrowroot.

FOUND OUT.

In many places dogs are not allowed to enter the tramcars or omnibuses. A little while ago, a lady in Paris, accompanied by a very small pet terrier, entered an omnibus, and, not wishing to be fined or turned out, she popped the dog into her dress-pocket. She had not gone very far before the man who sat next to her, and who was a pickpocket, cautiously and gently put his hand inside her pocket, in order to steal her purse or her money. He got what he little expected, for the terrier instantly fastened its sharp teeth into his fingers, making him cry out with pain and fright. Of course he was found out, and was quickly seized by the other passengers, and handed over to the police.

"The terrier instantly fastened its sharp teeth into his fingers."



Dignity and Impudence

POMPEY'S ESCAPADE AT THE ZOO.

SAID Pompey to himself one day,
My friends go to the Zoo,
But still they never seem to think
Of taking Pompey too!

It's strange! because I can't be called
A cur of low degree;
Few dogs are washed and brushed and combed
And furbished up like me.

So, just this morning when I woke
And heard my mistress say,
'Now, Jane, I'm going to the Park,
And Pompey too, to-day;

So comb and curl him up with care,
A silken ribbon tie
About his pretty neck, so he
With other dogs may vie:'

Thought I, 'No, no, my lady fair;
That plan may suit for you,
But not for this here dog, who means
To run off to the Zoo!'

Well, when we reached the Park, I tore
Myself adrift at once,
And to the Zoo I ran with speed
(For Pompey's not a dunce).

So here I am, my friends! and oh,
It is a pretty place;
But what an ugly brute I see,
With such a frowning face!

A lion is he? Well-a-day!
I'd fight him with good will,
For though he may be brave enough,
Yet Pompey's braver still!

This other chap, my! how he grins
And leers at little me;
I expect he is a cunning one—
Well, well, I'll let him be!

Oh, my! I see a keeper there,
Close by the open wicket;
He's sure to catch a hold of me
And call out, 'Where's your ticket?'

And so I think I'd best be off
The very way I came;
I know whatever comes to pass
That *I'll* not get the blame.

For mistress never thinks that I
Can do an evil thing;
No, no, she'll lay the blame on Jane,
And make her ears to ring!

Well, well, poor Jane's the greatest goose
That lives beneath the sun;
But then we cannot all be dogs—
I'm glad that I am one! K.

THE SEA-SQUIRT.

ONE of the pleasures of a ramble along the sea-shore, on a coast where a variety of objects are brought up by the waves, is, that we are likely to discover some curious or beautiful specimen which we had not been expecting to see. It is generally soon after a storm that we find one or more Sea-squirts, as they are called, attached to fragments of seaweed, or to shells. The popular name arose from the fact, that when one of them is touched it sends out a jet of water. A naturalist knows it as an Ascidian, a name given because the sea-squirt is shaped rather like a double-necked bottle. There are two openings at what might be called the head of the creature, but it is not exactly a head—its top, we might say—and at the higher one of these, water is constantly entering, while from the other it is flowing out. Though it has neither eyes, ears, nor limbs, the sea-squirt has a stomach, and a heart, and a strange double skin over its body. The outer one is called the tunic, and this is tough or leathery; the inner one is the mantle, and is formed of strong muscles, which enable the sea-squirt to expand or to contract itself. In its youth its appearance is quite different: it then has a tail and narrowish body, somewhat like our common tadpole or young frog. When that famous ship, the *Challenger*, was exploring upon the Pacific Ocean, the sailors dredged up from deep water two singular Ascidians. One kind had a sort of stalk, with a cup at the top, and the other was star-like, having eight rays or points.

J. R. S. C.

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 259.)

MARGARET MADYSON!'

'Yes, Miss Forester!'

'You have a book open upon your lap; kindly pass it up to me. I wish the history to be *learned*, not read from the book; *that* is possible to almost the smallest child in the school. What you are doing is dishonest.'

At this severe reprimand Meg flushed up as though she had been struck.

'It is impossible to learn so much!' she muttered, sullenly, regretting the words as soon as they were uttered.

Miss Forester only said, in a clear, low tone: 'Leave the class!' but the flash in her eyes as she gave this order caused the girl to obey instantly and silently. 'For the future, Margaret,' continued Miss Forester, presently, 'when I give you a lesson to learn you will learn it, whatever it may be. The length of it is for my judgment, not for yours. Never address such words to me again.'

It was the first time Margaret had ever been publicly punished. She had been a favourite with her former governess, who had admired the girl's

talents and high spirits, and so had passed over many faults which it would have been more truly kind to have noticed and corrected.

As Margaret stood in the middle of the school-room, facing the battery of some thirty pairs of eyes, there was bitter hate in her heart towards her whom she chose to consider the 'cause' of her disgrace, even though conscience whispered that her punishment was richly deserved.

Margaret was clever, and a favourite in her class, the eldest and favourite child of her widowed, invalid mother. She had more power, both at school and at home, than was at all wholesome for her. With the exception of Madame, her 'Uncle Jack' was the only person of whom she stood in awe.

From that day forward, although Miss Forester was never openly disobeyed by her pupils, there existed towards her a secret spirit of dislike and defiance in the minds of those girls who were under Margaret's sway. Margaret herself made no secret of her feelings.

'I hate her!' she declared that same day, at recreation-time. 'She puts me down as dishonourable. I suppose she expects me to slave all day and all night at my lessons, and also to be a good little girl in school!'

'Of whom are you speaking?' asked a man's voice, and Uncle Jack, who, for once, had entered the playground unobserved, confronted with a stern face his passionate niece. 'I have never before had occasion to blush for you,' said he, 'but I am ashamed of you to-day. It grieves me to think that a niece of mine should give the rein to her temper, in the use of such unladylike language, concerning one whom, if I am not mistaken, she should hold in the highest respect.'

Meg began to sob bitterly, as Uncle Jack, without another word, turned on his heels, only stopping to inquire of Pattie, 'Where is Gwen?'

'Oh, Dr. Jack!' exclaimed the girls, flocking around him, while Meg moved away to hide her tears, 'you promised to tell us more about the party!'

'Oh, yes! the party! Well, it is to be in three weeks' time, so get your finery ordered at once. By-the-bye, what would you advise *me* to wear? Pale yellow muslin—that's the correct costume for these occasions, isn't it? To proceed,' he went on, after the derisive laugh evoked by this sally had subsided: 'there is to be a marquee erected, a band hired from Warminster, boating in a brand-new craft of young Lord Philip's, and last, but not least, dancing in the evening. Boards will be laid down in the marquee, so get your slippers waxed, and keep a place on your programme for me! Madame herself is going, and prizes and certificates for the pupils at 'The Limes' and Dr. Carson's school will be distributed on the occasion. Ah!—one crowning joy I had almost forgotten—*strawberries and cream!*'

'Oh, here is Gwen!' exclaimed the doctor, disregarding the chorus of questions which followed his speech, as he caught sight of his favourite coming from the French window of the dinning-room, where she had been helping Madame de Mari to arrange some flowers. 'Gwen! you have missed the grand news; you must get it at second-hand, as I have other tidings for *you*.'

'For me?'

Gwen's eyes asked a great deal as she gazed wistfully into the doctor's face.

'Run and put on your hat,' commanded Dr. Jack, and Gwen obeyed, returning a moment later to find her friend talking to Madame through the open window.

'No; I will not come in this morning, thank you,' he was saying, 'even to be introduced to Miss Forester—though I hope for that pleasure shortly. May I take Gwen as far as the orchard? I have a message for her from her aunt, Mrs. Gascoigne.'

'Of course,' answered Madame, 'but you must not keep her long—lessons begin again in ten minutes; but I can trust you and Gwen!'

So Dr. Jack and Gwen went off together. Gwen was overjoyed to learn her uncle's and the doctor's joint plans for her brothers, and that the latter were expected that very day at the Grange, where she was to meet them at four o'clock.

'Be sure you are ready at four,' were Dr. Jack's parting words. 'Meg and Pattie are invited too, and your humble servant, so I shall call round for you at that time. Now, dear child! don't stop to say anything; I know just what is in your heart. God bless and keep you, brave little woman! Run, dear! there goes the bell.'

Gwen's only reply was a sob of pure happiness, but her beaming eyes spoke volumes of thanks.

Gwen was seventeen—the senior by two years of Llewellyn and Ernest, and far in advance of them as regards development of character. These mischievous, homeless brothers of hers had been the great anxiety of her girlish life; and now, all her prayers seemed about to be answered. What could be better for 'the troublesome twins' than to be with Dr. Jack? Under his influence and supervision, surely they could not go wrong! Her heart was full of gratitude to the Giver of all good things.

At the hall door she nearly ran against Meg, who was lingering behind the rest, trying to efface all traces of tears. She brightened up at Gwen's news, for the twin boys and the doctor's nieces had been fast friends from their earliest years.

'And did Uncle Jack say that *I* was to go?'

'Yes, of course!'

So Margaret dried the last tear, consoling herself with the reflection that Uncle Jack must have forgiven her. As for Pattie, her delight knew no bounds. Many were the sly peeps taken at the clock, which seemed to be maliciously slow that afternoon.

However, the much-longed-for hour struck at last. Dr. Jack was punctual, and in a few minutes' time the little party were on their way, all more or less excited and joyous at the prospect of the meeting.

'Oh, there is Llewellyn!' exclaimed Pattie, as they turned the corner of the avenue at which the house—and, at that moment, the boys—became visible. 'How he has grown!'

'But not altered much, I perceive,' laughed Dr. Jack, as the twins came racing to welcome them. Llewellyn made a pump-handle of the doctor's arm for some seconds.

'The Squire says it's all owing to you that we are here!' said the pumper.

"I suppose she expects me to slave all day and all night at my lessons."

Ernest, meanwhile, was occupied with the girls. 'I say, Gwen, what a stunner you are! Wouldn't Fred Wilson be uppish if *his* sister were as pretty? He's always bragging about her hair, and it's red—oh, fiery! and such freckles! As for Meg!' Here Ernest paused, seeming at a loss to express his admiration except by a low bow.

'Aren't you going to speak to a fellow, Meg?' here put in Llewellyn, after he had given his sister a hearty kiss. 'Why, I declare you've grown a regular young lady! I say,' he went on anxiously, 'you're not too old to go boating, cricketing, and all the rest of it, are you? Because, you know, we are looking forward to lots of fun as well as work, and it won't be perfect unless you share in it as in the old days.'

The Goldfinch and Linnet.

'Oh, Dr. Jack!' exclaimed Ernest, 'how awfully jolly you were to put in a good word for us after the scrape we got into! You are a downright brick, and no mistake! Hallo, Pattie! how quiet you are! Here, give us a hand, and away we will go! Let us see if we can get into the house before Gwen and Meg.'

So, chattering and laughing, the four raced to the hall door, Llewellyn following more leisurely with Dr. Jack.

'It really was splendid of you, you know!' said the boy, somewhat awkwardly. 'The Squire has been telling me how you won auntie over, and went bail for our good behaviour. You shall never repent doing so if I can help it!'

'That's right, my boy!' said the doctor, laying a kindly hand on the lad's shoulder; 'that's the right spirit to begin in, only you must look for higher help than mine. Your uncle, you know, really has wanted for a long time to have you here.'

'Do you think so?' Llewellyn stopped short in sheer surprise.

'Certainly. He wants some young faces to *brighten* up the place. Above all, Llewellyn, he wants a brave, kindly-hearted boy to tread in his steps, as his own son might have done had he lived.'

'You make me feel ashamed, sir,' said the boy, humbly. 'You see, Dr. Jack, I never supposed anybody had so good an opinion of me as to think I could be all that, or I might have tried to be more of a man. It makes all the difference, somehow—makes one feel sort of bound to live up to that opinion. I dare say you understand me, sir, though I am making a muddle of what I want to say. Every one has seemed to regard us "troublesome twins" as a nuisance, and we have just had to look after ourselves, and get all the fun out of life that we could.'

'So you may still, Llewellyn, but not at other people's expense.'

The lad reddened, but the friendly grasp on his shoulder which went with the words robbed them of any sting.

There was no time for more, for Squire Gascoigne's voice was heard giving a hearty greeting to the girls, and a few minutes later they were all gathered round the tea-table.

'We met Lady Brent as we came from the station,' said Ernest, who did most of the talking, 'and she invited us to her garden party on the thirteenth.'

'I am so glad!' said Pattie.

'Of course we made our best bow, and said that we should be delighted to accept the invitation. Then Llewellyn suggested that she should hire a round-about by way of variety. He was only in fun, you know, but she simply snapped at the idea, and thanked him repeatedly for thinking of such a charming novelty.'

Even Mrs. Gascoigne joined in the laugh which this recital called forth, and the girls rejoiced in the prospect of giving this fresh item of information to their school-fellows on the morrow.

(*Continued at page* 275.)

THE GOLDFINCH AND LINNET.

OF all the British Finches none is so truly handsome as the Goldfinch, a bird whose bright yellow hues are but little dimmed, even when it is placed beside the more gaudy finches of tropical climates. Like the Chaffinch, it is spread over the whole of England, and may be seen in great numbers feeding on the white thistle-down. There are few prettier sights than to watch a cloud of Goldfinches fluttering along a hedge, chasing the thistledown as it is whirled away by the breeze, and uttering all the while their sweet, merry notes. The birds are not very shy, and by lying quietly in the hedge the observer may watch them as they come flying along, ever and anon perching upon the thistle-tops, dragging out a beakful of down and biting off the seeds. Sometimes a Goldfinch will make a dart at a thistle or burdock, and without perching snatch several of the seeds from their bed, and then alighting on the stem, will run up it as nimbly as a squirrel, and peck away at the seeds without seeming to care into what shape it twists its little body.

These beautiful birds are most useful to the farmer, for they not only devour multitudes of insects during the spring months, but in the autumn they turn their attention to the thistle, burdock, groundsel, plantain, and other weeds, and destroy more than the farmer could hope to do with all his labourers. Several Goldfinches may often be seen at one time on the stem and top of a single thistle; and two or three are often busy on the same plant of groundsel.

Randal Burough, Esq., Kilrush, county Clare, writes:—'There are few birds in so much favour as the Goldfinch, for it soon makes itself happy in a cage; it is of a most loving disposition, and quickly learns to play all kinds of tricks. I remember one of these birds which used to live in the surgery of my father's house, and was a most amusing little creature, hauling up its daily supply of water by means of a little metal bucket, perching on the finger, whistling, and firing a little cannon with perfect steadiness and absence of alarm.'

The nest of the Goldfinch is very neat and prettily made, sometimes built in a hedge or thick bush, but mostly placed towards the end of a thickly foliaged tree-branch. In general, fine grasses, wool, and very slender twigs are used in making the outer walls, and the inside is softly lined with feathers, down, and hairs.

Few birds are better known than the Linnet, although from its change of plumage in the different seasons of the year, some have thought that the bird, while in its winter plumage, was distinct from the same individual in his summer dress. Except during the breeding season, the Linnets associate in flocks, flying from spot to spot, and feeding upon the seeds of various plants, evidently preferring those of the thistle and dandelion. It is a very lively bird, and has a sweet and agreeable, though not very powerful song. The nest of this bird is sometimes placed at a great height, upon a tree, but more frequently it is built in some bush, quite close to the ground. The full number of the eggs is five, and the colour is mostly blue, spotted with dark brown and a faint purple. The Linnet is not at all successful in concealing her nest, so that the eggs are always found in great numbers on the string of the rustic nest-robber.

A GALLANT RESCUE.

IT must, I fear, be confessed that Ruby was a terrible fighter. When he first came to us he fought with every dog in the town, desperate battles, which most of his foes took care to avoid after one encounter, but which a few quarrelsome spirits like himself indulged in at all risk.

And, indeed, the danger was great. Ruby was often wounded, and would crawl home faint and bleeding after one of these disgraceful scenes, and lie for two or three days in his kennel while his wounds were healing. On these occasions he looked thoroughly ashamed of himself; but I am afraid he was a great hypocrite, and only hung his head and looked very penitent to awaken our pity. In any case we were thoroughly ashamed of our dog and his ill deeds, for very often somebody else's dog found its way home in the same sorry plight, and we had to go and tender apologies and offer to pay the doctor's bills.

When Ruby was very sorely hurt, we used to shake our heads at him and say: 'Ah! old doggie, you have had a good lesson this time, and right well did you deserve it. Perhaps you will know better now.'

But not at all; experience, which makes even the owls wise, did not seem to teach him anything; before the cuts and bruises had time to heal he was ready

and eager for a new affray, and started out for a walk on mischief bent.

Ruby sometimes met with an enemy that was more than a match for him. There was one collie in particular that nearly killed him twice. Once he was saved from this fate by the help of his great friend, the cat. The collie was a near neighbour, so that even at home there was the danger of a row.

One day a dreadful quarrel took place on the lawn, the dogs were closely locked, tearing each other with sharp teeth. Our brother had broken a stout walking-stick in beating them, but neither would yield. The gardener belaboured them too, but without the least effect. It was a terrible sight; so fierce was the struggle we thought our dog must have been killed.

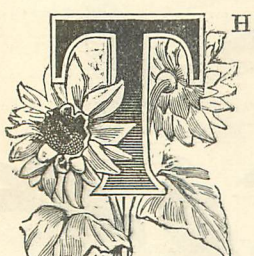
At length the collie pinned poor Ruby to the ground, holding him by the throat, and we thought his last hour had come. But help was at hand from an unlooked-for quarter.

While we stood on the terrace and watched the encounter, and while three men had tried in vain to separate the dogs, the cat had been looking on too, and now with a sudden spring she bounded off the terrace, flew across the lawn, and, springing like a fierce tiger on to the collie's back, she dug her claws into his neck. The great dog was so astonished at this attack from the rear that he loosed his hold on Ruby and slunk off, being hooted and chased by all, including the valiant cat, who followed till he was driven right out of the garden.

This is a perfectly true story; the brave cat is dead, but Ruby sits by the fire, enjoying a peaceful old age. He gave up his bad habits when he came to years of discretion and never fights now. I dare say he often fights his battles over again when he confides in a young puppy who bites his ears when he wants to have a game—as the gipsies bite the ears of their horses 'to make them go.' If so, he must think gratefully of his gallant rescue.

F. A. Fulcher.

PIGEONS FEEDING AT THE GUILDHALL.



THE pigeons of London are one of the amusing sights of the great City. Cabmen, clerks, policemen, beadles, and the general public, all favour the pigeons, all help to feed them and care for them. A gentleman who, some three years ago, made the round of the City, wrote: 'There are pigeons in the great Metropolis, thousands of them, which the public regard as their own — birds they keep and feed, watching their plumage grow finer and smoother.' He described the birds in the grounds of the Temple, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, the Custom House, the British Museum, and Palace Yard, Westminster.

The tamest birds are said to be those of the Guildhall, and the wildest, those at the Custom House Quay.

The writer has himself counted as many as a hundred and fifty birds at a time gathered together. A handful of corn thrown upon the ground is a very good introduction to the birds, and the gentle and confiding little pigeons are quickly at the feet of the thrower.

The Guildhall pigeons, however, are not left entirely to the precarious feeding of chance charity. There is an official at the Guildhall Police Court who distributes to them 'handfuls' with the same regularity as he partakes of his own breakfast. The wide-awake birds know well their benefactor, and highly esteem him and his gifts.

'Old Rowe,' an old man whose duty it was to 'swear the witnesses in the justice-room,' knew well how thirsty his friends, the pigeons, frequently became in the dry season, and at his own expense he had small water-troughs placed in the yard where the little birds could quench their thirst. The birds are attached to the Guildhall buildings, and make their nests here, there, and everywhere about them.

Unfortunately all strangers are not the pigeons' friends, and this the parent-birds well know. Sometimes when the young birds are still very weak they fly to the ground, but have not strength to fly up again, and so they fall an easy prey to robber-hands stretched out to seize them. Then, again, there are cruel boys who practise catapult shooting. Not very long since, several of the pigeons were hurt by the stones shot from the catapults. Then the Corporation (the governing body) of London took proceedings against the offenders, and they were fined. No wonder that the pigeons feel safe beneath the shadow of the grand old protecting Guildhall!

You may like to read what some one has written of the Custom House birds, which we mentioned as being the wildest of London's public pigeons. He says:—

'Whilst the pigeons are perfectly tame at the Guildhall, a visit to the Custom House will soon convince one that in most cases they are not so there. Of course, there are many birds here which trip quite contentedly about the gravel quay by the side of the river, but the constant shocks from the whistles of the steam-tugs tend to make them wild. They appear to delight in perching on the barges and the rigging of the vessels; indeed, the three hundred or more birds to be found here obtain most of their food from the barges which carry corn. No provision is made for them by the Custom House authorities. . . . The public are liberal, the pigeons wise, for they know that on the Surrey side of the river is a big corn wharf, and to this haven of plenty many of them will fly during the day, returning to roost under the sheltering ledges of the Custom House at night.'

One of the best places to watch the pigeons of London is in the gardens which surround St. Paul's Cathedral. Here you may see them at mid-day feeding out of the hands of their child-friends, who, seated on the asphalt pavement, hold out hands filled with crumbs and corn, which the birds come and peck.

James Cassidy.

Feeding Pigeons at the Guildhall.

The Two Sisters.

THE TWO SISTERS.

FLORENCE and Mary Sylvester were girls of fourteen and twelve years of age when their father died. He had been a clerk in a coal office, but he had never had much of a salary, nor had he ever insured his life; therefore, when his death took place, his family found themselves very poor.

When their position was looked into, it was seen that they had nothing except the furniture of their small dwelling and a sum of money just enough to pay a small yearly rent.

A lady who felt interested in the girls and their invalid mother got Florence a situation as assistant in a silk and worsted shop, where her salary would help the family; while Mary, for the present, had to remain at home, as Mrs. Sylvester was almost confined to bed.

Florence entered upon her duties at the shop, and as she did well there her wages were raised before three months had passed; but the more Florence advanced, the more poor Mary seemed to fall back. She was not an amiable girl, and she bitterly resented that she should be left to the rough work of the kitchen. She grumbled, too, about the nursing required by her poor mother; and, above all, she grumbled to think that Florence should be treated by every one almost as a lady, while she herself was nothing but a maid-of-all-work!

By encouraging these thoughts poor Mary Sylvester made herself perfectly miserable, and greatly distressed her mother, who would gladly have done her own household work, and thus have set Mary free to get some outside occupation such as Florence had; but this was for the present quite impossible, although she earnestly hoped soon to be restored to health and strength as before.

Florence was quite happy in her occupation. Her duties were to sell to customers, and, when not selling, to occupy herself behind the counter in matching bright-coloured silks, and weaving the glowing colours into some lovely drawing-room cushion or footstool. But she was by no means careless as to her sister's very different position. Gladly would she have seen Mary as well placed as she herself was, and every evening on her return from her day's work, she hastened to help her sister in her daily toil; but Mary was never grateful for help of this kind—indeed, she resented it, and often told Florence to go and amuse herself, for she was not wanted in the kitchen.

Florence never made any answer to taunting remarks such as that. She cheerfully did all she could to encourage her sad-hearted mother, and to set her sister free, if only for an hour, from her tiresome occupations at home.

'Mary dear,' she said one evening, 'I have come home an hour sooner than usual. Now, dear, you must be longing for some fresh air; get your hat and take a turn in the park: the air is lovely, I know you will enjoy it. I can get tea ready, and help mother on the sofa. See! I have brought in wood for the fire, and water for the kettle. Now do go and enjoy yourself.'

'Enjoy myself, indeed!' said Mary, in a grumbling tone, as she wrung out her washing-flannel; 'little enjoyment is there in the world for me! I have toiled and moiled all day like a slave—and there now! I have just washed the floor, and you have brought in ever so much mud! and you have no business with the firewood, or the kettle either. I choose to get the tea myself, so don't you interfere, please.'

It was difficult for Florence to answer a speech like this, for whatever she might say Mary would answer her crossly; she therefore laid down the jar of water and the firewood, and went to her mother's room in order to talk a little with the poor invalid.

'Come along, my darling,' she said, as Florence came in with a smile on her face; 'I do love to hear your step on the stair. Oh, Florrie darling! if I were only well and able to work! then poor Mary would be free to get a situation like yours. It would make her happy; and oh, dear me, how glad it would make me!'

'Well, mother dear,' said the girl cheerfully, 'who knows? You are better than you were a month ago, and we have the summer before us. And now here comes Mary with your tea. Sit up, dear, and let me put this cushion at your back.' And so the poor invalid, cheered by her daughter's kindness, sat up and enjoyed her cup of tea.

By-and-by there was the postman's knock, and Mary went to the door. She came back looking pleased. 'Mother, it is a letter for you! Why, you have not had a letter for months and months.'

But Mrs. Sylvester scarcely heard her girl's words; with a trembling hand she had torn open the envelope. 'Oh, my darlings,' she cried, 'what news! Uncle Harry has come back—Uncle Harry whom we all thought to be dead. He has been in Australia for seven years, and now he says he wants a home, and he is coming to us; he will be here to-night!'

'And will he stay with us?' asked Florence.

'No, darling, we are to stay with him. But hush! is not that a cab at the door? Yes! yes! it is he, my own dear brother!'

Another minute and Uncle Harry was in the room, and all their poverty, their hard work was over. Taken away from their poor surroundings, mother soon regained her health, while Florence and Mary became the very joy and gladness of their good uncle's life.

'Florrie, can you ever forgive me?' said Mary, that first night after their uncle's arrival. 'I have been so bitter of heart, and so cross to you lately.'

But Florence took the repentant girl in her arms. 'Don't think any more of it, darling,' she said; 'you were greatly tried. But oh, Mary, let us love each other always—always!'

And with a loving kiss the sisters retired to rest—to go over again, in their happy dreams, the events of this never-to-be-forgotten day! D. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

37.—Arithmograph.

I am a word of eight letters expressing a storehouse, and a publication of miscellaneous articles.

1.—7, 2, 1, 8. Your own possession, but most used by others.
2.—6, 1, 2, 3, 8. A reflection, a statue, an idol.
3.—1, 2, 3, 6. Wise men in Eastern countries.
4.—3, 4, 1, 8. An amusement, some kinds of birds.
5.—1, 2, 3, 7, 8. One of the United States of America, a river in Germany.
6.—1, 6, 7, 8. Belonging to myself; a source of wealth, and sometimes of danger.
7.—3, 4, 6, 7. Profit, advantage.
8.—1, 2, 5, 8. More easy to get in than out.
9.—2, 3, 4, 6, 7. Once more.
10.—3, 4, 5, 8. To look earnestly. C. C.

38.—Geographical Word Puzzle.

A large island belonging to Great Britain, but situated near another continent. It was discovered in the fifteenth century by a Venetian in the service of the King of England, and, after many disputes with France, was finally secured to the British crown in the early part of the eighteenth century. The climate is very severe and the soil barren, but the island is valuable on account of its fisheries. Its chief wealth consists in the produce of its waters, and the fish are sold in every part of the world.

1.—9, 2, 10, 4. Belonging to a tree and a book.
2.—10, 12, 2, 11. A town in Arabia.
3.—8, 2, 10, 9. A kind of wood; a large quantity.
4.—4, 9, 5, 8, 12, 2, 7. A village in Northumberland, famous for a battle in which a Scottish king was killed.
5.—9, 5, 6, 8. Noisy.
6.—4, 2, 3. Not many.
7.—8, 5, 3, 11. Soft plumage; a large, open plain.
8.—3, 10, 11, 12. A long, slender staff.
9.—4, 5, 3, 9. An inhabitant of the poultry yard.
10.—1, 5, 6, 7. A part of speech.
11.—10, 9, 10, 7, 12. A group of islands in the Baltic Sea.
12.—3, 5, 6, 7, 8. To hurt by violence. C. C.

39.—Charades.

1. My first is a domestic animal, my second is 'a little less than kind,' and my whole is only seen in the early spring.

2. My first is a contemptuous name for an animal, my second is a town in the north of Scotland, and my whole is a shelter from light and air.

3. My first is salt, my second should be a source of happiness, and my whole is one of four.

4. My first is a covering for the head, my second is more than a town, and my whole expresses power, ability, space. C. C.

[*Answers at page* 294.]

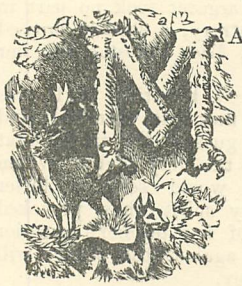
Answers.

36.—*Caractacus.*

1. Cairo.
2. Aristides.
3. Rhine.
4. Albert.
5. Corsica.
6. Tweed.
7. Alfred.
8. Columbus.
9. Uxbridge.
10. Stephen.

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 270.)



'MAY we have the boat out, uncle?' asked Ernest, when tea was over.

'If you can prevail on Dr. Jack to take you in charge.'

'To *take* us!' echoed Ernest, with pretended scorn. 'Why, Llewellyn and I can do anything with a boat!'

'Even capsize one!' observed the Squire, with a twinkle in his eye, for it was a well-known fact that Ernest had once upset himself, boat and all, into the river, on which memorable occasion he had been fished out by the under-gardener.

'Oh! I have out-grown the capsizing period,' Ernest replied, with a laugh. 'Come, Llewellyn, let us go and get out the boat, and put the cushions ready for the girls. I will teach you to steer, Pattie, if you will sit by me. I know from experience that Meg will want to row. Do you remember the first "crab" you caught, Meg?' and, without waiting for an answer, the lively boy seized his twin by the arm, and they rushed off together to the boat-house, followed by the girls and Dr. Jack.

'How gently the river flows here!' remarked Gwen, as they settled themselves on the cushions of the seldom-used *Water-witch*. As she spoke, the boys pushed out into the stream, Pattie preparing to take her first lesson in steering, but under Uncle Jack's guidance, not Ernest's.

'It is quiet enough here,' Ernest said, in reply to his sister's observation, 'but there are some jolly old rapids about a mile further down, near the mill. You get into *them*, and when you "emerge," as "old Grandiloquence" would say, you will be nothing but soaked sponge!'

'Mind you keep out of them,' said Dr. Jack, 'and boys! while I think of it, I want you to promise me never to take these girls down-stream unless I am with you.'

'Your servant, captain!' said Ernest, with a droll little salute, 'but may I be permitted to ask the reason of that command?'

'There are several reasons,' was the answer. 'The mill lies down-stream, and when the mill is at work there is a strong current in that direction, which makes it a risk for any but a strong and skilled oarsman to attempt to pass it. Then there is another under-current which is far more dangerous—especially after rains—because it is known only to those who have been on these waters from boyhood upwards, as I have been. It is a treacherous river, much as we love it. I bought my experience dearly, for I came near drowning in it through a little carelessness; hence this warning!'

After this, the boat and the conversation drifted on idly for some time. The boys seemed more inclined for talking than pulling.

There was much speculation concerning the coming garden party, and many absurd suggestions from Ernest respecting it. Whilst Gwen and Pattie vied with each other in praise of their new governess, Dr. Jack observed that Margaret took no part in these praises. On the contrary, a shadow crossed her face at the mention of Miss Forester, and her uncle sighed as he noted it.

He knew well that Meg's besetting fault was jealousy—a desire to stand first with everybody and in everything. He at once guessed the truth—that Miss Forester had scolded the very girl to whom being found fault with would seem a bitter trial, and that the angry spirit thus provoked made Meg envious even of her teacher's superior knowledge, and rebellious against the strong will which she dared not disobey.

Dr. Jack's attention, however, was soon diverted to the boat.

'Where are you taking us, Pattie?' he laughed; 'we shall be on the bank in another moment! Here, give me the rudder-lines, for we are getting into the current!'

'Oh, is this the place?' said Llewellyn. 'I shall remember where it begins. Look, Ernest, it is near that drooping ash which dips its lower boughs into the water. But, however could you tell, Dr. Jack?'

'There are signs to the experienced eye,' replied the doctor, giving his whole attention to the task of getting the boat's head round. 'I knew the place for one thing, and, for another, the boat began to quicken her pace. Now, lads, "pull hard and pull steady" for a few minutes. There! don't you feel that you are pulling against something now?'

'That I do,' answered Ernest. 'Now, butter-fingers'—to his brother—'look out! you nearly lost your oar then.'

'It's all right, fireworks,' retorted Llewellyn; and the pair pulled steadily up the river. A silence of perfect enjoyment settled down upon the little company until the boat touched the landing-stage.

'Let us strike across the fields, and go home by way of the avenue,' suggested Llewellyn, as they landed; 'that is if you, Gwen, are going straight back to "The Limes." You said "good-bye" to auntie, didn't you? Well, then'—as Gwen answered in the affirmative—'we can all go as far as the doctor's, and help to see you girls home.'

'Whatever are you about, Ernest?' asked Pattie; for that individual was dodging behind the doctor as though anxious to screen himself, or to shut out some fearsome object.

'Good gracious!' cried the boy, 'what is this I see before me? Oh, Dr. Jack, whatever is it? Save me! I am so terrified! I feel myself turning pale! Tell me, Gwen, do you recognise your brother?'

'Hush,' said the doctor, although he could not help laughing. 'Hush! That is Mrs. Mason's new lodger. She is quite a friend of Joey's already.'

'Why, it is the very woman we saw yesterday!' exclaimed Meg, as they drew nearer the figure at which Ernest had taken alarm.

'Is it indeed a woman?' he murmured now. 'Nothing worse? Ah! I breathe freely. Oh, Dr. Jack! if this be a friend of yours, prithee introduce us.'

'Well, she is hardly that at present,' returned Dr. Jack, merrily; 'but I directed her to Mrs. Mason's yesterday. Her name is Sarah Tromans. Now, boys, behave!'

It was very evident that Sarah had an eye for colour. She was arrayed to-day in a purple skirt, surmounted by a magenta blouse, and around her short neck was pinned a small plaid shawl. She was standing at the door of the lodge, and had not observed the boating party, being too deep in conversation with some one who stood at her side.

'I believe she is talking to a lady,' remarked Pattie. 'Who can it be? She cannot know any one here, I should think; she is quite a stranger.'

'She is the kind of woman who will soon make acquaintances——' began the doctor.

'It is Miss Forester!' interrupted Gwen, in surprise. 'I thought I knew that grey hat.'

When, some minutes later, they came up at the lodge gate, a bend of the road had hidden the governess from their view.

'A rainbow would look an insignificant affair by the side of Sarah!' said Ernest, under his breath. 'Oh, Dr. Jack, if she is anything like her dress, what screaming fun she must be.'

'Quietly, my boy,' said Dr. Jack, as Sarah came forward with the evident intention of addressing them.

'Thank you kindly, Dr. Beresford,' she began, 'for helping a lone woman to clean quarters. These'—here she pointed to Meg and Pattie—'are your two nieces I should say. And you, miss'—addressing Gwen—'be the Squire's niece, most likely? That poor little cripple in there has been a-telling me all about you. Miss Forester, from the school hereabouts, has just been in to see him, and the way he has took to her is wonderful. But there! he took to *me*, and that is more wonderful still. She is a sweet young lady, that she is, and I won't deny it.'

'Nobody axed you, marm, she said,' whispered Ernest to Meg, on whose face the jealous thunder-cloud had again settled at Sarah's last words.

'But I must be a-going in,' resumed the talkative woman, 'for Mrs. Mason has gone out and left Joey in my care. I just came out with the young lady for a breath of fresh air.'

'How fine you are, Sarah!' observed the lively Ernest. 'Wherever did you get such a gorgeous dress? I have never seen one like it—never.'

'Well, I *am* partial to a bit of colour,' admitted Sarah. 'This here print, as my body is made of, cost only sevenpence a yard, which was not dear seeing it is a fast colour, wash it how you may.'

'*Fast* enough,' murmured Ernest in an 'aside.' 'Do you know, Sarah,' he went on aloud, 'as we came up you quite dazzled me! I took you for the setting sun.'

'You go along, Mr. Impudence,' said Sarah, with a hearty laugh at her own expense. 'You young gents will have your jokes, I know. I will wish you a good evening, young ladies.'

So, with a smile, she waddled in to Joey, while the boys, after saying 'good night' to the rest of the

"How fine you are, Sarah!"

party, turned up the avenue on their way home to the Grange.

Before escorting Gwen back to 'The Limes,' Dr. Jack took his nieces home, their home being also his. Gwen's favourite room at 'The Rookery'—as the rambling, old-fashioned house was called—was the surgery, for she—like her brother Ernest—had a taste for doctoring. On this particular evening, Mrs. Madyson had retired to her room with a severe headache. Finding that she was not visible, the doctor and the three girls went to the surgery. Presently Margaret ran upstairs to inquire after her mother, and also to fetch a wrap for Gwen, who, in her light dress, was now feeling rather chilly. Meanwhile, the other two girls amused themselves by making a tour of inspection, peering into

dark drawers, sniffing at bottles, admiring the pretty cork-wrappers — which Pattie styled 'parasols'—and the bright brass scales and weights.

'What is this used for, Dr. Jack?' asked Gwen, pausing at a side-table, whereon was stretched a straight, smooth piece of wood.

'Oh, Gwen, surely you have seen a splint before!' exclaimed Pattie; but her friend took no notice of her words. Gwen was gazing at the doctor, to whom her question had been addressed. It was evident that he had not heard, for he made no reply. He was standing with an open letter in his hand, which he had taken from the mantelpiece as they came in. His face was white and troubled. Becoming aware of Gwen's scrutiny, he recovered himself, and, putting the letter into his pocket, he tried to force a smile.

'I forgot you were waiting, Gwen dear,' he said. 'Ah! here comes Meg with your shawl. Good night, my darlings; get to bed as soon as possible. And, Meg, tell Anne to pack my portmanteau—she will know what to put up for me—as I must be off to London by the first train in the morning.'

'To London!' echoed Pattie, in great astonishment; but the doctor, without vouchsafing any explanation, held open the door for Gwen to pass out.

(*Continued at page* 282.)

THE SCHOOL-DAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIME MINISTERS.

V.—THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

POOR little George Gordon, the young Lord Haddo, was early left an orphan. It was late in the autumn of A.D. 1791, when his father, the eldest son of the then Earl of Aberdeen, died suddenly, to the great grief of his wife, and the sorrow of his family of seven children. So deep was his widow's grief that within four years of her great loss she, too, passed away, leaving her one little daughter and six boys, of whom George was the eldest, motherless as well as fatherless. When Lord Haddo* died, his widow, George's mother, moved to Barnet, near London, and it was at Barnet that George, who was a little over seven years old, went to his first school. There is no record of any of his doings at this first school. His second school was at Parson's Green, and there is no account of what happened to him while he was there.

The shadow of Lord Haddo's death loomed over the home, few visitors were received, and the bereaved Lady Haddo seemed ever to grow sadder, until at last she died in the first month of A.D. 1795.

* The eldest son of the Earl of Aberdeen always bears this title.

By her death the seven children, in spite of their rank in life, were left in a position of dreary loneliness. They had no near relations who cared for them. Their grandfather, the Earl of Aberdeen, was alive, but he would not take any notice of them. He had openly shown his dislike to the Lady Haddo before her death, because she had told him that she could not look with approval upon some very bad actions of his — actions which wronged his descendants.

It was proposed to him—he did not propose it—that he should send his eldest grandson to Harrow School. George, now young Lord Haddo, was at this time between eleven and twelve years of age. He, too, felt the necessity of a better education, and wrote a respectful letter to his grandfather, suggesting that he should assist him. But the sour-tempered, angry old gentleman would not even answer his letter.

The brave lad, who struggled hard to become master of his circumstances, remembered at this crisis one of his late father's and mother's friends, a certain Lord Henry Dundas, then all-powerful in Scotland. Perhaps he would write to his grandfather, and the disagreeable Earl might pay more attention to the man's letter than he had paid to the orphan boy's. Lord Dundas was touched by George's letter, and he felt deeply for the orphaned and deserted family, the eldest of whom was not twelve, and the youngest barely four.

In his kind-heartedness he took all the seven children home to his wife, the Lady Jane Dundas, and for a time she bestowed her motherly care upon them. At last it was decided that the young Lord Haddo and his only sister, Alicia, should make the Dundas home theirs altogether.

For thirty years Alicia was as a daughter to Lady Jane, and George spent many of his boyhood's days in the pretty Wimbledon villa.

One of the most frequent visitors at the house of Lord Dundas was Mr. Pitt, the great statesman and then Prime Minister. Directly the orphan-boy was introduced to him, he took the keenest interest in him, and, as the lad grew older, that interest increased.

Meanwhile our boy went to Harrow. At that fine public school he worked hard to obtain distinction in Greek. This he did, and made quite a record as a Greek scholar.

Like so many who have become famous, he was a quiet, studious boy, taking little part in the games of the school. But he was a great reader, and before he left Harrow he had a better acquaintance with the Italian poets than most men acquire in a lifetime. He had also read as many works of the modern history of Europe as he could get hold of.

Among his schoolfellows and friends were many of those with whom, in after life, he came into close contact.

By the law of Scotland a lad, when he has attained his fourteenth birthday, may name his own 'curators,' or guardians. George availed himself of this right, and named Mr. Pitt, the prime minister, and Lord Henry Dundas. They kindly accepted the charge, and thenceforward he first lived with one and then another of them.

The only other young inmate of Mr. Pitt's house was Lady Hester Stanhope, and the two seem to have agreed well.

At length the day came when Lord Haddo was to leave Harrow. He proposed to continue his studies at the University of Cambridge, but his surly grandfather positively refused to help any more with his education. He had paid his Harrow fees, and he said that he considered Cambridge a 'needless extravagance,' as with rank he 'would not need education.'

Lord Haddo's guardians did not at all approve of the Earl of Aberdeen's decision, and Mr. Pitt wrote to him to say as much. These faithful guardians threatened Lord Aberdeen with the disgrace that, if he would not provide for his grandson's education and other wants, they would themselves advance what was required from their own personal funds. Who actually did provide the money to send the lad to Cambridge is not known, but in June, A.D. 1800, he went to St. John's College, Cambridge.

At that time degrees were granted to noblemen without examination; indeed, however much they might wish it, noblemen were not allowed to sit for examinations. The industry or idleness of a young peer depended therefore entirely on himself.

Lord Haddo's character stood this test well. He read largely; every book that he could obtain he studied. For him a fine classical library had rare attractions, and he set about collecting one. Early and rare editions of the classics and of early Italian poetry he chiefly delighted to gather.

When he had been at St. John's College a little less than a year, his grandfather died, and young Lord Haddo became Lord Aberdeen.

Kind as his guardians were to him, the young Lord Haddo had felt deeply and bitterly his dependence on strangers. He had known no home, none on whom freely to lavish his affection, and he had early learned to repress all outward signs of feeling.

Ah! boys and girls, you cannot over-estimate the value of the love of father and mother. If your home be ever so poor, and yet be blessed with the true affection of kind and loving parents, it is rich—you yourselves are rich, far richer than if you had great piles of silver and gold and were an orphan.

Great doings there always are when an Earl attains his majority—his twenty-first birthday—and the new Earl went down to Haddo House to take possession of his estates, and receive the congratulations of his tenants and neighbours. He had not visited Aberdeenshire since he left it as a child of eight years old.

His biographer, writing of this visit to Haddo House and estates, says: 'He was wholly unprepared for the rough awakening which awaited him. The backward condition of agriculture, the miserable dwellings and half-savage habits of the people, the ignorance and coarseness of the gentry, the inclemency of the climate, the ugliness and monotony of the country—bare, undulating, and treeless—were all very unlike his dreams, and filled him with dismay.'

At first he wildly thought of selling the property, then of never visiting or looking upon it again; but, last of all, he formed the good resolution not to desert those living under his influence, but to help them in their progress upward to civilisation and comfort. And he acted on this resolve. 'He drained, he planted, he built; tracts of moorland became fields of corn; new schools rose in every parish; new buildings on every farm.'

As we have gone further than the actual 'school-days' of the Earl, we will touch upon his Premiership. It fell in troublous times. It was during the years that he was Prime Minister that the terrible Anglo-Russian War (the War of the Crimea) broke out.

Lord Aberdeen was over seventy years of age when he became Premier, and he lived to the good old age of seventy-seven.

Her Majesty wrote, upon the resignation of her Minister: 'The Queen wishes to say what a *pang* it is for her to separate from *so* kind and dear and valued a friend as Lord Aberdeen has ever been to her since she has known him. The day he became her Prime Minister was a *very happy* one for her, and throughout his ministry he has ever been the kindest and wisest adviser to whom she could apply for advice on all occasions.' JAMES CASSIDY.

STEP BY STEP.

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills which we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing in the dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the hope of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way,
We may hope and resolve, and aspire and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"Out jumped the mice and scattered themselves all over the house."

TIT FOR TAT.

A LADY had a very fine cat, which was a great pet. Her next-door neighbour, a crusty fellow, shot it for walking over his garden. Thereupon the lady bought several mouse-traps and set herself to catch as many live mice as possible. She also asked several of her friends to do the same, and soon she had a collection of above a hundred of these lively nuisances. Then she got a box, addressed it to the lady next door, and sent it off. When it arrived, the lady took it into the drawing-room and quickly opened it. Out jumped the mice and scattered themselves all over the house. At the bottom of the box was a little note, which said, 'Madam, your husband has shot my cat, so I send you my mice.'

Doctor Jack visits Miss Fenton.

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 278.)

'YOU must look after your brothers, Gwen, while I am away,' said Dr. Jack, as he walked by the girl's side. 'They are fine fellows at heart, and you will be proud of them yet. This journey is quite unforeseen, but—I *must* go!'

He sighed as he said the last words.

'I am walking in the shadows, Gwen; can you think of any ray of light for me?'

'"In the midst of trouble I will be with thee,"' Gwen answered; then added, '"Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him; and He shall give thee thy heart's desire."'

'Thank you, Gwen! That is just what I needed. The trouble is not all my own, and I see no way out of it. You are such a trustworthy little woman that I think I will tell you about it!'

Gwen's heart beat fast. This was indeed an honour!

'Of course, you know, Gwen, that I am a rich man?'

'I have heard so many times.'

'Also, of course, you have heard people speculate as to my motives for living so quietly and working hard at my profession, spending less than the income it affords me? They regard me as a miser, I suppose?'

'They know better than that. Every one who sees your kindness to the poor——' began Gwen. But her companion's hand was placed gently upon her lips, as he said, 'No praise to-night, please, Gwen. I am about to tell you of a blunder I made, which I would give all my money to undo, were it mine to give—but it is not. No!' he added, noting Gwen's look of surprise, 'I have no more moral right to it than you have, and therefore I dare not spend it. But let me begin at the beginning.

'Two years ago, as you will remember, I hurried home from London to my father's death-bed, and, at his earnest request, and that of his partner, Dr. Madyson, who was then in the last stage of consumption, I promised to take the practice here, and watch over my sister, Dr. Madyson's widow, and her two children.

'The two previous years I had spent partly in a London hospital, partly with an old family friend, an able surgeon at the West End, to whose practice I at one time hoped to succeed. Among Dr. Welsh's patients was an old maiden lady, who was reported to be very rich. She lived alone, except for her servants, her pets, and—least considered in the catalogue—a young, orphaned niece, her only living relative, who was wholly dependent upon her.

'Miss Fenstone was afflicted with heart-disease. She expected daily calls from her doctor at the lowest possible charge. For a time, Dr. Welsh was the only doctor whom she would see. But upon one occasion, during his absence from home, a violent attack compelled her to call on me. From that day, she insisted upon my visiting her in the place of my friend, giving as her only reason for this freak that I did not object to her pets, as did Dr. Welsh. The behaviour of these same pets had gradually frightened away most of the old lady's friends and acquaintances. There was a dog which snapped at unwary calves, a parrot which swore, a monkey which played impish tricks with pockets and hats, and a most unsociable cat, that set up her back, and, with tail hoisted like a defiant flag, spat at every visitor who entered his mistress's room.

'The only young or beautiful creature in the house was the orphan, Dorothy Fenstone. She alone could coax her aunt into some semblance of reason or good temper; could reprove the parrot without provoking a peck; could venture to comb the lap-dog's coat, or stroke the Persian's fur, with impunity; and could wheedle a smile out of old Betsy, who presided over Miss Fenston's establishment.

'The old lady bestowed upon Dorothy her superfluous affection—the "leavings" of that which she lavished upon herself and her pets. This affection prompted her to attempt to arrange a marriage between her niece and a certain Italian count, who braved the pets' and Miss Fenstone's uncertain temper in the hope of winning Dorothy's promise to become the Contessa Sorelli.

'One morning, just as I was leaving, my patient said to me: "I wish you would speak to Dorothy. She thinks a great deal of your judgment, and perhaps she would listen to you. I wish her to marry well. As you are aware, an opportunity for doing so has lately presented itself. I am very anxious that she should accept Count Sorelli. If she does so, I shall of course leave her all that I possess, but if she disregards my wishes I shall disinherit her.'

'Then Miss Fenstone walked away, leaving me too much astonished to reply to her extraordinary request.

'On my way home I met Dorothy herself. As we were close to the park, I invited her to enter, saying that I wished to speak with her on a subject of some importance. Sitting on one of the seats, we discussed the proposed alliance. I said what I could on behalf of the elderly count; but I confess that my heart sank within me when I thought of my advice being followed. When I had finished speaking, Dorothy turned to me with a sad smile and said:

'"So you counsel me to become a countess at the cost of happiness and principle—to gratify a whim—to eat the bread of luxury. Tell me, Dr. Beresford, were I your sister, would you give me the same advice?"

'"Heaven forbid!" I exclaimed. "No, indeed, Dorothy! You must know that it is not *my* advice; that it is only tendered out of a notion—far-fetched, perhaps—of fairness to your aunt and the count. For you know—oh, Dorothy, you *must* know!—that I cannot bear the idea of your belonging to any one else but me!"

'Then, for a time, everything was forgotten but the one blissful fact that now at last we stood con-

fessed lovers. The dear girl had said nothing, but she slipped her hand into mine, and I understood, and was content.

'The same evening, Count Sorelli formally proposed to Dorothy, and was rejected. On learning her decision, Miss Fenstone, in a fit of passion, sent for her lawyer and made a fresh will, leaving all that she possessed—with the exception of a few legacies to servants—to the son of an old school-friend never seen since her girlhood. Dorothy was not even mentioned.

'The next morning, Miss Fenstone was found dead in her bed, her recent paroxysm of rage having brought on a bad attack of the heart, to which she succumbed. Thus, with no word of love or forgiveness, with no regret uttered, no comfort received, she passed into the dim Unknown.

'When we heard the news, both Dr. Welsh and I hastened at once to Portland Place. But all was over, and there was nothing to do but to make arrangements for the funeral. I saw Dorothy for a few moments, and she told me the circumstances which had hastened the poor woman's end.

'"Never mind, Dorothy!' I said, trying to comfort her heavy heart. "You acted rightly, and very soon I shall come and take you away."

'"Think twice of that, Jack," she answered; "remember that I am disinherited and quite poor now. I shall not blame you if——"

'"If what?" I asked.

'"If you choose to forget what you said yesterday. Indeed, you ought not to burden yourself with a penniless wife."

'"Nonsense!" I began, but I got no further, for, Dr. Welsh appearing at that moment, I had to take a hurried leave of Dorothy. At home, a telegram awaited me, summoning me to my father's death-bed. Dr. Welsh urged me to catch the next train to Greylands, which left Paddington in half-an-hour's time. I jumped into the brougham which we had just quitted, and during the drive to the station wrote a note to Dorothy, explaining my absence. This I gave to the only messenger at hand—the coachman—with instructions that he should either post it or deliver it himself within the hour.

'My father lingered for four days after my arrival. During that time, every thought of mine was devoted to him and his last messages. But when all was over, and my father's affairs were wound up, I hastened to Portland Square—to find it deserted except for a care-taker, a stranger, who could tell me nothing of Miss Fenstone. I went next to my friend, Dr. Welsh.

'"Have you heard from Sharpson?" was his first question, after he had offered his condolences upon my recent loss.

'"Never heard the name," said I.

'"Old Miss Fenstone's lawyer,' explained the doctor. "Why! I thought you were here in answer to my letter. Didn't you get it?"

'"I started before the post came in——"

'"Then you don't know the news? Bless the man!'

'"What news? Has anything happened to Dorothy?"

'"A lot, I should say, of a doubtful sort! Not that I know much about that. I was called away to that case at Kensington, and could not attend Miss Fenstone's funeral. Miss Dorothy said she intended working—at teaching, I suppose, or nursing—for her living, and should probably go abroad. But don't you really know, Jack, that *you* are the heir to Miss Fenstone's fortune?" And the doctor took a step backward, to watch the effect of his words.

'"How comes that about?" I asked, in bewilderment.

'"Your mother was the school-friend mentioned in her will. But Miss Fenstone knew her only by her maiden name, hence the lawyers have had some difficulty in tracing you. The old lady little dreamed that her heir was feeling her pulse and prescribing her draughts! But what do you think of this stroke of luck?"

'"Stroke of luck?" I exclaimed. "I shall never spend a penny of it! By rights it belongs to Dorothy, and to her alone!'

'"Don't be foolish, Jack!" remonstrated my friend. 'If you feel bad about it, get Miss Dorothy to share it with you. Perhaps she can be persuaded!"

'"If I can find her," I said.

'Then I hunted in every quarter of the city; made inquiries wherever there seemed to be the slightest clue. I even advertised in local and foreign papers. All my efforts were utterly fruitless. I never heard a word, and did not know what to think—until to-day.'

'And now?' asked Gwen, breathlessly.

'To-night,' said Dr. Jack, 'I received a letter from Bond, the doctor's coachman, whom, strange to say, I had never thought of questioning. He asks my pardon for a piece of carelessness, of which he has only just discovered himself to be guilty. Enclosed was my note to Dorothy, which he had forgotten to deliver, and which had lain in the man's pocket all this time. It was only when his wife came to cut up his old jacket that she discovered the note in its inner pocket. He is extremely sorry for his carelessness. Of course he might have done worse than own up! He might have flung the note into the fire, and said nothing about it. But he is honest, if thoughtless, and he has made the only reparation in his power. Ah! how true it is that "Evil is wrought by want of thought!"'

'Then Miss Fenstone never received the letter?'

'No. And don't you see, Gwen, my poor girl must have gone away believing that I had deserted her; thinking that I was indeed mean enough to let her altered circumstances keep me from her in her sorest need. Oh, it is very hard to bear!' And Dr. Jack groaned at the thought of all her suffering.

'What are you going to do now?' asked Gwen.

'I am going to see Bond. He says that he has just married Miss Fenstone's maid. She may know something of Dorothy's whereabouts. It is a bare chance, but it is worth trying, and if I find her——'

'I will pray God to help you, Dr. Jack,' said Gwen, with tears of sympathy glistening in her eyes, as she saw that he was unable to go on. 'Thank you so much for telling me! Good-bye! God speed you!'

And the doctor went away greatly comforted.

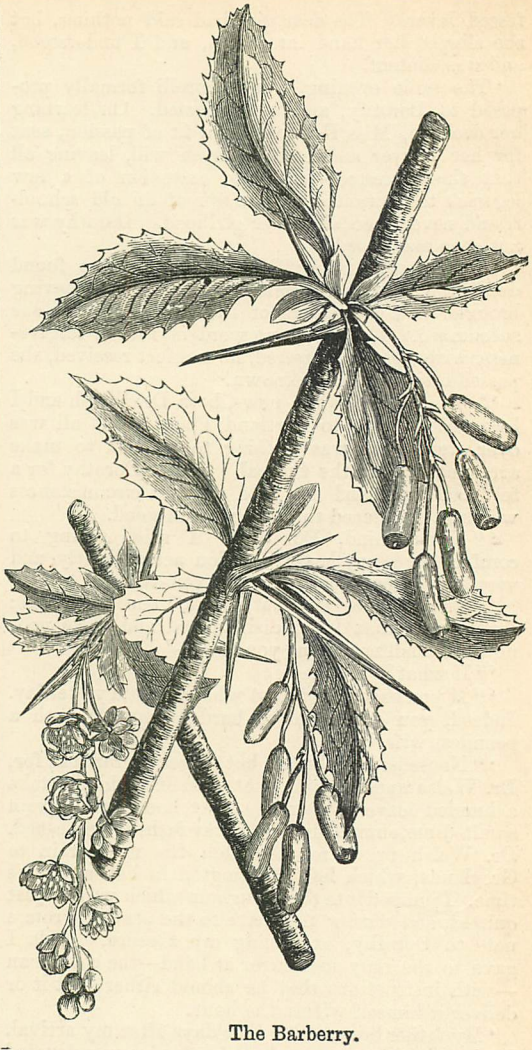
(*Continued at page* 294.)

A GOOD WORD FOR THE HEDGEHOG.

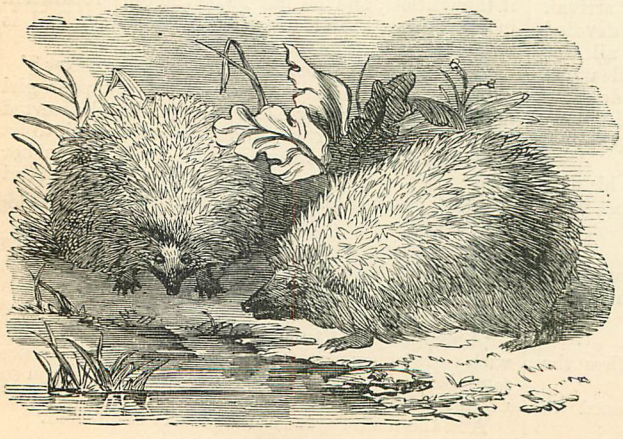
A FRIEND of mine once asked a large party of children whether any of them had ever seen a live Hedgehog, and it so happened that not one could say, 'Yes.' Indeed, very few amongst them had a good idea of its shape and appearance. When we break the name into two parts, we see the first tells us of its habits: the hedgehog is a wild animal, which, if we come upon it at all, we shall be likely to find running along a bank under a hedge. The other half, *hog*, means that he is piggish in shape, at least, if not in greediness. I am sorry to say that he has had a bad character given him for a long time, and I do not think he quite deserves what has been written against him; I shall, therefore, try to show that if he has faults, he has good qualities too, and may be made useful.

For convenience, I will call the hedgehog 'he;' but you will understand there are both he's and she's; and the mother hedgehogs take great care of their blind little ones, for they do not see till a week old. At first they are not spiny, but are covered with rough hair. Their cry to the mother is shrill, and rather like the note of a child's whistle. The nest is in some hole, and it is their usual habit to sleep through the winter, rolled up, snug and warm. When kept in confinement they do not sleep as soundly as when in the wild state, but wake up now and then between autumn and spring, wanting then something to eat. This torpid state in winter shows that they feed chiefly upon insects, which, of course, are not to be had in cold weather, except by digging. At any time of the year hedgehogs seldom go out hunting during daylight.

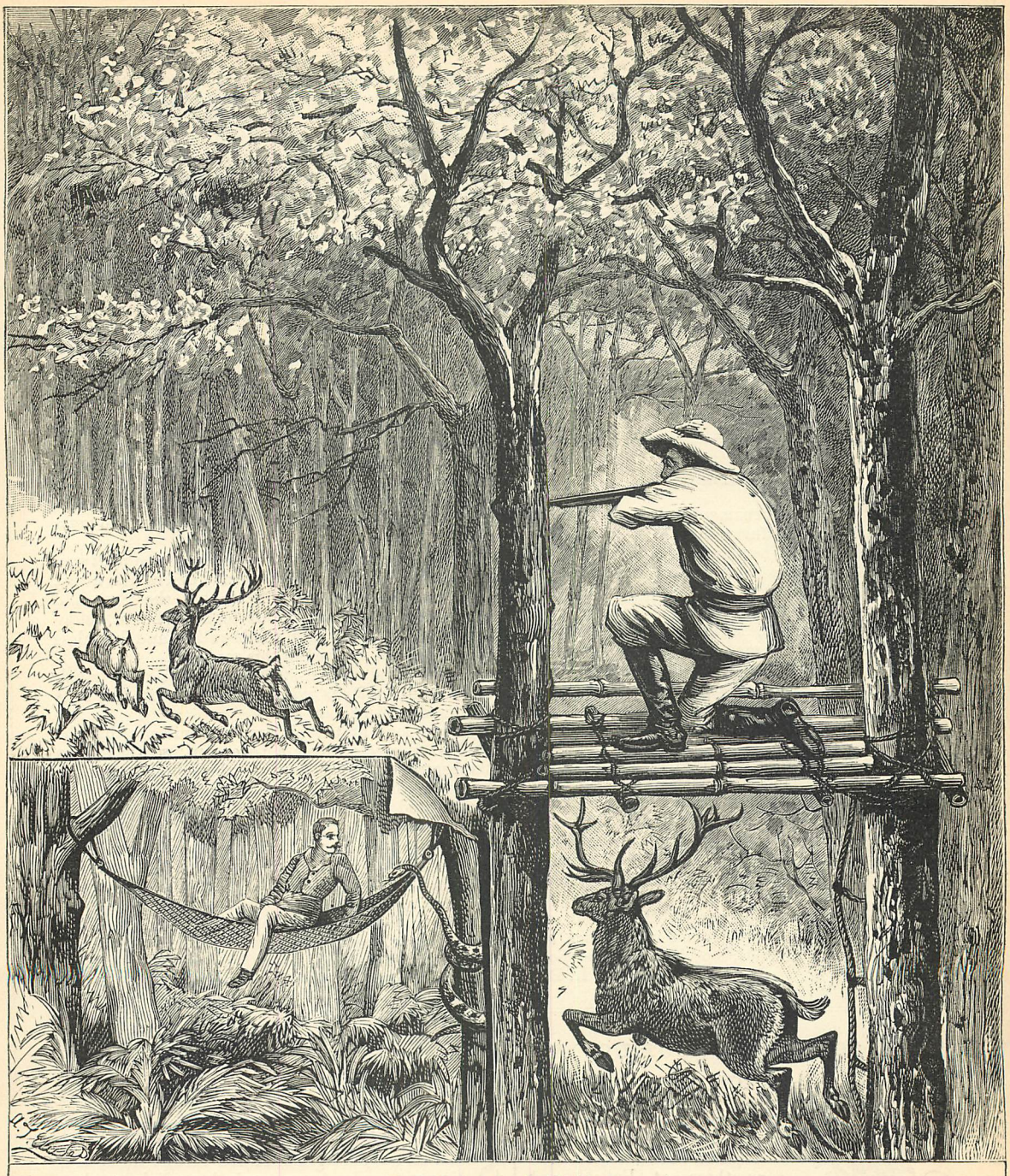
When it is needful to protect himself from dogs or other foes, the hedgehog has a plan of his own, and an excellent one too. Some animals run away from their enemies, or they hide themselves; some try to fight them; the hedgehog forms himself into a prickly ball, and waits till his enemy is tired of rolling him about. In the spines of the hedgehog we see there is lightness as well as strength; the inside of each spine is elastic, and each fits into a muscle which lifts or lowers it. Owing to its spines, a hedgehog can jump from a height of ten or twelve feet without being hurt. People sometimes speak of the hedgehog as if they were slow quadrupeds, but their pace is really quick. They are fond of water, and float upon it with delight. When tamed a hedgehog will let himself be washed; and if he knows the person, he lowers his quills so as not to hurt the hand of the washer.



The Barberry.



Hedgehogs.



Scaffold-shooting in Michigan.

Some folk have said that hedgehogs suck the milk from cows, but that is really an impossible thing for them to do. Also they have been accused of sucking the eggs of poultry; but this is doubtful. A gentleman, who kept one a good while, tried him with eggs of all sizes, but he would not touch any of them. A hedgehog has been caught in the act of feasting himself upon a store of apples in a barn, and some of these animals, I believe, must plead guilty to killing young rabbits or birds which come within reach. Insects, snails, and such 'small fry' are their chief food. If a hedgehog gets hold of a soft insect, he bites it up at once; should it be hard, he steadies himself, and holds the insect in his paws, to nibble at it slowly. One of the good things which the hedgehog does is that it kills vipers.

When these come in the way there is a tough fight between the quadruped and the snake, but the hedgehog always conquers, for he is well protected from the sting.

People keep hedgehogs in their houses, or in gardens, for the purpose of destroying insects which may be numerous and troublesome, such as the common blackbeetle or cockroach. A hedgehog, if kept in the house, must be provided with a box to shelter in, having inside a lining of hay or paper shavings. He will eat up scraps from the table, or even relish bits of bread soaked in milk, learning to come when he is called. Some have even succeeded in making a hedgehog quite a pet; but, of course, as he *may* have a fancy for seizing a bird, it is well to take care that he has not the chance of getting at any favourites in the house, or of visiting the chickens in the poultry-yard.

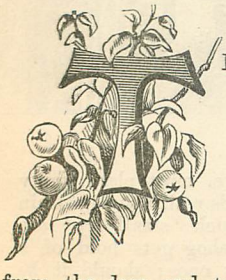
THE BARBERRY.

THE Barberry is an ornamental shrub, both on account of its graceful yellow blossoms in May, and its bright scarlet berries in the autumn. The fruit, which possesses cooling properties, is often prescribed by village doctors as a remedy for the jaundice, but from its sourness it is seldom eaten uncooked; nevertheless, it makes excellent jelly, and is much used in the manufacture of sugar-plums. The roots and bark yield a yellow dye. Cattle and sheep eat the leaves; and the flowers, though they have an unpleasant smell, are attractive to insects.

Though originally a native of Eastern countries, the barberry formerly grew wild, in great quantities, in our English hedge-rows, but it has been extirpated from a belief that it injures the growth of corn. It is said that the leaves are frequently infested by a tiny fungus, similar to one which attacks wheat: this is easily dispersed by the wind, and propagated amongst the corn, causing it much injury.

The barberry seems to be widely distributed over the globe; it is abundantly found in America, and in most European countries, especially on the shores of the Danube. R. B.

SCAFFOLD-SHOOTING IN MICHIGAN.



THIS method of shooting deer was formerly employed in England in the Chases, such as those of Enfield and Cranbourne. Boxes, we are told, were erected, having seats inside, and loopholes for the rifles. The boxes were large enough to screen the keeper, or sportsman, from the deer, and to let him turn freely in his hiding-place. Rests were also often nailed, for the same purpose, to the trunks of the largest trees, and sometimes rope ladders were hung for the easier mounting to these rests, or beyond them into the trees. It is, of course, very necessary for the sportsman to keep out of sight of the animal he is hunting, and also out of scent, and these 'rests' enable him to do so. Sometimes, too, it is necessary for the hunter to fire from a height if he means to secure his prey, and in this the arrangement helps him. It was not an unusual thing, in the old shooting days, for a sportsman to take with him a bloodhound or two, specially trained to help in the chase. These dogs were as quiet and hid themselves as carefully as did their master. It happened sometimes that the deer singled out did not drop at the first discharge of the rifle, but, on the contrary, it would go away wounded, when the blood-hound would chase it and pull it down.

Tiger-hunting is carried on in the same way in Central India, Bombay, and Madras. The hunter will 'sit up for a tiger over a bait,' if he is hunting in large forests which cannot be beaten, or if he is hunting single-handed, or without elephants—indeed, it would seem sometimes to be the only way to get a shot.

It often happens that the erection of the platform, or 'machan,' disturbs the tiger and drives him away.

It may be necessary thus to kill the tiger and other wild beasts dangerous to man, but it really does seem too bad that the beautiful and harmless deer should be trapped in this manner.

This method of deer-stalking is not now in much favour, although, as we have already stated, it is still used in Michigan.

If you look at the picture, you will see that the scaffold is erected over a 'deer-run,' so that when the beaters drive the deer up, they choose the well-known path, and are easily shot. The scaffold is constructed of bamboo, and fastened securely by ropes, very much in the same way as builders' scaffolding. These platforms, when no longer used by the sportsman, make capital resting-places for climbing animals as well as birds. The sportsman, however, should not forget the danger of snakes.

The snake shown by our artist as attacking the hammock, is one of the 'corn' snakes of America. These reptiles abound in thickly wooded districts, and, to protect himself from unpleasant surprise, the huntsman ought to wear top-boots. These are rather awkward in climbing trees, but use is second nature, and a go-ahead sportsman soon becomes used to them. JAMES CASSIDY.

PREACHING TO THE BIRDS.

SOME of the old legends of the Middle Ages, or a time yet earlier, are not only beautiful, but they tell us very important truths, though these may be hidden in a kind of fable. In many of them we have fact, however, as well as fiction, and the story of Francis, the good friar of Assisi, is not all imaginary. His heart was so large and affectionate, that he loved not only all animals, but even called the flowers his sisters and brothers: so writes Tennyson in one of his poems. He liked to take long, quiet

walks, hearing the talk of the wild creatures, and sometimes talking to them in return.

No doubt he often told young and old about the pleasure that we may have from watching the ways of animals, or he showed them how many of the beasts and birds may be won by kindness. In preaching, or seeming to preach, to the birds, we can fancy the worthy friar giving hints to other two-legged beings who might be near enough to hear. One thing, which is rather amusing, is his caution to the birds, in a sermon that has been handed down to us, not to sing near the church on a Sunday, lest people should listen to them instead of the service. I have been in some village churches where the chatter of the sparrows on the eaves, or amongst the ivy outside, was very disturbing, and a careless martin sometimes enters a country church during service, making a commotion as it flies hither and thither, trying to escape.

Giotto, the great artist, has drawn upon the walls of an old church at Assisi, the scene of St. Francis preaching to the birds. The tale is, that he was passing through the woods on his way to Bevagno, and saw the trees crowded with birds, large and small. So he said to his companion, 'Wait for me on the road, and I will go and preach to the birds.' Then he began by speaking to some he noticed on the ground, and those up in the trees soon came down and flocked round him, keeping silence all the while he preached. One of his companions relates that St. Francis went amongst the birds, and touched them with his cloak, but none of them moved. Afterwards, according to the legend, these birds showed how they felt the good man's sermon by opening their beaks, stretching their wings, and bowing themselves to the earth, nor would they fly off until they had his blessing. When he had made over them the sign of the cross, the chronicler says that the birds arose in the air, singing loudly, and went away in four directions, east, west, south, and north! What did this mean? He thinks that the birds were telling, by doing this, what has indeed since been fulfilled, that the good tidings of the Gospel should some day be carried over the world to every country. Now here is a small sample of St. Francis's sermon as it has been put into verse by Miss Katherine Tynan:—

'Love not gossiping;
Stay at home and keep the nest;
Fly not here and there in quest
Of the newest thing.

'Live as brethren live,
Love be in each heart and mouth;
Be not envious, be not wrath,
Be not slow to give.

'When ye build the nest,
Quarrel not o'er straw or wool;
He who hath, be bountiful
To the neediest.

'Be not puffed and vain
Of your beauty, or your worth;
Of your children, or your birth,
Or the praise you gain.'

J. R. S. C.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

MARY, darling, just one kiss,
And then we two must part;
Yes, dearest! even though you beg
With a foreboding heart

That I should stay behind my mates
And let them go alone—
Let them encounter all the risk
While I am safe at home!

You tell me of our baby dear;
You say: How can I go
And leave that little one, perhaps,
To orphanage and woe?

Ah, Mary! do not break my heart;
But say, 'God bless you, Jim!
It is duty calls you, and I'll trust
In God, and pray to Him

That He will bring you safely back
To baby and to me,
That He will save those other men
Now perishing at sea.'

Then Mary, when she heard those words,
So gallant and so brave,
She lifts her head, and trembling says,
'Yes, dearest, go—and save!

'I would not hinder you, my love—
I know 'tis duty's call;
Then, Jim, farewell, and may our God
Send blessing to us all!'

And now the life-boat, like a bird,
Bounds o'er the seething wave,
While the poor ship-wrecked men cry out,
'She comes! she comes to save!'

But stay! Where is she now? Alas!
The waves engulf her round;
The lightning gleams, the thunder rolls
With awful, crashing sound.

And the stout life-boat, with her crew
Of gallant seamen brave—
Oh, can it be that, buried deep
Beneath the smothering wave,

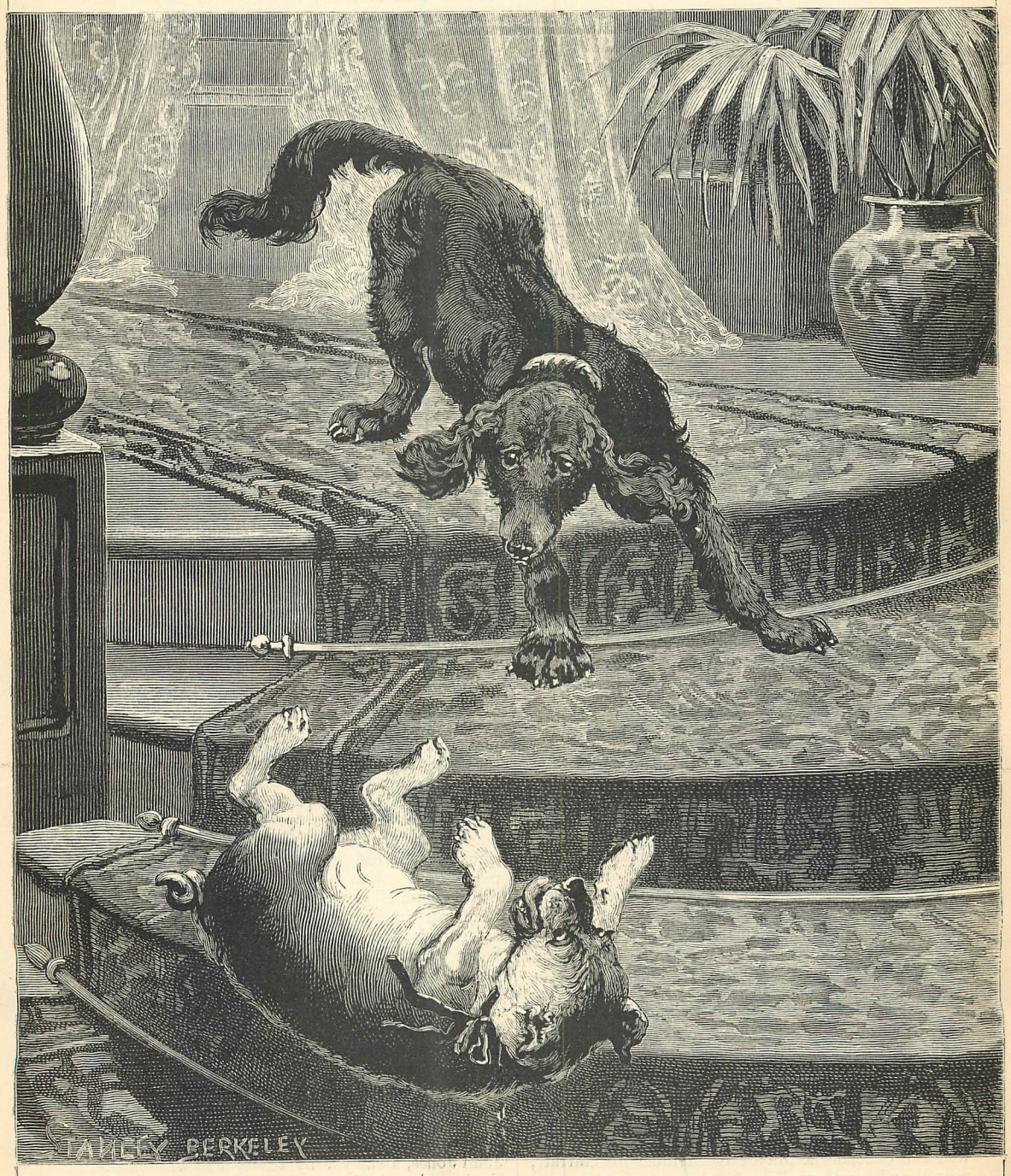
She's gone? No, no! once more the men,
Lashed to the rending deck,
Can see the life-boat slowly rise
And struggle towards the wreck.

And now they reach the sinking ship,
While heart-felt cheers arise,
From men who scarcely thought to see
Another sun arise.

Then Home! to wives and little ones,
Home to the happy shore,
Where, kneeling down, they thank their God,
Who saves them evermore.

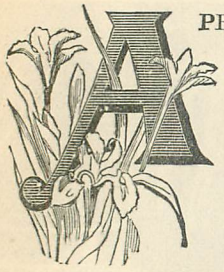
K.

"Ah, Mary! do not break my heart;
But say, 'God bless you, Jim!'"



Wounded Pride.

AN AFFRONTED DOG.



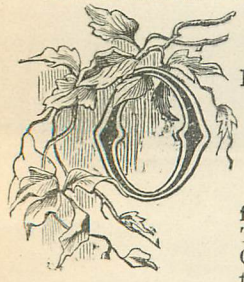
A PET dog who had grown old and grey in one family, and had been always used to much kindness and petting, became at last so fat, that when the dinner-bell rang (a sound which used to bring him rushing downstairs), he would sit on the top step of the staircase and whine piteously till some member of the family went up to him, and carried him down.

Just at this time a puppy Newfoundland was introduced to the family, greatly to the chagrin of the old terrier, who would not make friends with the new-comer. On one occasion when the dinner-bell rang, the puppy, seeing the old dog sitting on the top step as usual, ran up to him and in clumsy play upset him so completely that the fat old fellow rolled to the foot of the stairs, growling all the way.

The sight was very ludicrous, and several members of the family who had seen it could not refrain from laughter. But the pampered dog's behaviour was curious. Gathering himself together, he refused to enter the dining-room as usual, but slowly toiled upstairs again and retired to the wicker basket where he usually passed the night. Humble apologies were made to him, more than one child friend offered him dainty food, but though he must have been hungry, everything was refused, and he passed the evening fasting. His pride had been too deeply wounded by the unfeeling laughter of his friends, and it was not until another day had dawned that he seemed to forgive the slight which he had received.

D.

CHOOSING A MOCK MAYOR AT WANDSWORTH.



ONE of the amusements not uncommon in the olden times was that of choosing sham dignitaries, whom our ancestors pretended to put into some high office, for a long or short time. Thus, they often chose a Queen of the May, sometimes a King, too; about the season of Epiphany they had a Lord and Lady of the Bean; and, in some villages, they diverted themselves by electing mock Mayors and sham Members of Parliament.

Mostly these old customs have long been forgotten, but at one place, near London, the election of a so-called Mayor was kept up for many years. This was the choosing a Mayor or Member for Garratt, near Wandsworth, really only a hamlet, of no importance then, yet the election made a great stir in the neighbourhood. Handbills or placards were distributed in all directions, several days before, and it is said that as many as 50,000 or 60,000 persons have assembled about Wandsworth; though, of course, only a part could get near the stand at which the election was gone through. It brought much money to the shops of the neighbourhood, and to the street vendors of various refreshments. Free fights between the supporters of rival candidates for the mayoralty were common, and the constables had hard work to keep order.

The Mayor of Garratt was supposed to have a 'master of the horse,' and when the election was over, a procession was formed, and he was followed by a motley company, some mounted upon horses, some upon donkeys, but most of them on foot.

How the custom began of choosing a Mayor or Member for Garratt is uncertain. A Mr. Massey, of Wandsworth, stated that old inhabitants told him it began about A.D. 1690, in a sort of joke amongst some watermen who were spending the day at Wandsworth. Others have supposed that it had a beginning in a club which met at an old inn called the 'Leather Bottle,' and that they chose a Mayor of Garratt to act as protector of a part of Wandsworth Common, which was likely to be taken from the public (since then, indeed, a good part of the old Common has been built over). However that may be, it is certain that there were a number of these sham mayors, because a fresh election took place every time there was a new Parliament. The names of the earlier ones have been forgotten; the first we know of is one who was called Sir John Harper, who held the office about ten years in the reign of George III., and was succeeded by the most famous of the Garratt mayors, Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, quite a remarkable Wandsworth character, a short, deformed man, and a dealer in old wigs, but a wonderfully good speaker! The last year that a Garratt mayor was chosen appears to have been A.D. 1826. Sometimes there were five or six candidates for the mayoralty of Garratt, and as each went to the hustings with a troop of friends, the crush down the road was often very great and the noise tremendous.

There is a curious picture in an old book, which shows one of these processions turning down Garratt Lane, close to the two old inns, having for signs the 'Spread Eagle' and the 'Ram.' It is a party going with a candidate who called himself Sir William Blase. He, with his wife, over whose head an immense umbrella is being held, also attendants dressed like noblemen's servants, are being borne along in a large boat upon wheels, drawn by horses. Some of the escort carry flags, others bear mops. When the candidates had, after a struggle, pushed their way through the crowd to the hustings, each delivered a speech, which was listened to more or less patiently. The election seems to have been settled, not by vote, or show of hands even, but by the shouts with which the favourite was greeted. It is said that the new Mayor was afterwards sworn upon a brickbat!

A very notable Wandsworth personage was one John Jones, a sawyer by trade, who was 'master of the horse' to the Mayors of Garratt for many years. He used to ride on a large dray-horse, carrying a sword seven feet long, having spurs a foot long, and

enormous jack-boots. The mane of his horse was plaited with ears of corn. He was followed by the 'Garratt cavalry' at the elections, a troop of about forty boys, of different ages, dressed like the Surrey yeomanry, with large cockades made of shavings, and arranged by contraries—that is, small boys on the biggest horses, and the older ones on the lesser.

J. R. S. C.

MICE AND THEIR ENEMIES.

EVERY boy knows that there are various kinds of mice besides the pretty, brown-eyed, greedy little fellow who takes up his abode in our dwellings, eats our food, and brings up his numerous little ones in our kitchen or pantry. There are at least four varieties very common in Britain, without counting the shrew, which is not a mouse at all, though in some respects very like one.

Besides the common household mouse there is the long-tailed field-mouse, a pretty little creature, reddish-grey on the back and sides and white below, with large, bright eyes. This mouse burrows in the ground, feeds on corn, peas, beans, acorns, and such things, and hoards up vast stores of food for winter use. He seldom comes into the house, but, when caught and kept in a cage, he proves to be a very gentle and sociable little pet.

A third variety is the harvest mouse, the prettiest and the smallest of them all, with a more hairy tail than other mice. He can twist this tail of his round the stalk of the wheat so as to steady himself while he comes down from the cosy cricket-ball of a nest, which he builds on the top of the wheat-stem close by the ripe ears of grain. These grains he picks out one by one, and, holding them in his front paws, much as a squirrel holds a nut, he nibbles them at his leisure.

Another variety is the short-tailed field-mouse, a larger and rougher-looking fellow than the others, with small ears and a short tail. This little gentleman does not climb the stem of wheat—he is too heavy to do that—but he has a plan of his own; he cuts off the stem with his sharp teeth close to the ground, and, taking the end in his mouth, he pulls away till he has brought the ear to the ground, where he can eat it at his leisure.

Now, it must be evident to every one that the vast supply of grain which man's labour produces, when it is ripening in the harvest field, or when it is stored up in barns, leads the mice to live with human beings, and to increase and multiply at their expense.

Accordingly we find that wherever man goes mice go with him, and, with the greatest impudence, help themselves to the food which his industry has produced. These little creatures being extremely prolific, it is clear that, unless there were some other animals who looked upon mice as their natural food, the land would be overrun with mice, and they would become a plague. But Nature rules it otherwise.

The tiny mouse has many enemies, chief among which are owls, hawks, and weasels. Just at the twilight hour, when the mice are on the move, the barn-owl sallies forth and beats the field on silent wings, sailing along the furrows as long as a ray of light remains, and, when the moon is up, prolonging her useful labours even up to dawn. The number of mice thus destroyed is almost beyond belief—they are bolted whole, eight or ten of a night. During the daytime, when the owl sits sleepy and blinking its eyes in some tree or other sheltered place, another foe to mice makes her appearance and pursues them—this is the Windhover or Kestrel, whose standing dish is a mouse or a rat. Her occupation of mousing is carried on with great success in the autumn-time, when the mice are busy among the stubbles. It is then that the kestrel may be seen hovering over the fields, keeping her head close to the wind, moving her wings with the regularity of a pigeon, but without making the slightest change in her position. Hence her name of windhover.

While on the subject of the kestrel, we would say that, as is the case with all hawks, the female is the larger, stronger, and fiercer bird—indeed, they have the best of it in every way. It is on record that on one occasion a pair of windhovers took possession of an old crow's nest, when one of the keepers at the place killed the cock bird, and fixed him up after the manner of our country. The next day, the female was found to be mated with another bird, and he too was killed, but this time, instead of falling to the ground, he hung on the bough of a spruce fir. In this position the hen pounced on him, and, seizing him in her talons, bore him away. The astonished keeper watched the course she took, and, again loading his gun, he followed her. He found her in a fallow, and shot her while actually devouring the body of her mate, which she had stripped of every feather! So much for the ferocity of this bird.

Besides the owl and the kestrel, mice have a terrible enemy in the shape of the weasel. This little creature, only eight inches in length, is fierce, active, wary, and fond of blood. In its hunting it is most persevering, and bites very severely. It destroys very many mice, especially as it does not eat the flesh, but contents itself by sucking the blood and eating the brain.

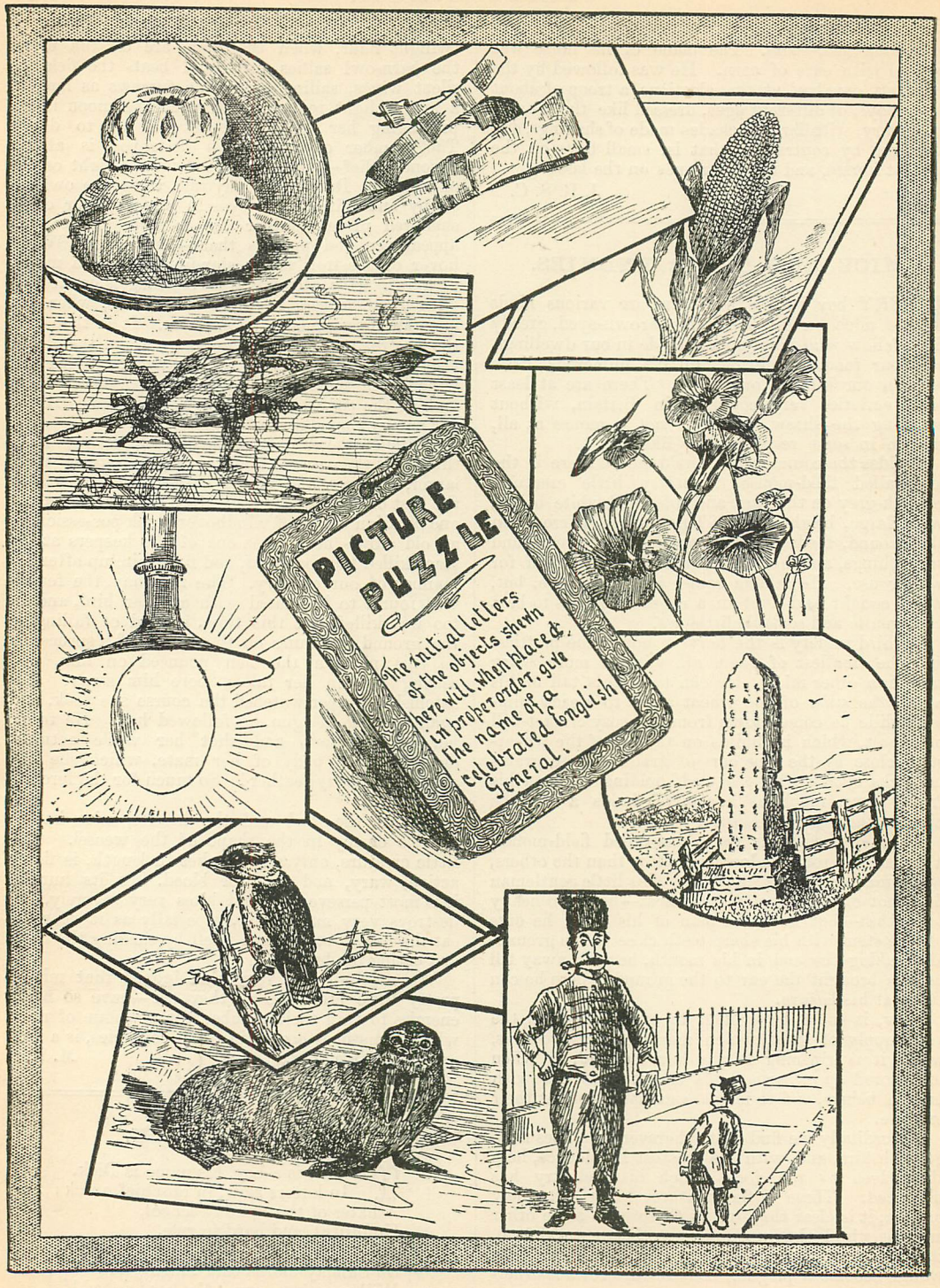
We may all feel very glad indeed that mice—pretty little creatures as they are—have so many enemies to thin their number, for a plague of mice, which sometimes occurs in some countries, is a very serious affair indeed.

M. K.

NAUGHTY DICK.

THERE is a boy, his name is Dick,
In letters slow, in mischief quick;
A hater of the Sunday school,
Undutiful, and hard to rule.

On Sunday morns this naughty lad
Will sometimes cry, 'My head *is* bad!'
Or the whole house will hear a roar,
'I've got a cold, my throat is sore!'



For Answers, see page 310.

"Dick must be dragged by force away,
And the strong arm prevail, to-day!"

When he comes down, half washed and drest,
His selfish hand must have the best;
He sulks if others get the most;
He quarrels o'er the buttered toast.

The hour of Sunday school draws nigh,
And Dick desires a rainy sky!
But, if the sun provoking shines,
His wit some other plan divines.

'The Teacher's ill,' he heard them say;
Or, 'He goes out this first of May;'
Or, 'There's a fever broken out;'
There'll be no school, he has no doubt.

But when his mother stops her ears,
Or lightly jests at Dicky's fears,
And won't believe he's ill or hoarse,
He's driven to his last resource.

To the kind coaxings of his aunt
The rebel mutters, 'No, I shan't!
I'll stop at home, I tell you now!'
And darker falls the sullen brow.

No fond caress, no kind appeal
Can melt that stubborn heart of steel;
Dick must be dragged by force away,
And the strong arm prevail, to-day!

But what will be our hero's fate,
If he should come to man's estate?
If boys are thus self-willed at ten,
What will they be when they are men?

A wise son makes his father glad;
The mother of a fool is sad;
A thankless child, in very truth,
Is sharper than a serpent's tooth!

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

40.—Transpositions.

Transpose the words of the following lines so as to make verses in praise of the beauties of nature. Each line is complete in itself.

Springing where are flow'rets,
Gaily birds singing and,
Nature where calling is,
Gay and blithesome so;
Dewdrops gleaming are where,
Is streaming where sunlight,
Are falling where shadows,
Let us come oh! stray.

Blushing the rose is red,
Streamlets rushing the are,
Are zephyrs dancing the,
Play in and frolic;
Music invites us where,
Delights us where beauty,
So entrancing joys 'mid,
Come oh! stray let us. C. C.

41.—Arithmetical Puzzles.

1. A pole is one-third of its length in the mud, one-fourth in the water, and 10 feet out of the water. What is its length?

2. What is that number whose square doubled will equal its cube?

3. A labourer was engaged to work thirty-six days at 2*s.* 6*d.* a day; every day he was idle he forfeited 1*s.* 6*d.* At the end of the time he received 2*l.* 18*s.* How many days had he been idle?

4. Divide 20*s.* into four different aliquot parts of a pound. This may be done three ways. C. C.

42.—Geographical Acrostic.

A watering-place on the south coast of England; near it a great battle was fought, in which the reigning king was defeated by a foreign invader.

1. A town in the North of England famed for its woollen manufactures, also a city in Nova Scotia.
2. An island in the English Channel famed for a fine breed of a very useful animal.
3. A large island in the Mediterranean, to the south of Italy, it contains a celebrated volcano.
4. A river in the north of England which separates the counties of Durham and Yorkshire, and falls into the German Ocean.
5. A river rising in Gloucester, which forms one of the tributaries of the Thames.
6. A kingdom, town, and bay of the same name in Italy.
7. A town in Kent situated on the Thames, in which are some buildings of great interest and utility, also a beautiful park.
8. A city in the south of England, containing a cathedral which has the highest spire in England.

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 310.]

ANSWERS.

37.—*Magazine.*

1. Name.	4. Game.	7. Gain.	9. Again.
2. Image.	5. Maine.	8. Maze.	10. Gaze.
3. Magi.	6. Mine.		

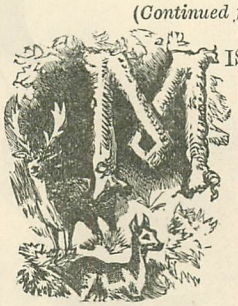
38.—*Newfoundland.*

1. Leaf.	4. Flodden.	7. Down.	10. Noun.
2. Aden.	5. Loud.	8. Wand.	11. Aland.
3. Deal.	6. Few.	9. Fowl.	12. Wound.

39.—1. Cat-kin. 2. Cur-tain. 3. Sea-son. 4. Cap-a-city.

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 283.)



'MISS FORESTER! do come to our church just this once.'

'Very well, dear; I will come "just this once." You know, Gwen, that I prefer the quiet little church on the hill, and, as Madame does not object, I usually go there. To-night, however, I really will come with you.'

Miss Forester playfully patted Gwen's flushed cheeks and smiled into her pleading eyes.

'Then I can introduce my brothers to you. I am so glad that I have prevailed on you at last!'

So saying, Gwen hurried off to get ready to attend the evening service at the old parish church, she being one of the few elder scholars to whom this privilege was allowed.

Madame de Mari, who presently appeared, equipped for the short walk, was almost as much pleased as Gwen had been at Miss Forester's willingness to accompany them.

'You are too retiring, my dear!' said she with a light tap upon the girl's shoulder. 'Nobody sees anything of you. Dr. Jack was saying the other day that you must be a myth, for even he—who is here so frequently—has never yet seen you.'

'Speaking of Dr. Jack,' she continued, as Gwen reappeared, 'when is he expected home, Gwen?'

'I do not know, Madame. We are hoping that he will return in time for Lady Brent's garden party. Margaret told me that he hoped to be with them at the end of this week, but that his movements are very uncertain.'

Madame did not pursue the subject, for the rest of the school party now entered, and the single bell warned them that they had no time to lose.

As it was, Madame's seat had been partially filled with strangers, and Gwen and Miss Forester, bringing up the rear, found themselves standing in the aisle. But the Squire invited them to his seat, and the next moment they were sandwiched between the Squire's nephews.

It is to be feared that Llewellyn listened more attentively to Miss Forester's clear voice joining in the last hymn, than to the sermon preceding it, which was long and rather dull. A sudden wish seized him to tell her how greatly he had enjoyed her singing, but an equally sudden and unexpected fit of shyness prevented his doing so when he got the chance.

Ernest was assailed by no such bashful qualms.

In the quiet 'God's Acre' which surrounded the church, Gwen performed the ceremony of introduction.

Then Ernest began at once, addressing Miss Forester:—'You have such a jolly voice, you know! I saw old Brent looking round to see where the sound came from. He isn't used to hearing anything but bassoons and tin kettles; as for Philip, he sings like a rasp!'

'Ernest!' exclaimed Gwen, reprovingly.

'Oh! you don't mind, do you, Miss Forester?' said Ernest, in his most coaxing tones. 'I knew you were the right sort as soon as you came up the aisle!'

'What remarkable powers you must possess!' remarked Miss Forester, smiling, and not in the least offended by his bluntness.

'Ah! you will soon find out how clever I am! I say, Miss Forester, do come with us next Wednesday! It is a half-holiday, you know; Meg, Pattie, Gwen, Harry Carson, Llew, and I, are going up the river. Do join us!'

'Oh, do!' besought Llewellyn, while Gwen looked the entreaty which she did not speak.

'Perhaps I will—if you are sure that I shall not be dreadfully in the way. On such occasions, a governess is generally regarded as "the skeleton at the feast."'

'Perish the thought!' exclaimed Ernest, theatrically; while Llewellyn said: 'Oh! but you are not like that. Of course, if you were prim and "stand-offish," and so on, we should not venture to ask you. Do come; it will be no end of a lark!'

'And Dr. Jack will feel more satisfied about us, if Pattie writes and tells him that you are coming on board,' put in Ernest. 'You are not afraid of the water, are you, Miss Forester?'

'Not a bit!' Miss Forester declared, again smiling into the eager boyish face; 'only you must promise not to play pranks with the boat, or splash us too much. I don't object to a few drops—in fact, I expect them—but don't treat us to a shower-bath!'

'Oh, we will behave! If you will only honour us, we will be perfectly angelic! Is that Madame in front? I shall enlist her sympathies in this matter. Good evening, Madame de Mari,' said Ernest, as they overtook the others; 'we are trying to persuade Miss Forester to go boating with us on Wednesday. Llewellyn and I are experienced oarsmen, so, of course, she will be safe.'

Ernest's mischievous eyes awoke a corresponding twinkle in Madame's. She had a liking for the lads, in spite of their pranks.

'It is high time that Miss Forester indulged in a little recreation,' said she. 'I hope she will consent to go with you. Of course, she will be perfectly safe under your protection!'

'Then that is settled!' remarked Llewellyn. 'Three o'clock—*prompt*—on Wednesday.'

Raising their hats, the two boys strolled off.

It would be hard to determine which member of the projected party looked forward most eagerly to Wednesday's excursion. Miss Forester was young enough to sympathise with the bright young life around her, and was, moreover, secretly hoping to improve this occasion by getting more into touch with her difficult pupil, Margaret.

Wednesday dawned clear and bright. In the warm afternoon, the dimpling river, with its shady banks, presented a most inviting appearance. Such, at all events, was the opinion of Miss Forester and her pupils, as they joined the three lads waiting in Greylands meadows. Ernest was arranging the boat for their reception.

'Hold her head steady, boys, while the ladies get in!' sang out Llewellyn. 'Now, Ernest, jump! Harry, get your oar out! Let me help you to your seat, Miss Forester! Are you comfortable, Meg? Now, isn't this jolly?'

'Spiffing!' assented Ernest, disregarding his sister's entreaty to avoid slang. 'In fact, it needs only one thing to make it perfect.'

'And that is——?' Miss Forester asked.

'Uncle Jack!' guessed Pattie.

'I wish the doctor could have been with us,' said Llewellyn. 'He is a splendid oar, and excellent company, too.'

Llewellyn was steering, and had chosen Miss Forester's seat for her, next his own. Margaret had chosen to sit at the opposite end of the boat, for she was more than ever jealous of her governess, whose praises the boys had been singing ever since Sunday.

'Dr. Jack appears to be a general favourite,' observed Miss Forester, in answer to Llewellyn's last remark.

'He deserves to be!' was the boy's reply; and then, somehow, almost before he realised what he was doing, he found himself confiding all his history to this new friend.

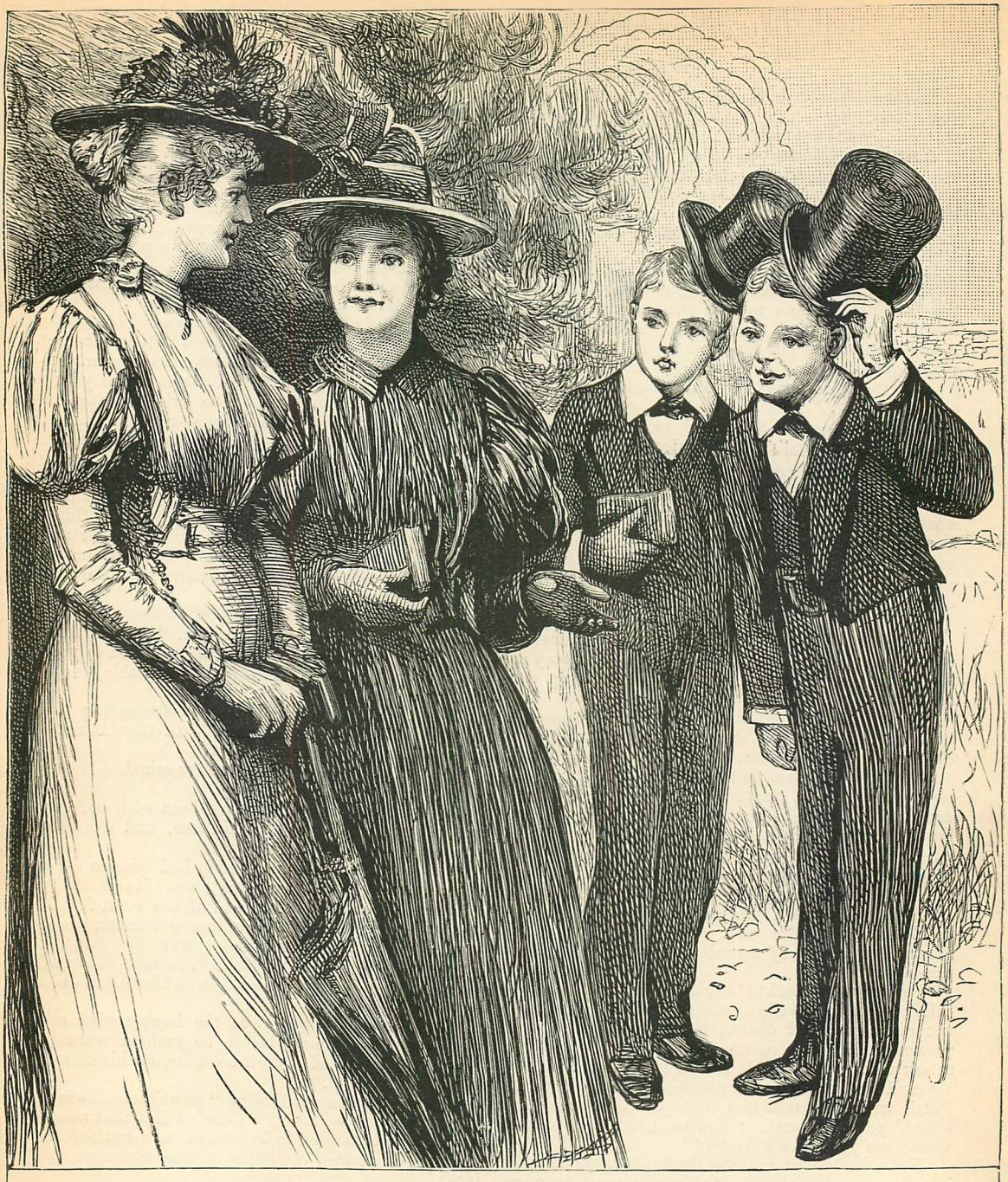
'He has been so good to us "troublesome twins," you know!' he went on. 'I don't think that auntie would have consented to let us live here but for his advice. Of course, you heard of that scrape we got into?'

'Of course I did *not*. I am a new-comer here; and who do you think would tell me, unless the recital would serve some good purpose? Not Gwen!'

'Oh, Gwen is a brick!' said her brother, heartily. 'Would it bore you to hear all about it?'

'No, indeed! I should like to hear all about it from *yourself*.'

'It was like this, you see,' began the boy, soberly.



The Squire's Nephews introduced to Miss Forester.

'Ernest and I are such harum-scarums, and we have had only Gwen to keep us straight. Nobody else ever seemed to care until Dr. Jack came home. Well, last term we were playing cricket, and—as bad luck would have it—our ball went over the school-yard wall, and into the garden of a painter who lived close by. He had warned us several times against sending it over, but, when you are playing cricket, you don't stop to think where the ball is going.'

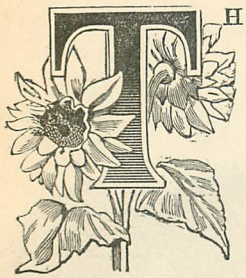
'I suppose not,' said Miss Forester.

'No,' said the boy, pleased with his listener's interest in his story; 'but this time it chanced to smash into the man's little greenhouse, and he vowed that he would keep it until we paid for the damage.'

(*Continued at page* 298.)

A Gallant Leap.

A GALLANT LEAP.



THE common brown bear inhabiting Europe and Asia measures about six feet in length, with just about two inches of tail, and coarse, shaggy hair. It eats all sorts of things, both animal and vegetable—roots, berries, ants, honey, fish—and when all these fail, it will catch, if it can, a smaller or weaker animal than itself, and make a meal of the carcase. In places where bears abound, the farmer must look well after his pigs, as Bruin is quite as fond of pork as any member of his household can be, and if a tremendous shrieking should be heard through the night in the farm-yard, it will be safe to conclude that a bear is making arrangements for his supper. The brown bear is a heavy-looking animal, and with a lumbering gait; but when it likes it can climb and swim very cleverly, and can also run well.

In the picture before us we see rather an exciting scene. A couple of hungry bears, mother and son, while leisurely pursuing their way over the snow-clad heights of one of those precipices which abound on the Alpine range of mountains, have started a stag, and have given chase to the fleet-footed creature. They both began a clumsy gallop in pursuit, but the stag soon saw its chance. A wide gorge in front was cleared at a bound, and the panting creature found itself safe among the tufts of heather and mountain grass, while the unfortunate mother bear, not being able to stop herself, went rolling to the foot of the gorge, carrying with her a shower of heavy stones which she had dislodged in her progress. Her son, however, has contrived to stick his claws in the very edge of the cliff, and with wide-open and horrified eyes is watching his mother's terrible fall. Poor fellow! she is gone for ever; he must now provide for his own future, and that may not be so easy. B. M.

THE WOODEN MARE.

THE punishment of riding the wooden mare was, in the days of King Charles, and long after, one of the many cruel modes of disciplining the soldiers. In front of the old Guard House, in the High Street of Edinburgh, a large horse of this kind was placed, on which now and then in those old times might be seen a soldier—a veteran—with a musket tied to each foot, mounted as a punishment for some small offence.

William Henry, the son of Queen Anne, was attended from his babyhood by Jenkin Lewis, an honest Welshman, and years afterwards this Lewis wrote the memoirs of the Prince's childish days. Amongst other things which he tells about the royal child is his liking for military games. It was not merely the gorgeous show of war that this little boy liked; he showed a taste for its discipline. As he was a prince he could do very much as he liked, so that one is not surprised to learn that he had a corps of twenty-two boys arrayed in paper caps and armed with wooden swords. These little soldiers were drilled, and in order the better to punish offences the young prince gave orders that a wooden horse should be kept in the Presence Chamber (the royal apartment). Upon this horse many a careless lad was obliged to sit for punishment.

Prince William Henry did not keep the wooden mare only for his soldiers. There were other offenders whom he made to take their seats upon it.

The Prince's tailor, Hughes, having made for his master a suit of clothes which were too tight, was condemned to the wooden horse. When the order was made known to the offending tailor, he begged the prince—and got others to beg him, too—that he would graciously forgive the misfit, and cancel his order.

At first the boy would not hear the petition; but after a time he was persuaded to listen, and in the end he let the unhappy tailor escape the punishment.

There was an attendant named Weatherly, who, thinking to please the prince, brought him a toy. Now, there is an age when boys of spirit refuse toys and take to top-hats and walking-sticks. His Highness thought that the time had come, when he reached his ninth year, that he should dispense with toys, or at any rate such toys as his loyal subject brought him. Indignant and scornful that the fellow should think him so childish, the prince ordered the well-meaning young man to be placed upon the wooden mare without a saddle, and with his face to the tail. Four servants of the household, upon whom the young man had often played tricks, were then called in and told that they might take their revenge by plying him with squirts, until he was wet through. Seeing how he was at the mercy of those upon whom he had so often practised his jokes, he submitted cheerfully to their inflictions, and laughed it off as bravely as he could.

This poor child, the heir of the British monarchy, died when he was eleven years old. He was a bright, intelligent, lively boy, with a good disposition, a kind heart, and a sunny temper. The punishments which he inflicted were always those which he thought to be just, and upon one or two occasions he sentenced himself to an hour or more upon the wooden mare, feeling that discipline must be maintained at any cost! JAMES CASSIDY.

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 296.)

IT was near the end of the term,' continued Llewellyn, 'and we were all played out as to cash and credit. We could not even stump up a new ball, although we called a committee. Our united efforts produced only ninepence halfpenny, which would neither provide a new ball nor pay our debt.

If the man kept his word, it meant no cricket for the rest of the fortnight, and the worst of it was that we were practising for a match with the Radford Grammar School, whose captain bragged that they would beat us left-handed.

'It was dreadfully galling! We explained the circumstances to the painter, and offered to pay him any amount after the holidays, but he still refused to give up the ball, and we one and all vowed vengeance upon him. Ernest and I watched our chance.

'It soon came. The man was employed to repair the pipes and spouts around the school-house, and to paint the dormitory windows. As he stood on a window-ledge in order to reach a leaden pipe, Ernest moved his ladder, while I stood inside the dormitory to warn him of his danger, and make terms with him. I see now that we ran an awful risk of killing him.'

'Yes; go on!' said Miss Forester.

'We knew that—except for us boys—that side of the house would be deserted for the rest of the evening, and we threatened to leave him there all night if he still objected to yield up the ball.

'After a lot of parleying he gave in and promised. I signalled to Ernest, and he was just replacing the ladder when up came the painter's wife with his tea or something. She saw we were up to mischief, and, thinking that we were just about to remove the ladder, she rushed forward and boxed Ernest's ears. He had not heard or seen her coming, and was so startled that he let go the ladder, which fell upon the woman. Ernest tried to stop it, but it caught her and broke her collar-bone. I opened the window and pulled the man in.

'Then there were "ructions." Dr. Bunson was furious, and came within an ace of expelling us. Gwen sent us two pounds for the woman, and uncle posted a ten-pound note yesterday to defray any further expenses. Of course we apologised, but we only meant to have a lark, you know, and our rights; we never intended any harm.'

'I believe that, Llewellyn!' said Miss Forester, heartily; 'but, when we don't stop to think, we *are* doing harm. "Evil is wrought by want of thought," almost as often as by wrong intention. But I did not mean to lecture you!'

'I can stand *your* preaching,' murmured Llewellyn, 'it is like Dr. Jack's. It does not hurt, because it is mixed with sympathy—like physic in sweets, you know!'

'And who won the match?'

'Why, *we* did! I mean our school, for the doctor would not let Ern and me play in it, although we were the best bowlers. That was part of our punishment. The Squire says it served us right, and that is the only severe thing he has said about the matter. Do you know, I used to think—until Dr. Jack put it right—that our uncle did not care much for us? But he has been so good! and I begin to see that he really is anxious for our welfare.'

'You can easily repay him, Llewellyn.'

'You mean that I can be his "right hand?" Yes! and I shall try not to disappoint him.'

'I hope you will succeed in your intentions this time,' said Miss Forester, with a smile; 'only remember, Llewellyn, that sort of success depends on a higher power than our own—a strength which we are told to seek you know how—and where. And now will you teach me how to steer? I, too, am quite open to instruction.'

From that day forward, Llewellyn would have done anything for Miss Forester that lay in his power. He was far more impressed by her low-toned, sympathetic words, and gentle, womanly influence, than by the longest lecture ever delivered by an angry tutor.

'Have you any brothers?' he inquired, presently.

'No; I have no relations living,' was the somewhat wistful answer. 'But why do you ask?'

'Because you seem so well used to boys and their ways, so—so jolly, don't you know! You never appear shocked at us; I am afraid we are dreadfully rough! Auntie says so, and yet you don't seem to mind.'

'I look below the surface, Llewellyn,' said Miss Forester, turning her eyes full on him, 'and I see two brave, honest—if thoughtless—boys, who, when they have put away mischief and play, will buckle to with a will, and do their part nobly in the world, who will yet be an honour to their friends and their own gallant little country.'

Llewellyn lifted grateful eyes to her, but found no words wherewith to reply.

'Let us have a song,' said Miss Forester; 'music sounds so sweet on the water!'

The suggestion was adopted at once, Meg alone declaring that the boys were out of tune, and the song chosen a stupid one, until Ernest asked her, in one of his very audible 'asides,' whether she had not got 'croup in her temper.' This remark, of course, did not improve matters.

The others were all agreed that this was the pleasantest afternoon they had ever spent on the water.

'You will come again, Miss Forester?' begged Llewellyn, as he helped the governess out of the boat. 'It will be better still when Dr. Jack returns; he will take us down the river next time.'

Miss Forester gave a little cry of vexation. 'My locket—it is gone! Oh, I hope it has not dropped into the water!'

Every one at once began to search, Ernest jumping back into the boat at the risk of breaking his legs, while Harry Carson waded ankle-deep along the bank where they had landed, to see if any low-growing bush or blade had caught the trinket.

'What is it like?' inquired Llewellyn, anxiously; 'I did not notice that you wore one.'

'It is very small,' answered Miss Forester, 'and was attached to my watch-chain. The ring which held it seems to have become loose. I would lose almost anything rather than that!'

'I have it!' shouted Ernest from the boat. 'It was under your seat.'

'Thank you so much!' said Miss Forester, as she eagerly took the little ornament. 'I have had such a pleasant time, thanks to all of you; it would have been a pity if anything had marred it!'

'And you will come again?' called out the boys, as they stood at the lodge gates, watching their lady friends depart for their respective homes. Miss

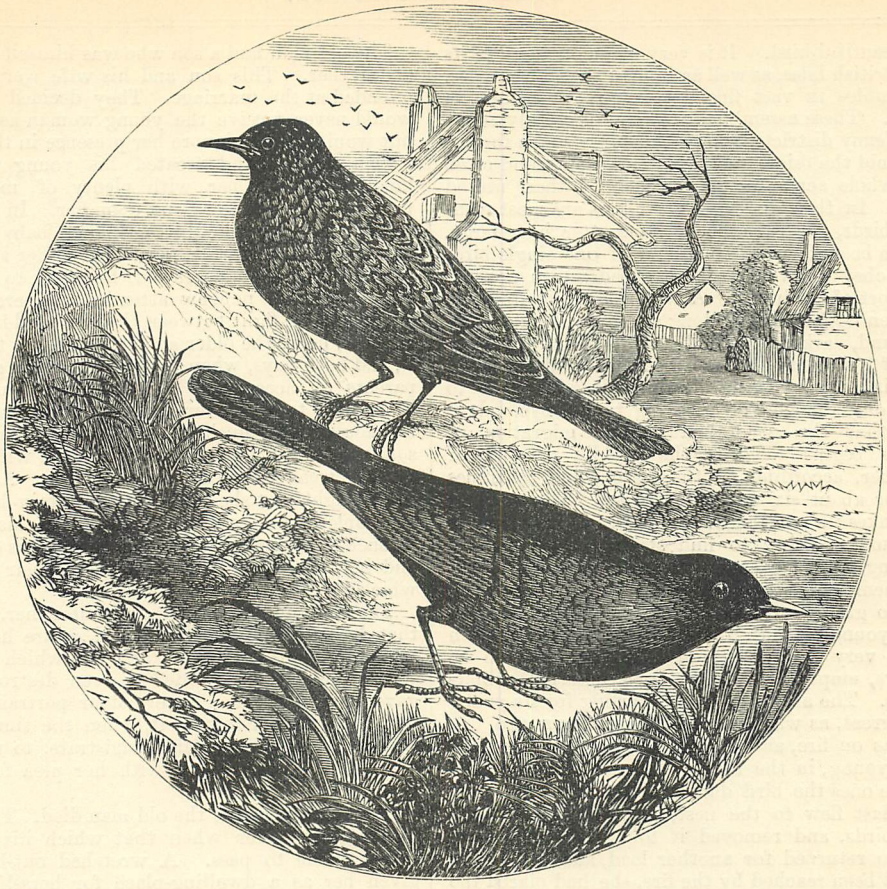
The Painter in an awkward fix.

Forester, however, would not commit herself by promises—she only smiled and waved her hand. Then she and Gwen made the best of their way to 'The Limes.'

'Do you know, Meg,' said Pattie to her sister that night, as they retired to rest, 'Ernest thinks Miss Forester quite beautiful?'

'I dare say!' sneered Margaret. 'She is all sugar to those boys, but she can be strict enough with *us!* I hate her!'

She tried not to care for the horrified look on her little sister's face as she continued: 'She has lured Gwen away from me; and as for Llewellyn, he follows her about like a dog or a slave! Much either of the boys cares for old friends when she is by—creeping into everybody's favour!'



The Blackbird and Starling.

'"*Creeping?*" Oh, Meg! how can you use such an odious expression about Miss Forester? Besides, I am sure that the boys were just as jolly as usual, until you were so disagreeable about the singing; and you know, Meg, that Llewellyn, being the eldest, was bound to do the honours of the boat—and Miss Forester is a stranger, and so much older than we are—and——'

'And my own sister turns against me at her bidding,' broke in Meg, bitterly; 'but I will be even with her yet!'

She cried herself to sleep that night, in her foolish ill-temper, nursing her sense of injury, and hugging to her breast the demon of jealousy.

Poor, poor Margaret! To souls such as hers life and God's love set hard lessons, until, through suffering sharp and sore, they learn to see and overcome their own faults.

(*Continued at page* 306.)

SWEET is the smile of home, the mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure,
Sweet all the joys that crown the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure. *Keble.*

THE BLACKBIRD AND STARLING.

THE Blackbird is one of the best known and best loved of our British songsters. It has its name, of course, from the black hue of its plumage, which is only relieved by the bright orange-coloured bill of the male bird. The song of this bird is very sweet and rich, and, alas! it often suffers for this gift by being kept within the bars of a cage, and forced to sing its wild native notes 'in a strange land.'

The blackbird commonly sings during the day, but there are times when it follows the example of the nightingale, and makes the night-echoes ring with its rich tones. It is curious that, even in its wild state, the blackbird is something of a mimic, and will imitate the voices of other birds with much skill, even teaching itself to crow like a cock and to cackle like a hen. The blackbird feeds mainly on insects, but it also has a great love of fruit; and, as all our young readers know well, it has great skill in picking out the best and ripest cherries, and other treasures of the garden and orchard.

The common Starling is one of the handsomest of our British birds, its bright, mottled plumage, its lively movements, and its elegant shape, making it a

truly beautiful bird. It is very common in all parts of the British Isles, as well as in many other countries. It assembles in vast flocks of many thousands in number. These assemblies are seen to best advantage in the fenny districts, where the birds couch for the night amid the osiers and water-side plants, and often crush whole acres to the ground by their united weight. In their flight the starlings are most wonderful birds, for each flock, no matter how large, seems to be under the command of one single bird, and to obey his voice with a speed which appears little short of a miracle. A whole cloud of starlings may often be seen flying along at a great height from the ground, darkening the sky as they pass overhead, when of a sudden the flock becomes hardly visible, every bird having turned itself on its side, so as to present only the edge of its wing to the eye. It is stated that the general autumnal migration of starlings begins towards the middle or end of September, according to the season, and continues daily for about six or eight weeks. The starling often makes its home near the houses of men, and it is a common thing to find starlings and pigeons occupying the same cote. In such cases the neighbours seem to be perfectly friendly, and there seem to be no grounds for saying that starlings kill and eat the young pigeons. The starling, however, often chooses very odd places for its home—such as chimneys, empty flower-pots, and deserted rabbit-burrows. The affection of the starling for its young is very great, as was thus shown some years ago. A barn was on fire, and a poor starling had her nest, full of young, in the thatch. As the flames neared her little ones the bird darted about in great terror, and at last flew to the nest, drew out one of the young birds, and removed it to a place of safety. She then returned for another load, and before her nest had been reached by the fire, she had placed the whole of her five little ones in safety.

The starling is easily tamed, and is a most amusing as well as a graceful pet. It can be taught to repeat words and phrases nearly as well as a parrot. Some ignorant and cruel people have a horrid custom of slitting the tongue of the starling, in order, as they think, to enable it to speak more plainly; but this is not only entirely useless, but it often causes the death of the poor bird.

THE SAGACIOUS MAGISTRATE.

A Chinese Tale.

ONE day, as a wealthy old widower was collecting rent on his farms, he met a young woman to whom he took a great fancy. Upon making inquiries, he found that she was an orphan who lived with her grandmother on his estate. He went to the grandmother, and, by presenting her with a gift of four hundred ounces of silver, he bought her consent to his marriage with the young woman. Although the girl was not altogether pleased with this arrangement, she had to put up with it, for she had no right of appeal against the decision of her only relative. Accordingly she was sent off in a sedan-chair to the bridegroom's residence.

The old man had a son who was himself a husband and father. This son and his wife were mightily offended at the marriage. They decided that they would never receive the young woman as a mother, but would utterly ignore her presence in the house.

The old husband treated his young wife very kindly, supplied her with plenty of money, and provided servants to attend upon her. In time, more especially after the birth of her baby boy, she became, in some degree, reconciled to her lot. When the boy was seven years old, he went to the same school that his nephew attended. There was one day a terrible fight between the two children. The nephew, being the older and stronger, got the best of it, and both boys, when they went home, gave their parents an account of the conflict. This led the little wife to think seriously about her position in the house. Her husband was weaker than his eldest son, she herself weaker than that son's wife, and her son was weaker than his own nephew. Alarmed at the thought that she could not maintain her rights, she implored her husband to dispose of his property in such a manner that, in the case of his death, she and her son might have a home of their own from which they could not be driven.

The old man did not greatly comfort her. Nothing that he could do, said he, could secure her against wrong after his death, and any will which he might write would be disregarded or even destroyed. He gave her, however, a water-colour portrait of himself, charging her to take it, when the time of need should come, to a certain magistrate, to whom she was to present it along with her plea for protection.

Shortly afterwards the old man died. The funeral was scarcely over when that which his wife had feared came to pass. A wretched out-house was given her as a dwelling-place for herself and her child, while all the remaining property was seized by the eldest son. Then the widow, obeying her husband's directions, took the picture to the magistrate with an appeal for aid.

This family and its affairs being very widely known, the magistrate felt that his reputation for sagacity was at stake. Having taken the picture, he sent the plaintiff home, then he sat down to consider the case. The deceased husband seemed not to have left any written will. The son was rich and strong; if the widow were to inhabit the same house with him, the Court could not prevent his ill-treatment of her, while if she lived elsewhere, he would probably refuse to support her.

So worried was the magistrate over this difficult case that he could neither eat nor sleep. He sat up late into the night gazing at the portrait, and asking himself what his old friend could have intended him to do. When his servant brought him refreshments, he took nothing but a cup of tea. Holding this in his hand, as he meditated, he let it slip, and the tea was spilled upon the picture. The paper, when wetted, became transparent, and letters were visible beneath the paint. The magistrate removed the outer layer of paper, and found underneath a folded document fixed to the cardboard on which the portrait was mounted. This document proved to be the last will and testament of the deceased. It con-

tained a full account of all that he had possessed, together with instructions how to find a hidden treasure and two thousand ounces of silver—the latter being bequeathed to the magistrate as a recompense for his trouble. The magistrate straightway learned the will off by heart, then he destroyed it, after which he sent a message to the old man's eldest son to the effect that he had an important message to give to him.

Upon the son's arrival, the magistrate offered him a seat on the divan beside himself. Then he rose as if to welcome another guest, although no other person was to be seen. He went through the actions of conducting a third person to the seat of honour, and he showed the new-comer every token of respect, both in word and gesture.

The old man's son thought that his host must have taken leave of his senses.

Presently the magistrate pretended to fall into a trance, and thus solemnly addressed his visitor:—'Son! after my death you drove away my wife, and seized my goods, giving nothing to my youngest son. You have sorely angered me. If you repent of your sin, and divide my property according to my wishes, it shall yet be well with you; but if you refuse to obey me, you shall never know where my most valuable possessions are hidden.'

The son told the magistrate that he must be under the influence of a demon, and that he should not pay any attention to his words. The magistrate said that his father's spirit sat upon the divan, but this the son declined to believe.

Then the magistrate said: 'Let us take a practical test. If the spirit informs me where the treasure is to be found, and we really discover the treasure in that place, that will prove me right in asserting that I am guided by your father.'

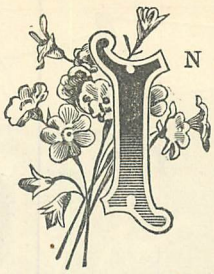
The son agreed to this. An assemblage was called of the neighbouring gentry, the village elders, and other officials, and the young widow with her child. The seat of honour was reserved for the invisible guest, whom the magistrate continued to treat as if he could see him. The entire case was stated, and an agreement was entered into between the two parties, the magistrate expressing to all present the words of the deceased. A compact was made before these witnesses that any treasure found in the place described by the spirit should belong to the widow and her son, with the exception of the two thousand ounces of silver which were to belong to the magistrate.

All these points being settled, the whole assemblage followed the magistrate, who—conversing with the spirit by the way—led them to the broken-down out-house of the widow. There, with picks and hoes, men were set to dig, and they soon dug up a treasure which made the little son much richer than his elder brother. The two thousand ounces of silver were also found, and duly handed over to the magistrate.

Henceforth, all the people, believing the widow and her son to be under the protection of the old man's spirit, treated them with the greatest respect. Nothing was wanting to their comfort. The boy became a successful candidate in the literary examinations, and held, eventually, a high office in the State.

E. D.

SOMETHING ABOUT SIGNALLING AT SEA.



IN the British Navy there is a corps of signalmen, rising in grade from boys to chief petty officers. They are selected from the most intelligent and best-educated lads in the training-ships, and go through a course of special instruction in their duties. The instruction is interesting, but close attention is necessary if a boy is to become proficient, and he is no good until he is proficient.

A system of naval signals such as is in use at the present time is not picked up in a few minutes, neither can it be acquired by spending an odd hour, now and again, upon it.

It comprises different methods of conveying orders or information to or from a ship in sight, or within hearing, but at a distance too great to permit of hailing—in other words, beyond the reach of the voice even when aided by the speaking-trumpet.

Signals are divided into classes, according to the instruments with which they are made. There are sight and sound signals; flag, semaphore, fixed lantern, flashing, firework, horn or steam-whistle, and gun signals; day, night, fog, and distant signals.

Signalling is not by any means a modern method of communicating. The signal codes of the ancients are believed to have been the result of much study. Generally some kind of flag was used. Shields were also displayed in a manner arranged beforehand. Some people believe that the reflected rays of the sun were flashed from these shields, as with the modern heliograph.

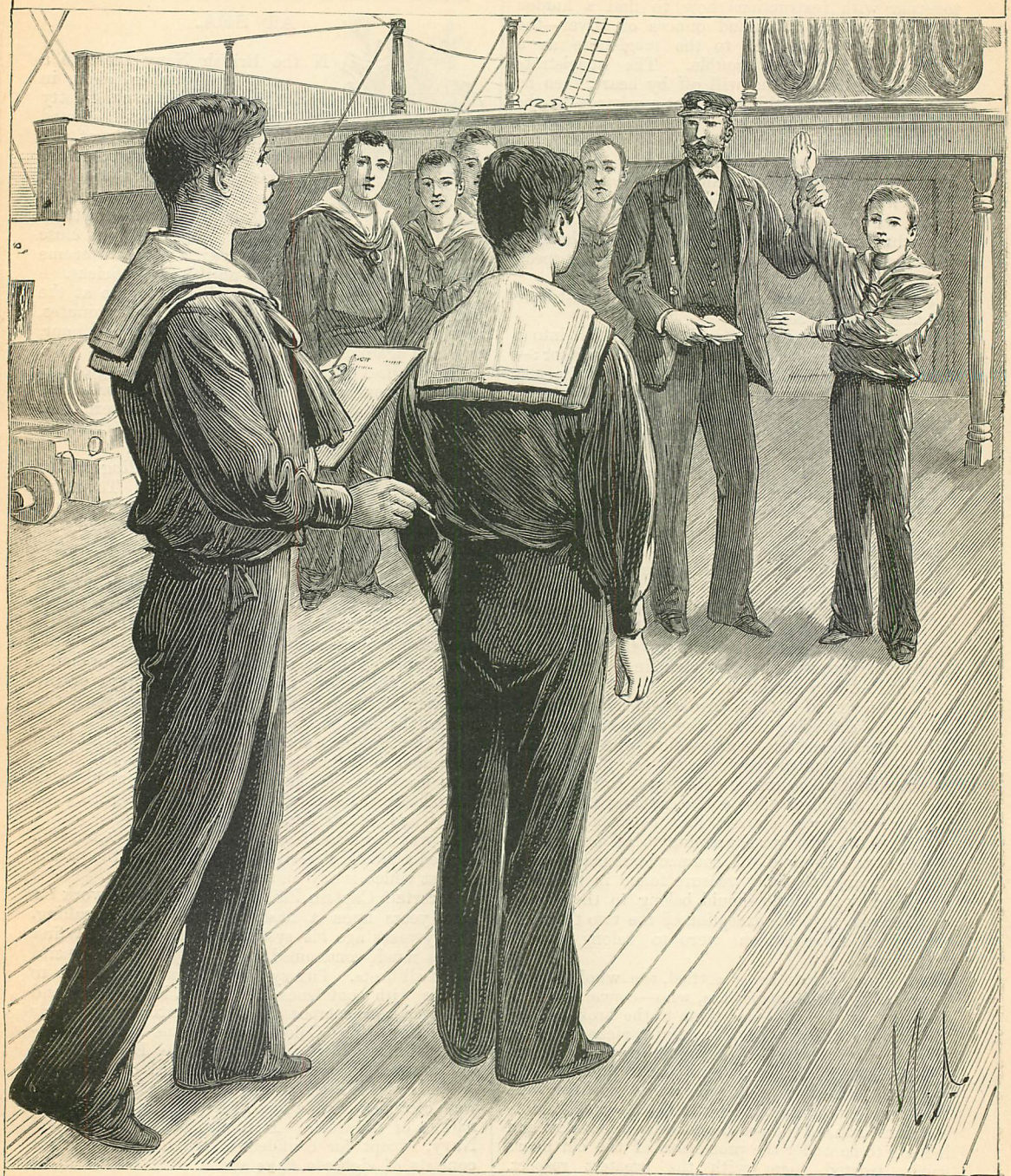
In the Middle Ages, flags, banners, and lanterns were used to distinguish particular squadrons. They were used, too, as they are at the present time, to call officers to the admiral, and to report sighting the enemy and getting into danger.

It was Admiral Kempenfelt who, in A.D 1780, devised a plan of flag-signalling which was the parent of that which is now in use.

A certain Captain Philip Colomb was at work for nine years upon a flashing system of signalling. Thirty years ago his system was adopted. At first it was much condemned, but to-day it is in general use in all fleets. This system has made it possible to handle with confidence and safety, in darkness and fog, squadrons composed of the gigantic armour-clads of the day. The Colomb system has not only contributed much to the efficiency of the British fleets, but it has also greatly reduced the risk of accidents.

In A.D. 1857, the International Code of Signals was compiled, and adopted by all the commercial nations of the world. It is also used in the Royal Navy, except for confidential signals. The system consists of eighteen flags and a code pennant. In using and interpreting the flags it is, of course, necessary to be in possession of the signal code-book, in which the meanings attached to the flags and combinations of the flags are printed.

J. C.



Instructions in Signalling.

"Ah! I'm a useless old woman now; I be a-nearing eighty-nine."

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 301.)

NOTHING was much talked about, for at least a week beforehand, but Lady Brent's party.

The merry-go-round was a settled thing; Philip Brent's new boat was to be launched on the auspicious occasion. Swinging, croquet, tennis, archery, riding, and fireworks were included in the programme of delights; to say nothing of such minor joys as prize-distribution, new dresses, goodies of every description, and a grand illumination of the park and river after nightfall.

The barometer and the most weather-wise farmers were consulted with the utmost anxiety, and the Squire, who had predicted a thunder-storm, was, to his own amusement, treated with coldness.

It wanted but two days to the long-looked-for *fête*. It was a sultry, cloudless day; even the school-girls, as they languidly wended their way home, did not linger as usual to discuss the party, but sought the shade of house or garden without loss of time.

The only exceptions were two girls who came slowly down the dusty road, past the lodge. Gwendoline Jones was going to the Grange, to try on the new dress which Mrs. Gascoigne had ordered for her. Her companion was Margaret Madyson. Pattie had been kept at home by a bad headache. The two friends were in earnest conversation—both looked flushed and troubled.

'But, Margaret——'

'Oh, it's all very well, Gwen! Of course you can go and tell if you want to, but I never thought you were a tell-tale, and you must remember that you only found it out by accident.'

'But, Meg, how can you be so underhanded? How can you think of such a mean action? I have always thought you a perfectly honourable girl.'

'How dare you address such words to me, Gwendoline Jones?' cried Margaret, with flaming cheeks.

'You deserve them,' said Gwen; 'you heard this morning how Miss Forester bewailed the loss of her locket, and yet you can carry it away and keep it! Oh, Meg!'

'Do you think *I* want the thing?' broke in Margaret, hotly. 'It is only for fun—I shall only keep it till to-morrow, just to frighten her.'

'For "fun!" For malice, you mean—for a worthless revenge which she does not deserve; and how then will you account for this?' asked Gwen, holding up the little locket in her hand. 'Oh, Meg! take it back at once; don't harbour this wicked thought any longer.'

'I won't be dictated to by you!' stormed Margaret, her evil temper thoroughly roused by the last words. 'I mean to pay her out for all her nastiness to me! Give it back to me, Gwen.'

'I believe my duty is to take it right back to its owner,' said Gwen, pausing before the lodge window. 'Dear Meg,' she pleaded, changing her tone, 'do take it back to Miss Forester at once.'

'I shall *not!* Give it to me, Gwen,' shouted Margaret, fairly carried away by passion. Seizing Gwen's hand, she jerked it violently backward. The locket flew from the girl's grasp, and fell—not as Margaret had intended, at Gwen's feet—but into a room of the lodge, for it had been jerked through the open window.

The two girls stood aghast.

'It was *your* fault,' broke out Meg. 'What is to be done now?'

'We must go and ask for it,' was Gwen's reply, and she led the way into the cottage, followed by Meg.

The little cripple was asleep on his couch; the old grandmother dozed in her arm-chair near the window. Neither had noticed the locket come in, and these two were the only occupants of the room. As the girls came in, Granny Wood, roused by their entrance, nodded and smiled. Gwen was well known to her, for the Squire's niece frequently visited her lame grandson, but Margaret rarely entered the cottages, and now stood awkwardly in the middle of the room, feeling that she dared not now mention the locket; her uneasy conscience made her fancy that every one would know that it was not hers, and that she would be branded as next door to a thief.

This feeling did not prevent her from looking carefully round the room, in hopes of discovering the lost treasure by stealth. Gwen, ashamed of her errand, hoped, for Meg's sake, that it would not be necessary to tell the whole story. So, when the old woman looked inquiringly from one to the other, Gwen asked, with her eyes also scanning the floor, 'How is Joey to-day?'

'About the same, miss, thank ye; the doctor do say there is no hope for him. Ah! it is a pity it can't be me instead of him, poor boy! but the Lord Almighty knows best, I reckon. Joey do miss Dr. Jack terrible, he do! Perhaps you know when he is expected back, miss?'

'No, I do not,' answered Gwen, with a sudden rush of tears to her eyes as she pictured the doctor's grieved displeasure if ever *this* circumstance became known to him.

'I believe it is under her foot,' said Margaret in a whisper, although she knew granny to be deaf. 'Couldn't we get her to move, somehow?' Raising her voice, and turning towards the old woman, she said, 'Will you kindly give us a drink of water? It is very hot to-day, and we are so thirsty.'

'Aye, missie, it *be* hot, and no mistake; you are welcome, I am sure. You will find a jug in the pantry, and a pan of cold water in the dairy yonder, if you will please to help yourselves. You will excuse me getting up, young ladies! I have got sciatica in my limbs that bad I can scarce move a bone. Ah! I'm a useless old woman now; I be a-nearing eighty-nine, and good for nothing hardly, but just to watch the child a bit.'

Margaret looked in despair at Gwen, as this device failed. For the sake of appearance, she moved forward to get the jug.

Just then there was a sound of wheels, and the beat of a horse's hoofs, too familiar to be mistaken.

'Dr. Jack!' exclaimed Gwen, breathlessly, after a hurried glance from the window; and both girls rushed out into the lane.

'Why, Uncle Jack!' was Margaret's greeting; 'we did not expect you home to-day.'

'Speak for yourself, my dear!' said the doctor, smiling, though there was a look of weary sadness about his lips and eyes; 'your mother expects me. I wired this morning—after you had started for school, I suppose—for Bonnie and William to meet me at the station. How hot you both look!'

At this innocent remark, the girls looked, if it were possible, hotter still. Gwen, murmuring something about being late, turned up the avenue. 'Get up, Meg!' said the doctor, and tell me all that has happened during my absence.'

His tone was kind. He was glad to see his young niece again, and to find her in Gwen's company, on—as he supposed—a charitable errand. For a moment Margaret was inclined to confess all. But in front of them, and within hearing, sat the coachman. It was impossible to tell the story just then, and thus it remained untold. For once, Meg took no interest in her uncle's talk. Her thoughts were busy with this problem: how to regain the lost locket.

'I shall see Gwen again to-night,' Dr. Jack remarked presently, 'for I am going to the Grange. Would you like to drive there with me?'

'Yes, please, uncle.' Margaret's heart leaped with sudden hope. She would persuade Gwen to go down to the lodge, to make inquiries there concerning the trinket which she was so anxious to find.

Wearily dragged the hours that afternoon. The school-rooms, although every window was thrown open, seemed stifling. The girls were languid and drowsy; and lessons which should have been interesting were irksome almost beyond the limit of endurance.

Miss Forester struggled bravely to merit the attention of her pupils, but her efforts were not crowned with their usual success. She was pale and nervous.

There was a light tap upon the door, and the parlour-maid entered, with a message for the governess.

'If you please, miss, Madame desires to speak with you in the library.'

Every girl in the room became suddenly wide-awake.

This interruption during lesson-time was a very unusual occurrence in Madame's well-ordered school. What had happened, or was about to happen? Of course it was something pleasant, and probably concerned Lady Brent's garden party.

Only Margaret and Gwen remained silent, and the face of the former was blanched with fear.

(*Continued at page* 314.)

THE BAKER AND THE CONJURER.

A Fable.

A BAKER and a Conjurer happened to be conversing together. 'Alas!' said the baker, 'if people take it into their heads to live without eating bread, I am undone.'

The conjurer said, 'Friend, I pity you sincerely, for if people do not like one of my tricks, I can easily show them a hundred more, and if you are ever reduced to poverty, apply to me, and I will supply your wants.'

Some time after, a war broke out. The baker sold a great quantity of bread to the soldiers, and managed to thrive pretty well. Not so the conjurer, however, for in spite of all his boasting that he could eat fire and swallow swords, no one would come to his entertainments, and at last he was obliged to beg of the very baker whom he had despised.

MORAL: It is a bad plan to have too many irons in the fire, and one good fixed employment is better than ten uncertain ways of getting a living.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

THE COW AND THE ASS.

BESIDE a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear, one might see the white pebbles below;
To this cooling brook the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppress'd by the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had done,
And standing quite still, stooping over the stream,
Was musing perhaps: or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,
Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass:
'How d'ye do?' said the cow; 'How d'ye do?' said the ass.

'Take a seat,' said the cow, gently waving her hand;
'By no means, dear madam,' said he, 'while you stand.'
Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
'Ma'am, your health,' said the ass; 'Thank you, sir,' said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been passed,
They laid themselves down on the herbage at last;
And waiting politely (as gentlemen must),
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

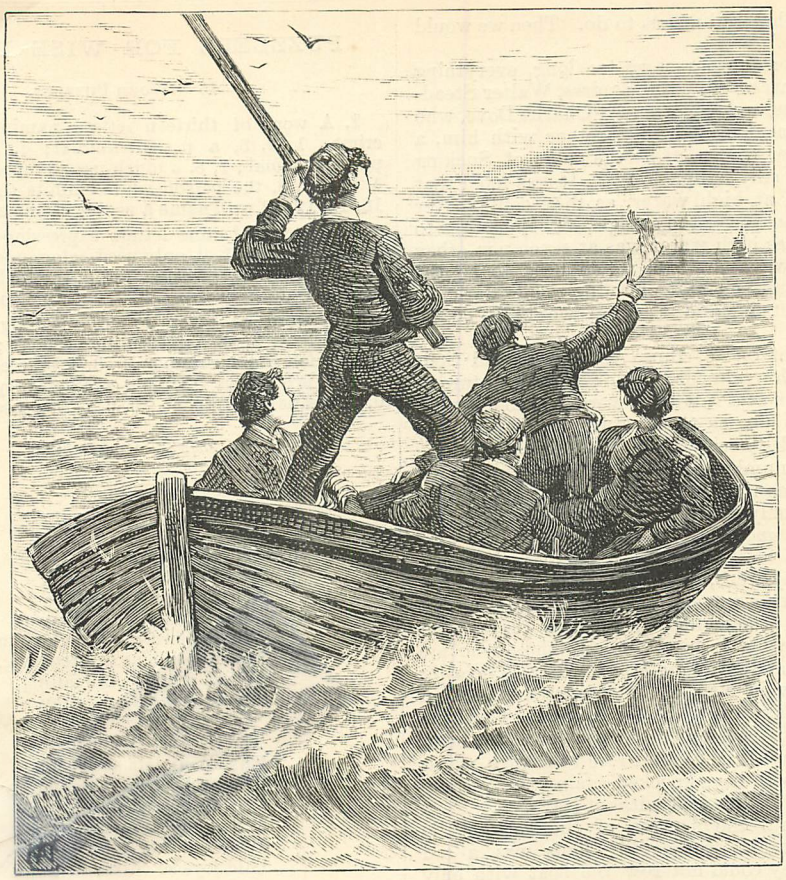
Then, with a deep sigh, she directly began,
'Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man?
'Tis a subject which lies with a weight on my mind:
We really are greatly oppressed by mankind.

'Pray what is the reason (I see none at all)
That I always must go when Jane chooses to call?
Whatever I'm doing ('tis certainly hard)
I'm forced to leave off, to be milked in the yard.

"'How d'ye do?' said the cow.—'How d'ye do?' said the ass."

'I've no will of my own, but must do as they please,
And give them my milk to make butter and cheese;
Sometimes I endeavour to kick down the pail,
Or give her a box on the ear with my tail.'

'But, ma'am,' said the ass, 'not presuming to teach—
Oh, dear, I beg pardon—pray finish your speech;
Excuse my mistake,' said the complaisant swain,
'Go on, and I 'll not interrupt you again.'



"A passing steamer saw their signals of distress, and bore down upon them."

'Why, sir, I was just then about to observe,
Those hard-hearted tyrants no longer I'll serve;
But leave them for ever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese.'

Ass waited a moment, his answer to scan,
And then, 'Not presuming to teach,' he began,
'Permit me to say, since my thoughts you invite,
I always saw things in a different light.

'That you afford man an important supply,
No ass in his senses would ever deny:
But then, in return, 'tis but fair to allow,
They are of some service to you, Mistress Cow.

''Tis their pleasant meadow in which you repose,
And they find you a shelter from winterly snows.
For comforts like these, we're indebted to man;
And for him, in return, should do all that we can.'

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleased to be schooled in this way by an ass:
'Yet,' said she to herself, 'though he's not very bright,
I really believe that the fellow is right.'

A NIGHT IN THE 'MERMAID.'

THE boys were all in the playground, laughing, shouting, and amusing themselves, each after his own favourite fashion, when one boy named Walter Steadman beckoned to a lad of his own age, linked his arm into his, and drew him to a quiet corner of the playground.

'Tom,' he said, 'Bill Squires' father has gone to London for a fortnight. You know Mr. Squires has a boat—a real stunner it is. Well, Bill knows where the key of the boat-house is kept, and he means to have a grand sail in the *Mermaid*. He has asked me to go with him; of course I am going, it will be glorious fun. Now, would you like to go with us? I spoke to Bill about you, for you are a strong chap, and could handle an oar, I dare say.'

'Of course I can,' said Tom Joyce. 'Not that I've ever tried to row, but it looks easy enough; who is to be the fourth hand?'

'Well,' said Walter Steadman, 'that is not fixed yet; but mind, say nothing about it to the other chaps, for, if they were to let the cat out of the bag, the master might put a spoke in our wheel by telling

Mrs. Squires what Bill means to do. Then we would be all up a tree.'

Well, not to make our story too long, everything was at length arranged. Bill Squires, Walter Steadman, Tom Joyce, and a boy named Charlie Dove, who at the last moment brought his brother with him, a stupid youngster who went by the name of Sucking Dove, from his silly, stupid ways. It was fixed that they must sail at high water, as they could never drag the *Mermaid* over the shingle, if they had far to push her, and, as high water was at seven p.m., they all felt that two hours' sail would need to be the limit of their amusement, as by nine o'clock darkness would have set in, and the fun would be at an end.

Of course not one of those youngsters told their parents what they intended to do; it was Saturday afternoon, when as a rule they were free to do what they pleased so long as they returned home by ten o'clock. The *Mermaid* was shoved afloat, the young crew—five in number—got in. Bill Squires and Walter Steadman took the oars—all the party regretting that only one pair of oars could be found—Tom Joyce undertook to steer, while the two Doves sat one on each side, to balance the boat. Away then they went, in the highest spirits, skimming over the tiny wavelets, and pulling straight out to sea, without the smallest idea where they meant to go. But rowing is hard work to those who are not used to it, and, after half an hour or so, Walter Steadman drew in his oar, and proposed that Tom Joyce should take his place for a spell. This Tom was glad to do; therefore he leaped across the boat, while at the same time Walter rose to change places with him, but both boys knocked against the Sucking Dove, who had left his seat without leave.

Dove fell into the bottom of the boat, while Walter's oar went overboard! This was a sad calamity, as they could not row the boat with only one oar. But worse was to happen. Night was drawing on, and a cold and clammy fog gathered round the boat, hiding everything from view, and leaving the boys drifting helplessly towards mid-ocean.

Things were now very serious indeed. They could hear the sound of a steamer at no great distance, and might be run down at any moment. They screamed and shouted, but no one seemed to hear. In this miserable state of suspense they remained all night, wet, cold, and wretched, while the dawn brought no deliverance; they were out of sight of land, drifting on the waves. After hours of suffering from cold and hunger, a passing steamer saw their signals of distress, and bore down upon them. She was the *Busy Bee* from New York to Liverpool, and much astonishment was felt by the passengers when the forlorn boys were brought upon deck, shivering with cold, starving of hunger, and one of them at least, the poor little Dove, weeping bitterly.

After reaching Liverpool, the boys were sent home by railway, where they found their friends in the greatest distress and anxiety. Years have passed away since then, the foolish lads are now men engaged in all the active duties of life, but none of them have ever forgotten that miserable night on the *Mermaid*.

B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

43 —Word Puzzles.

1. A word of thirteen letters naming a cowardly crime. 1, 2, 3, a patient animal; 4, 5, 6, another patient animal; 7, 8, a much-used preposition; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, the person who commits the crime; 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, will name a people of one country.

2. A word of nine letters expressing persons at a great distance. 1, 2, only used before one of five; 1, 2, 3, an exemplary insect; 3, 4, 5, the highest point; 5, 6, 7, a seed vessel; 6, 7, 8, 9, short poems.

3. A word of seven letters meaning a pagan, an idolater. 1, 2, is a masculine pronoun; 1, 2, 3, 4, is mostly felt in the summer; 2, 3, 4, is to consume; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a plant; 3, 4, is a common preposition; 4, 5, 6, 7, means at that time; 5, 6, 7, a domestic bird.

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 326.]

ANSWERS.

40.—Where flow'rets are springing,
And birds gaily singing,
Where nature is calling
So blithesome and gay;
Where dewdrops are gleaming,
Where sunlight is streaming,
Where shadows are falling,
Oh! come let us stray.

The red rose is blushing,
The streamlets are rushing,
The zephyrs are dancing,
In frolic and play;
Where music invites us,
Where beauty delights us,
'Mid joys so entrancing,
Oh! come let us stray.

41.—1. Twenty-four feet.
2. Two.
3. Eight days.
4. 1st method—10*s.*, 5*s.*, 4*s.*, 1*s.*
2nd ,, 10*s.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.* 4*d.*, 1*s.* 8*d.*
3rd ,, 10*s.*, 6*s.* 8*d.*, 2*s.*, 1*s.* 4*d.*

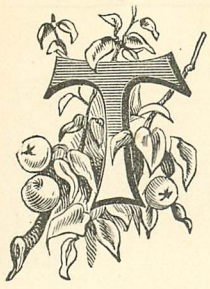
42.—*Hastings.*

1. Halifax.
2. Alderney.
3. Sicily.
4. Tees.
5. Isis.
6. Naples.
7. Greenwich.
8. Salisbury.

ANSWER TO PICTURE PUZZLE.

Walrus.
Electric light.
Laughing jackass.
Loaf.
Indian corn.
Nasturtium.
Giant.
Ties.
Obelisk.
Narwhal.

A STORY OF GALLOWAY SMUGGLERS.



THERE lived some years ago in Galloway a very zealous officer of Excise, whose duty it was to see that no goods, upon which there was a tax, were brought from other countries without the 'duty' being paid. He had, in fact, to keep a sharp look-out for smugglers. In those days it was a difficult and dangerous post to fill in such a district, for the reason that many of the goods taxed under Scotch law could be landed, duty free, in the Isle of Man, which, as you will see by looking at your map, is very near the coast of Galloway.

This gentleman, whom we will name Dexter, had a dauntless spirit. He determined that no weak fears should prevent him in doing the task entrusted to him by his country. His zeal became known alike to the smugglers and to the dealers in smuggled goods, who felt very angry that he should take so much trouble to defeat their plans. Several of the leaders vowed vengeance upon Mr. Dexter, and laid snares to entrap him.

One summer evening, after sunset, as he was riding in a lonely part of the country, he came suddenly upon a gang of the most desperate smugglers. They surrounded him and cautioned him that if he tried to escape it would go hard with him. 'Since we have met you,' said the fierce leader of the gang, 'you must spend the evening with us!' The officer saw that it would be useless to resist, so he asked leave to send a country lad to tell his wife and family that he should be detained later than he had expected.

The permission was granted, and in the presence of the smugglers he delivered the message. Of course, it was quite impossible for him to give the lad any secret sign, or say one word which would be likely to bring him deliverance. There was, it seemed to him, but little chance that the sharpness of the boy's observation, coupled with his wife's anxiety and affection, would avail to avert the danger. Besides, it was likely enough that his wife would believe the lad's errand, and so really think that he was quite safe with friends. If she should take this view of the case, and not be in any way alarmed, why, his message might do more harm than good by postponing all search after him till it would be useless!

He decided, however, to send the lad. The smugglers took him to one of their usual haunts. He sat down at table with them, and they began to drink and indulge themselves in coarse jokes. They did all that they could to engage him in a quarrel, but he wisely decided to receive their insults with good humour, so that they might not have the chance they sought. He managed so well for some time that there was no open quarrel. But he perfectly understood from their manner that they either intended to kill him outright, or else beat him so as almost to deprive him of life. It was the Sabbath, and, strangely enough, bad and ferocious as these men were, they would not work their cruelty upon the Sabbath-day. In the room was a clock. Eagerly the gang watched its hands; slowly but surely the hour was approaching when the Sabbath would be at an end, and they would work their will upon him. It was a time of terrible suspense.

Mr. Dexter was a prisoner in the centre of the room, and around him were his stern captors, muttering to each other words of terrible import. The clock ticked on, and no help appeared. Suddenly, just as the hands were upon the fateful hour, Mr. Dexter, who had been silently praying, heard a distant rustling like the wind among withered leaves. It came nearer, and resembled the sound of a brook in flood; nearer yet, and it was plainly the galloping of a party of horsemen.

When the lad had reached the house of Mrs. Dexter, she had questioned him upon the appearance of the men with whom her husband was seen, and, alarmed by his information, she at once applied to the neighbouring town for a party of dragoons. These arrived just in time to save the prisoner from extreme violence, if not from actual death!

The brave officer was promoted, and the smugglers were brought to justice. JAMES CASSIDY.

BARNARD CASTLE, DURHAM.

BARNARD CASTLE, in the county of Durham, stands upon a lofty bank upon the left side of the river Tees, its ruins almost hanging over the river. This once magnificent fortress of the twelfth century derives its name from its founder, Barnard Baliol, ancestor of John Baliol, king of Scotland, who was born in the Castle, and who, upon the death of the Maid of Norway, succeeded to the Scottish throne, under the patronage of Edward I.

Baliol's Tower, mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's poem, 'Rokeby,' is a round tower of great size situated at the western extremity of the building. It bears marks of great antiquity and strength, as well as of the severe handling which it has from time to time endured from successive combatants. The prospect from the top of this tower, of the wooded valley of the Tees, is very beautiful.

Barnard Castle often changed masters during the middle ages. Upon the forfeiture of the unfortunate John Baliol, Edward I. seized this fortress among the other English estates of his refractory vassal, and conferred it upon the Staffords of Buckingham; it was also for some time in the possession of the Bishops of Durham and sometimes in that of the Crown.

Richard III. is said to have enlarged and strengthened its fortifications, in order that he might suppress the Lancastrian faction in the northern counties. After many changes, it was leased to 'Car, earl of Somerset,' the guilty and unhappy favourite of James I. It was afterwards granted to Sir Henry Vane, the elder, and was therefore most likely occupied for the Parliament, whose interest during the civil war was so keenly espoused by the Vanes. The Castle is now the property of the Earl of Durham. D.

Barnard Castle, Durham.

"Where did you find my locket?"—"I can't say as I found it at all."

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 307.)

ENTERING the library, Miss Forester found awaiting her, not Madame alone, but also a shock-headed man, who had what he called 'a game eye,' and whom the governess instantly saw to be the Squire's gamekeeper and lame Joey's father. She looked in bewilderment from Madame to her strange visitor, then she uttered a little cry of delight as the man held up something between his fingers.

'My locket! I am so glad! Where did you get this?'

Madame did not accord her usually ready sympathy. Her face was stern and sad.

'This man has something to tell,' she said, with a wave of her hand towards the gamekeeper, who stood clumsily turning his hat about in his hands, as if undecided what to do with either it or himself. 'Sit down, my dear,' she added; 'you are tired, and this news is not exactly cheering.'

'Where did you find my locket?' asked Miss Forester, presently; 'I thought that I had lost it indoors.'

'Well, miss,' he began—the 'game eye' seeming to scan the ceiling, while the other tried to fix its gaze upon her—'I can't say as I found it at all, so to speak. It was in this way. My missus, when she come to sweep up the kitchen after dinner, picked that little twinklement off the floor.'

'But I do not understand,' said his puzzled listener. 'I only missed it this morning, and I have not been to see Joey for two days.'

'That is not all,' said Madame.

'Go on!' she ordered, again waving her hand in the direction of Mr. Mason, thereby greatly disconcerting the poor man, who, as he afterwards told his wife, 'got more flustered every time she spoke, till he couldn't tell lies from truth, in a manner of speaking.'

'Well, ma'am,' continued Mason, addressing himself to Madame in his confusion, 'my missus says, "Wherever can this have come from, and whose can it be?" And granny—that's her mother—she says, slow-like, "Perhaps it belongs to one of the young ladies as was in here to-day, asking for a drink of water," says she.'

'Which young ladies were they?' asked Madame, sharply.

'I shouldn't like to go for to say for certain; granny's eyesight not being what it was, her being turned eighty, but she did say——'

'Well! what?' asked Madame, sharply.

'She did go for to mention the Squire's niece, as do often call in to ask after Joey,' said Mr. Mason, mopping his hot face with a large red handkerchief, which at intervals entirely hid it from view. 'Likewise the—the doctor's niece.'

'Which one?'

'I don't rightly know the young ladies' names myself,' went on the man, unwillingly, his eye roving uneasily around the room, but granny said—though her eyesight be that bad——'

Here a stamp of Madame's foot caused him to add hastily, 'the one with the long curls.'

'Margaret!' exclaimed both his listeners.

'And so you thought it belonged to Miss Margaret Madyson?' observed Miss Forester kindly, trying to help the man out.

'Why, no, ma'am—that is, miss—I be a-coming to that. When granny said whose she thought it was, our little Joey said, sharp-like: "No, it's not! it's Miss Forester's. I've seen it hanging on her watch-chain," he says. He's that 'cute, ma'am—that is, miss. He says, "I've noticed it a many times, granny. It shines and sparkles so, when she sits in the sun, like her own eyes when she's a-laughing." Them were his very words, miss, and his last spoke reasonable, for he was took in a fit, less than an hour after, and I'm feared it's come for his end.'

'Oh, poor little Joey!' exclaimed Miss Forester. 'How sorry I am! But it may not be so bad as you suppose. It was the more kind of you to think of bringing back my property under such sad circumstances. Will you accept a small present for Joey?' and she drew out her purse.

'Wait a moment, my dear,' Madame said. 'There is more to tell. You have not yet heard how the locket came into the cottage.'

'My missus could have told the tale better nor me,' said the man, sadly; 'but she can't think of nothing but Joey: and Sarah, our lodger, please, ma'am, she is almost as much put about—she thinks that much of the poor lad already, and can't do enough for him. Well, asking your pardon for taking up so much of your time, Sarah says as how she see something chucked through the open window this noon.'

'This man's story sounds singular,' observed Madame de Mari, with pursed-up lips, and eyes fixed steadily upon Mr. Mason's face. She now addressed herself to that unhappy individual.

'How do you, or your "missus," or your Sarah—or whoever it may be—account for the locket being—what do you call it?—chucked through your open window?'

'There is no accounting—only one way—but Sarah do say——'

'Yes?'

'Sarah *did* say she believed she see Squire's niece chuck it behind her, she being in the garden at the time, near the hedge, getting a handful of peas to boil for Joey's dinner—and she see the locket—which she thought it was a button or something they was larking with—throwed backwards—and the young misses were a-squabbling—begging your pardon, ma'am, for mentioning it. Sarah, being in a hurry, couldn't stop just then, not knowing at the time where the thing had gone, and, when at last she come up, up draws the doctor, and so Sarah just walks in, and thinks no more about it till the locket was found. I was to have kept some on it back'—he ended blankly—'but I'm bothered if I know what it were!'

'That will do, my good man!' Madame said. Touching a bell, she gave the gamekeeper into the charge of a maid, saying to her: 'Take this man to the kitchen, and tell cook to put up a basket for him, with anything that she has suitable for an invalid.'

'Well!' exclaimed Madame, when the ladies were alone, 'it is a strange story.' The head of her young governess had sunk down upon the table, and her breast heaved.

'To think that it should be she, of all my pupils!' said Miss Forester, raising her eyes to the pitying face bent over her. 'Oh! how could she? How could she?'

'Do not judge poor Gwendoline too hastily,' pleaded Madame.

'Gwendoline!' Miss Forester sprang to her feet in surprise. 'Gwendoline! my staunch little friend! Do you think that I suspect *her* of having a hand in this affair?'

'By all accounts you can scarcely acquit her,' was the answer. 'How then? Is it Margaret—Dr. Jack's niece—whom you suspect?'

'Dr. Jack's niece,' assented Miss Forester, sadly. 'And yet surely she could not so lower herself as appearances seem to indicate! Surely there must be some explanation of the whole affair?'

'Surely there *shall* be!' was Madame's stern rejoinder; 'and that at once. My dear,' continued she, laying her hand upon the girl's shoulder, 'you have borne with Margaret Madyson for a long time in silence. Is it not so? Ah! I am not blind, or short-sighted'—here the little lady nodded her head shrewdly—'I have seen more than our troublesome Meg suspects. And you have been too proud to complain—too patient and brave to carry tales of wrong-doing and impertinences even to me. Yes, dear, I *will* praise you for once. You are one after my own heart, mademoiselle! Some of these naughty girls have forgotten the dignity of their own position and of yours—to lower the one is to degrade the other. They have trespassed on your forbearance, and taken, I fear, a mean advantage of your kindness. I will see to the very bottom of this business. Come!'

The girls of the upper form looked startled as Madame briskly entered their room and motioned Miss Forester to a seat. She herself remained standing, so as to command a view of every face. A deep hush fell upon all. Evidently something quite unusual was about to happen.

The silence was broken by a command from Madame—'Gwendoline Jones and Margaret Madyson, oblige me by standing up.'

(*Continued at page* 322.)

'DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.'

A GENTLEMAN of Oliver Cromwell's household had fallen in love with the Protector's youngest daughter. The young lady did not discourage him, and at length he proposed a secret marriage, as there was no hope of obtaining her father's consent.

A person, having discovered the secret, told Cromwell, who gave him orders to watch and to let him know the next time the gentleman and his daughter should be together. This happened on the following day, and Cromwell, being informed of it, entered suddenly his daughter's room, where he found the gentleman on his knees before her.

The Protector, in a fury, demanded an explanation of his conduct, and the other, with great presence of mind, replied, 'May it please your Highness, I have a great affection for your daughter's lady's-maid, but she refuses to give me her hand; so, thinking this young lady had great influence over her, I was soliciting that she would intercede for me.'

'Oh!' replied Cromwell, 'if that is the case, I will see what I can do for you.' And, calling the young woman, he said to her, 'Why do you refuse the honour of marrying Mr. White? He is my friend, and I insist that you give your consent.'

The young woman, who had no objection, blushed deeply, and Cromwell said, 'Ah! I see how it is—a little coquetry. Go, call me the chaplain.'

The chaplain came, and Cromwell ordered him at once to marry Mr. White and the lady's-maid. Mr. White was obliged to submit, or expose himself to the vengeance of Cromwell, who, however, to render the bride more attractive, gave her a portion of five hundred pounds.

THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.

A Fable.

THE Lady Ida lost a ring,
The gift of her dead brother:
Amongst her jewels rich and rare,
She had not such another.

The Lady Ida had a dog,
Once owned by her dead hero:
There was not, in his native land,
A finer dog than Nero.

He saw his mistress pine with grief;
He licked her ivory fingers,
And where the diamond should have shone,
His eye regretful lingers.

'I've lost it, Nero!—fetch it back;'
One look of recognition,
And from her presence forth he hied,
Intent upon his mission.

He sought the shadows of the lime,
Where late, amid the gloaming,
With bees and blossom overhead,
He saw his mistress roaming.

He sought through all her favourite haunts,
In all her garden bowers,
And where the plashing fountain shed
Sweet moisture on the flowers.

Alas! in vain was all his search,
In vain his fond endeavour;
No ring could he or smell or see,
By tree or fount or river.

Modes of Travelling in Ceylon.

At last hope triumphed o'er despair—
A happy thought possessed him:
He hastened to the poultry yard,
And to its lord addressed him.

Sir Cock heard out the piteous tale
With ill-concealed vexation;
For that a dog should thus intrude
Awoke his indignation.

'I have, sir, seen the thing you name;
You know I'm rather grubbish,
I thought some tit-bits I might find
Amongst the housemaid's rubbish.

'While scraping thus on yonder heap,
I saw a bauble glitter:
You'll find it, if you scrape like me,
Upon that heap of litter.

'But my amazement, let me say,
I scarce know how to stifle,
That such a noble beast as you
Can value such a trifle.

'I prize far more a grain of wheat,
Picked up amongst the stubble;
And some stray crumbs of meat, I think,
Would better pay your trouble.'

'I pardon you,' the dog replied,
'Though your remarks sound cruel;
I can't expect a bird like you
To value such a jewel.'

'All very well, Lord Newfoundland;
I'll speak, though I be undone;
Your dinner is far more to you
Than all the gems in London.'

'True,' said the noble beast again,
In stately tone and manner;
'I am not able quite to feel
The worth of such a treasure.

'I am a dog, and can but judge
As an inferior creature;
But yet I learn to prize the things
Prized by a higher nature.'

Just then he spied his lady's ring;
In trembling haste he sought her,
And at her much-loved feet he laid
The treasure he had brought her.

Her gentle hand caressed his head,
But ne'er a word was spoken;
The tears were brimming to her eyes,
And Nero knew the token.

'It is true,' he thought, 'I'm but a dog,
And have no wit nor learning;
But I see something in her face
Quite past a cock's discerning.'

THE INDIAN ZEBU.

DURING the Ceylonese Exhibition in London, the racing of some of these animals caused great amusement to the children. Two young Zebus, each harnessed to a very light car, went off at a tearing pace, each driver doing his best to keep his curious-looking steed in front of his rival, and though there was sometimes an upset, yet neither the driver nor his steed seemed to suffer any damage.

But now what kind of creatures are these zebus, and where do they come from? Well, the zebu is a kind of ox, which is common in India, China, Ceylon, and the Asiatic Islands in general. There are many varieties and they differ much in size, the largest being larger than our English oxen, and with a hump weighing upwards of fifty pounds, while the smaller kinds are not much larger than a fair-sized mastiff dog. The hump of the zebu is considered a great delicacy by the English residents in India. There are some varieties of this animal without horns, but most of them have short horns. The zebu is used in India both to carry burdens and to plough the ground, while handsome animals are frequently used for riding. It can easily travel from twenty to thirty miles a day, and is a very gentle and docile animal. The Brahminy, or sacred bulls of the Hindoo, are all of this kind of ox, and are always caressed and fed by the people.

The man riding on a bullock in the background of the picture is a typical and well-known figure to be seen everywhere in Ceylon. The one before us is supposed to be going to market. D. B. M.

THE SCHOOL-DAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIME MINISTERS.

VI.—VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

ON October 20th, A.D. 1784, there was born to the second Viscount Palmerston and his beautiful wife the baby-boy who was many years afterwards to become one of Her Majesty's Prime Ministers. This little child came of a good family. The Temples—Temple was his family name—were gentlemen as far back as the reign of King Henry VIII. We read that a certain Sir William Temple—one of his ancestors—was Private Secretary to Sir Philip Sidney, and afterwards to the unfortunate Earl of Essex, who, you may remember, was beheaded in the reign of Queen Bess.

Viscount Palmerston and his Lady gave to their little son the name of 'Henry John,' and it is as Henry or Harry that we shall write of him.

Henry's father was an accomplished and fashionable gentleman, a great lover of art. Henry's mother was very beautiful, and as good as she was beautiful. She was the Viscount's second wife. Like her husband, she was accomplished and agreeable, and blessed with a large share of 'common sense.'

The Viscount's artistic tastes took him to Italy, nor did he go alone—his wife and children went with him. It was in this beautiful country that Henry's early boyhood was passed. He always loved Italy, her people, and language, and took a deep interest in her welfare.

While in Italy, he made friends with a lad named Hare, who became in after-years one of the best-known gentlemen of his time.

As Harry grew older, his parents judged it well to send him to Harrow. But Hare remained at Bologna, in Italy. He did not, however, forget to write to his former companion. Here is one of his letters, followed by Harry's answer. The boys were about the same age—thirteen years—when the letters were written.

FRANCIS HARE TO HARRY TEMPLE.

'*Vale, Bologna, January 6th,* 1798.

'I hope, dear Harry, that you continue always well, and that you profit much at school both in Greek and Latin. I make you this wish, as I think it the very best that a true friend can make, and I think I ought to believe that you place me in this number. I hope you take no part in those vices which are common to a public school, such as I suppose Harrow, as swearing and getting drunk; but I imagine the son of a gentleman so well taught cannot partake in things like these. Pray give a kiss to each of your two amiable sisters, but particularly to Fanny, and tell her to write me a letter whenever you answer mine. I still persist in my opinion of never marrying, and I suppose you think the same, as you must have read, as well as myself, of the many faults and vices of women.

'Perhaps I at Bologna may have learnt more Greek than you, and that you at Harrow may know best how to fight with your fists; however, if you challenge me, I shall not hesitate to accept, for I remember I am an English boy, and will behave like a brave one.

'Pray salute for me Willie Ponsonby, whom you and I knew in Italy. Billy desires not to be forgotten by you. I have no more time for writing, so will only add that I will wait for your answer with impatience.

'I protest myself, with all my heart,

'Your most affectionate friend,

'FRANCIS GEORGE HARE.'

Here is Harry Temple's answer to his friend's letter. The reply seems to have been written about eleven weeks after Hare's letter, but then, as Temple had been ill in the meantime, he had an excuse for his delay. His letter is longer than Hare's, as you may see.

'*Harrow, March 29th,* 1798.

'DEAR HARE,—I am just recovered from the *meazles*, which, however, I have had very slightly, and am now very well. I am sincerely *oblidged* to you for your kind wish, and trust that I make as much progress as boys in my situation at school generally do. I have begun Homer's *Iliad*, which I did in that *beautifull* episode, in the fifth* book, I think, in which Andromache takes leave of Hector, when returning from the war to Troy to order a general supplication to Minerva. . . . .

'I suppose, however, that you have made considerable progress in your learning—more than is perhaps in my power; we having tasks regularly allotted for each day, as long as we stay in each form or class. I am now doing Cæsar, Terence, Ovid, Homer, Greek Testament, and a collection of Greek epigrams, and after the Easter holidays, which are now drawing near, I shall begin *Virgil, Horace*, and some more. I am perfectly of your opinion concerning drinking and swearing, which, though fashionable at present, I think extremely ungentlemanlike; as for getting drunk, I can find no pleasure in it. I am glad to see that, though educated in Italy, you have not forgot Old England.

'Your letter brings to my mind the pleasant time I spent in Italy, and makes me wish to revisit the country I am now reading so much about, and when I am sucking a sour orange, purchased by perhaps eight biochi, I think, with regret, upon those which I used to get in such plenty in Italy, and, when eating nasty things nicknamed sausages, envy you at Bologna, who, perhaps, now are feasting off some nice ones. I have begun to learn Spanish, and have also begun to read *Don Quixote* in the original, which, I can assure you, gave me no small pleasure. Mr. Gaetano, if you remember him, desires to be remembered to you. I can assure you I have by no means left off my Italian, but keep it up every holiday with Mr. Gaetano, who has published a new Italian Grammar, which has been very much approved of here in England. I cannot agree with you about marriage, though I should be by no means precipitate about my choice.

'Willy is come to Harrow, and sends his love to you. I send you no news, as I have none. Adieu.

'Believe me, ever your affectionate friend,

'HENRY TEMPLE.'

Amusing letters from school-lads of thirteen, are they not? At any rate, they prove that boys can think about other things than tops, kites, marbles, and sports, and that they can, and do, even consider such weighty questions as marriage.

Harry Temple was as good as his word, he was not hasty in his choice of a wife.

There can be no doubt as to the views of these two school-boys about drinking and swearing. There are, alas! many boys in public and private schools, as well as out of them, who jump to the conclusion that a vice, as long as it is held to be fashionable, is gentlemanlike. This fine English boy made an important distinction between the two qualities.

'The boy is father to the man' is a proverb which was especially true in the case of Viscount Palmerston, our Queen's Prime Minister. His biographer writes:—

'We find him with his English far from perfect, yet admiring a beautiful passage in Homer; keeping up his Italian in an English school; feeling a greater interest in Latin literature from his recollection of the spots to which it frequently refers; voluntarily learning Spanish; stating that he had not made up his mind about marriage, but that he regretted Italian oranges and Bologna sausages; ripening naturally into a man who would turn his attention to foreign affairs, admire classic oratory, prove industrious in office, speak a good deal without compromising himself, keep race-horses, have a good appetite, and be both gay and thoughtful, manly and refined.'

'I left Harrow,' writes Harry Temple in his autobiography, 'at sixteen, and went for three years to

* Really sixth book, line 116.

Edinburgh. I lived with Dugald Stewart, and attended the lectures at the University. In those three years I laid the foundation of whatever useful knowledge and habits of mind I possess. In A.D. 1803 I went to St. John's, Cambridge. . . . . It became necessary to learn more accurately at Cambridge what one had learned generally at Edinburgh. . . . . The habit of mind acquired by preparing for these exams. is highly useful.'

Harry Temple's father died when his son was eighteen years old, and his mother three years later.

Writing to his friend Sullivan, who was afterwards to become his brother-in-law, upon the loss of his mother, he says: 'Consolation is impossible; there are losses which nothing can repair, and griefs which time may fix and mellow, but can never obliterate. . . . . She was the model of every human excellence.'

'In public life,' writes one, 'Palmerston was genial, straightforward, and considerate, and in private life equally so. As an English country gentleman, he took a keen interest and a personal share in all rural pursuits and business, sports or meetings, farmers' dinners or agricultural shows. He took interest in village schools, where he sometimes himself examined the children; in labourers' teas, when he always had a cheery word ready, and friendly advice mingled with fun, as on one occasion when, handing to a man a prize of twenty-five shillings given for the tidiest couple, he added, 'Scripture says that a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but, in your case, you see, she is five crowns.'

Already we have carried the story of the life of Viscount Palmerston far beyond his school-days. It is only necessary to add that he died in A.D. 1865, aged eighty-one years, after having been twice Prime Minister.

JAMES CASSIDY.

THE SARUS CRANE.

—o—

YOU need not go to India to see the Sarus Crane. There are some very good specimens in the London Zoological Gardens. Before we chat about the antics of these birds at the Zoo, we will look up a few facts concerning the species.

The Sarus Crane of India differs from other varieties by having a longer beak, and by the absence of feathers from the head and neck, which are covered with many crimson warts, from which grow a few scanty black hairs.

The neck is whitish-grey. The rest of the plumage is blue-grey, except the tail-feathers, which are slate-coloured. When the birds are old, the long feathers become nearly white. The Sarus Crane is found only in India and Upper Burma, where it is always seen near to water. The common species of crane is more fond of a crowd than his relative, the Sarus Crane, which seldom cares to be accompanied by any other friend than his mate. Very much attached to his home is Mr. Sarus; nothing induces him to leave it unless it be a water-famine. He does not care for grain, as does the common crane. By nature the bird is tame and confiding, and so attached are the members of a pair, that on two occasions Mr. Hume has known the survivor pine away and die on the death of its mate. This gentleman, therefore, recommends the sportsman, if he must kill one of these beautiful birds, always to shoot the pair.

There are no less than sixteen kinds of cranes. Few of these are found in America, and not a single species in South America.

Naturalists tell us that by nature the crane is one of the most wary and discreet of birds. He is never off his guard, even when he is feeding, and where less thoughtful birds would feel perfectly secure. This wariness renders the crane an exceedingly difficult bird to shoot—the pity is that any one should wish to shoot so beautiful and harmless a creature. The flocks frequenting the sand-banks of the Indian rivers may be readily approached in a boat, to the passing of which they are indifferent. Cranes feed regularly in the early morning, and also at other times in the day, and at night; while the vast quantity of grain which a flock will consume renders their visits by no means welcome to the cultivator.

In sleeping, they always stand upon one leg, with the head and neck thrust in among the plumage of the back.

In the bogs of Lapland the crane breeds in vast numbers, the nest being made of small twigs intertwined with long sedgy grass, its diameter being about two feet and its depth several inches.

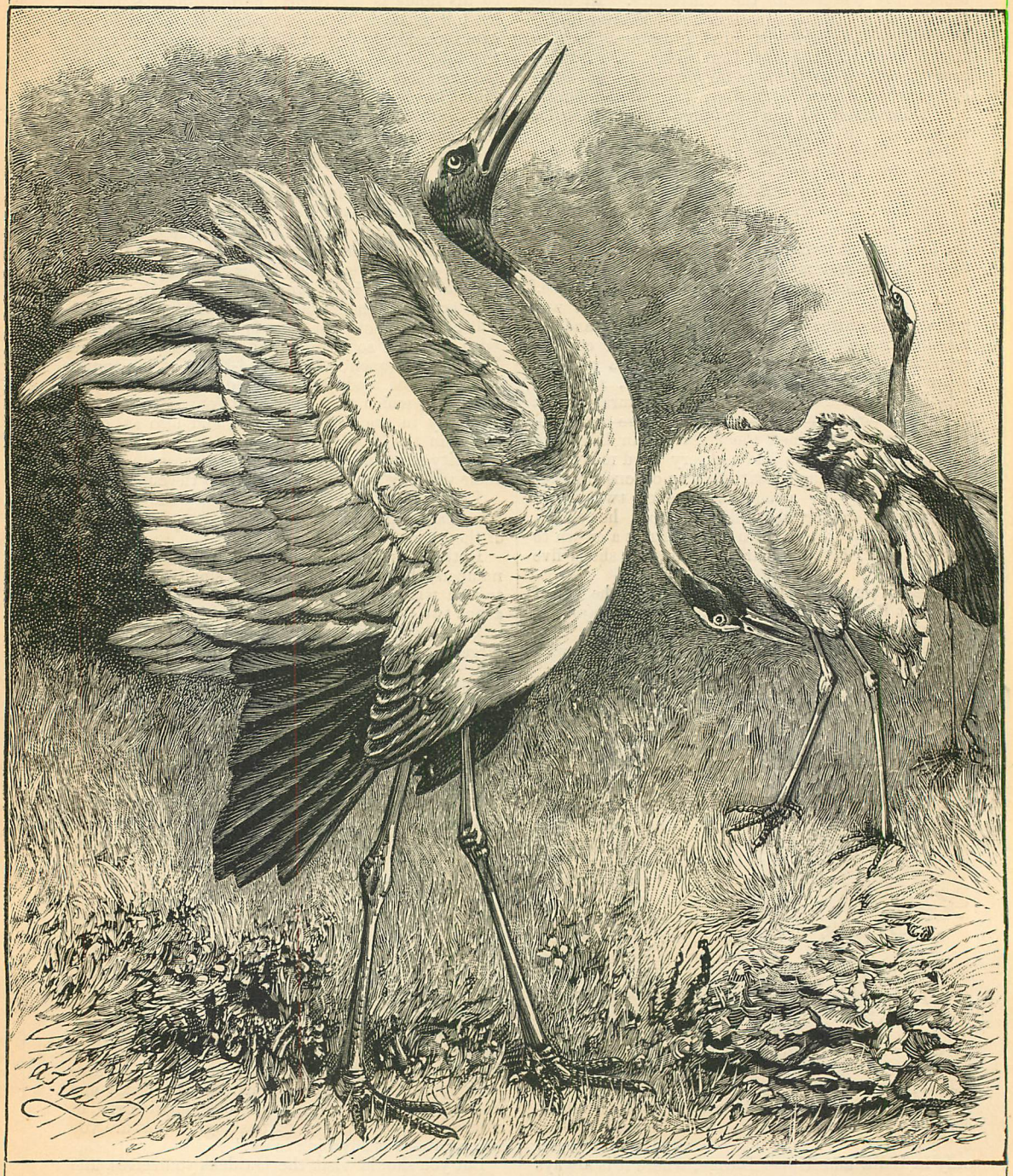
In the Zoological Gardens the Sarus Crane is the largest of its kind there. It is also the most powerful. When irritated, it attacks its tormentor by flying at him with extended wings and legs straight out. It inflicts dangerous wounds with its sharp claws. The Sarus Crane looks at its best when, with wings raised and head thrown back, it gives its peculiar cry, suggesting a call 'to arms' to all its comrades.

These birds are very quaint in their movements, and afford much amusement to observant visitors. Before the 'call' the male bird sidles round the female, and utters a low, reproachful note, not unlike a growl; then having satisfied himself that every attention is being paid him, he gives his 'call,' the female following suit. It is amusing to watch them as they walk round the enclosure, picking up straws or tufts of grass. These they throw into the air and catch again, as any boy might throw up a ball and catch it—only that, instead of hands, they use a beak.

A favourite attitude assumed by the Sarus Cranes in the Zoo is one in which they open their wings and draw them back, extending their long necks forwards and downwards. Suddenly raising their heads and standing perfectly still, they look inquiringly at admiring strangers, as though asking, 'What are you staring at—is it anything in us?'

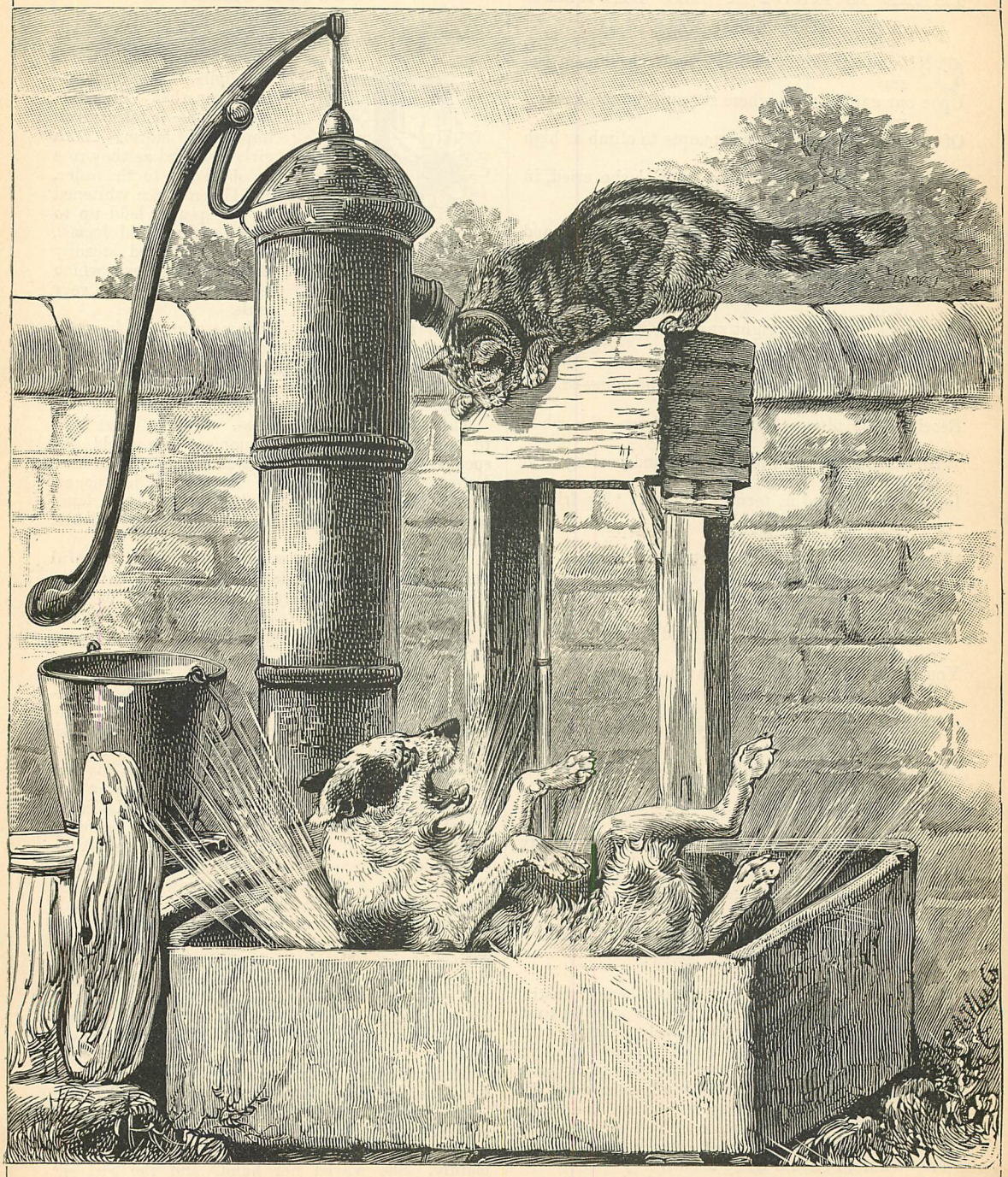
But you should visit the Gardens yourselves, and spend an early morning or evening observing them. You will be well repaid by such observation.

J. C.



The Sarus Crane.

A MORNING FROLIC.



"At length he took a flying leap, and landed on the wall ;
But Pussie cuffed him right and left, which caused a sad downfall."

THERE IS MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.

ONE day our pretty little puss sat basking in the sun
Upon our garden wall, where she enjoyed the screaming fun
Of watching Hector's vain attempts to climb as high as she;
'Once more, my friend—once more!' she cried, in great hilarity.

And Hector took her at her word, and tried and tried again,
Though every effort ended in discomfiture and pain.
At length he took a flying leap, and landed on the wall;
But pussie cuffed him right and left, which caused a sad downfall.

For, to his deep dismay and grief, the horse-trough down below
Received his plump and well-fed form—the while his feline foe
With blazing eyes and waving tail, and purring with delight,
Declared her mind in terms like these: 'My friend, it serves you right!

'This garden wall is mine, not yours—as you, my friend, well know;
And you must learn to keep your place, which is of course below.
I'm sorry for you, dear, but still, I'd have you bear in mind
You must not come to visit me, unless I'm so inclined.

'But don't distress yourself, my friend; the bath you so much dread
Will do you not a bit of harm!—it will cleanse you well instead;
Besides, it teaches you the fact that there is many a slip
Between the cup so longed for and the ever-greedy lip!'

D. B.

THE MASTIFF AND THE CURS.

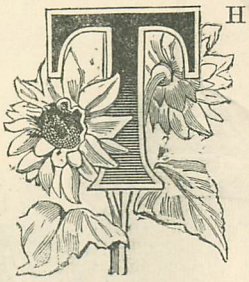
A Fable.

IT happened one day, as a stout and honest mastiff that guarded the village where he lived against thieves and robbers, was very gravely walking with one of his puppies by his side, all the little dogs in the street gathered about him and barked at him. The puppy was so enraged at this affront done to his sire that he asked him why he did not fall upon them and tear them to pieces. The sire, to this remark, answered, with great composure, 'If there were no curs, I should be no mastiff!'

MORAL: There is a natural dignity in great minds which makes them pass by with a total disregard the snarl of envy or the clamours of malice.

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 315.)



THE pupils knew by experience that Madame's severe tone betokened an impending storm. Both girls trembled as they rose in obedience to the order, and Gwen's face whitened as the speaker held up to view a tiny gold locket, while she gazed steadily at the pair with eyes which seemed to read their very souls.

After a short pause, Madame went on in slow, deliberate tones: 'Gwendoline—I ask you first because you are the elder—how long is it since this was in your possession? Think before replying.'

The silence was breathless. Gwen's heart beat to suffocation, and for a moment she could not speak. Even she, however, was not paler than Miss Forester, who was leaning forward in her eagerness to catch the answer. It came at last, in tones scarcely louder than a whisper: 'About two hours, Madame.'

'I thought we were sure of at least a truthful answer from you!' Madame remarked, with biting emphasis, although her eyes softened a little as they noted the trouble in Gwen's face. 'And now,' she continued, turning to Margaret, 'what do *you* know of this matter?'

'Nothing!'

Margaret had risen from her seat with the intention of confessing her fault, and taking the consequences; but, as she caught sight of Miss Forester's pale, expectant face, the girl's evil spirit whispered that her governess was hoping to hear her condemn herself. She could have bitten out her tongue the next instant for uttering the lie, as the thought flashed across her mind how seriously such a denial on her part would implicate Gwen. Her pride, however, would not allow her to recall the falsehood, so far along the downward path had her wicked temper led her!

Even in the midst of her self-contempt, Margaret took an evil pleasure in the sight of Miss Forester's pained face. Nothing, she believed, could more sorely hurt her governess than doubt of Gwen, and the thought of Gwen's pain was swallowed up in this satisfaction. Little dreamed Meg that she herself was the object of Miss Forester's grieved pity.

Madame's keen eye marked the look of incredulous horror which sprang into Gwen's eyes at Margaret's astounding answer. 'So!' she exclaimed, and, had she then and there branded Margaret as a liar, she could scarcely have expressed her opinion more plainly. She waved her hand, and the girl sat down.

'Margaret Madyson has nothing to tell,' said Madame, turning again to Gwen, and making Meg

feel unutterably small and mean; 'will you, therefore, kindly tell us all that you know?'

'I'm afraid that I cannot do so, Madame,' she faltered.

'Indeed!'

Gwen winced at the sarcastic tone.

'Perhaps you also know "nothing?"'

Gwen remained silent, her eyes pleading for mercy.

'Do you know anything?' asked Madame.

'Yes, Madame,' replied Gwen, in a very low voice.

'In whose possession was this trinket last?'

Gwen flashed one look at Margaret, then answered slowly, 'In mine, Madame.'

'You will not deny that it was flung into the lodge by—one of you?'

'No, Madame.'

'Then, if you were the last person in possession of the locket, your hand must have thrown it?'

Once more Gwen glanced an appeal at Margaret; surely she would speak out now! But there was no response from that mute figure.

Gwen kept a despairing silence. She had strong, if mistaken, ideas of school-girl honour, and, rather than betray her friend, she chose to lie under this horrible imputation.

Poor Gwen! If one drop had been needed to fill to overflowing her cup of bitterness, it was the heart-rending thought suggested by Miss Forester's now averted face and hidden eyes. Did she, too, doubt her?

The truth was, the governess's tender heart bled so painfully for her pupil that she could not bear to meet Gwen's piteous gaze.

'Then, Gwendoline Jones,' concluded Madame, 'we must consider you guilty of petty larceny, of dishonourable and deceitful conduct, and of some bad motive which we cannot at present fathom. I give you until to-morrow night: if by then you fail to confess—*I must expel you!*'

Madame de Mari spoke to Gwen, but her eyes were fixed on Margaret, and she waited for a few seconds after her speech. Margaret's silence, however, remained unbroken, and Madame declared the school dismissed. The girls trooped out, leaving Gwen still standing in the middle of the room, none daring to offer a word or even look of sympathy, although all really felt deeply for the suffering girl.

As Madame left the room, she turned to say, 'You may go to your room, Gwendoline,' and the girl moved slowly towards the door.

But Miss Forester, who had not gone with the others, laid a detaining hand upon her arm. 'My darling! my dear Gwen!' she exclaimed, 'don't look like that, my dear child! I can't bear it! I don't ask you to say a word, but listen to me. I know that you did not take my locket. I trust you fully, entirely, and I feel sure that all will come right. Dear Gwen! put your trust in God.'

By this time Gwen's arms were around her teacher's neck. For a while sobs choked her utterance, but, when she looked up at last, she was able to smile, in spite of the dreadful sentence of doom which had gone forth against her.

'It does not matter so much to me now,' she said, 'since you still believe in me! Oh, thank God, thank God!'

Gwen seized the hands that held hers so tenderly, and kissed them again and again in her passionate gratitude.

'I hear the tea-bell,' said Miss Forester, presently. 'I must go now, and so must you.'

Kissing the girl's hot cheeks and lips, she accompanied her as far as the staircase. Then, with a last whispered word of encouragement, Miss Forester passed on to the dining-room, whilst poor Gwen retreated to her room. There she sat sadly pondering; wondering how she was to explain this turn of events to her aunt and uncle; wondering why this black cloud had been permitted to overspread her life's sunny sky; wondering, above all, what Dr. Jack would say when he heard of it.

Then suddenly, like a ray of light, the words with which she had comforted the doctor returned to her: '*In the midst of trouble I will be with thee; oh, rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him.*' And Gwen, in all her loneliness and disgrace, was more to be envied than the wretched, conscience-stricken Margaret.

Dr. Jack did not know what to make of his elder niece that evening; her manner was so strange, and she showed such a very evident reluctance to go with him in his walk to the Grange.

'How languid you seem, child!' he said; 'has the heat overpowered you? Come, a walk in the evening air will benefit both you and Pattie; run off, both of you, and put on your hats!'

Meg dared not disobey, although at that moment she would almost have preferred facing the mouth of a loaded cannon to meeting the eyes of her injured friend.

She had been trying to persuade herself that it would not be necessary to reveal the truth. If she did so, she would most certainly be expelled, and Uncle Jack would never forgive her! After all, Gwen was leaving this term, so that the sentence of expulsion would not materially affect *her*. Every one thought that Gwen was the culprit; at any rate, nothing could be proved to the contrary, while Gwen herself, she knew, would be the last person likely to betray her.

Thus did Meg argue with her conscience. It would not do! The girl was by no means so hardened as to be anything but completely wretched. She knew all the time that the disgrace of her friend's sentence would well-nigh break that friend's heart, and that, whoever should forget this occurrence in the years to come, neither she nor Gwen herself could ever do so. No wonder that she shrank from meeting Gwen!

As the doctor and his nieces neared the lodge, a bright thought struck Meg.

'I am rather tired, uncle,' said she; 'suppose Pattie and I call here with these jellies which mother has sent for Joey, and stay with him a while? We will be ready by the time you return—may we?'

'If you prefer it, dear,' said her uncle. 'I don't want you to get knocked up before the party. I am afraid the heat really has been too much for you,

"It does not matter much to me now since you believe in me."

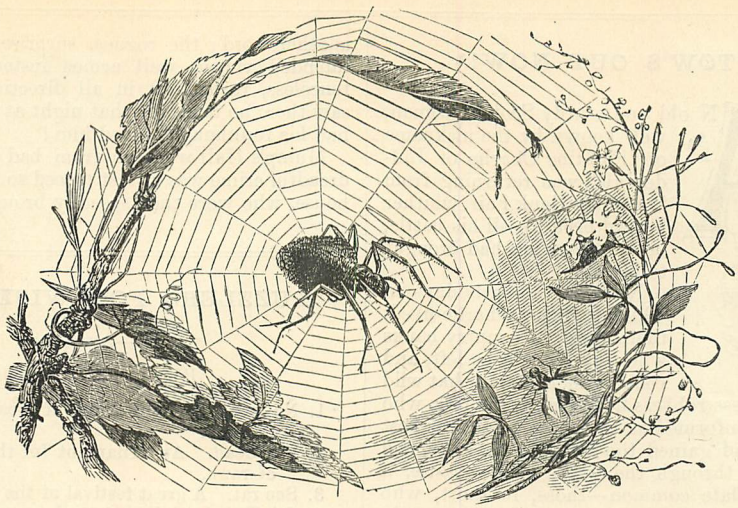
since you are not inclined to walk to the Grange, even to see Gwen. I shall have to pack you all off to the sea-side as soon as the holidays begin. Well, I shall not be long; sit in the garden if you find the cottage too close.'

'What are you crying for, Meg?' asked Pattie, when the doctor had gone on. 'Are you sorry for poor Joey?'

'Ye—es, but I'm tired too; don't bother me, Pattie.'

Meg dried her tears, and the sisters went into the cottage with the delicacies which their mother had packed up for Joey. Then strolling round the little garden—for Joey was asleep—they sat down in a rustic arbour, neither feeling much inclined to talk.

(*Continued at page* 330.)



"Ere the hour of noon was past,
The web was quite complete."

PERSEVERE.

A SPIDER on my garden wall,
Beside the walnut-tree,
All the sunny morning through
Was busy as could be.
Yet many a silver thread he spun
The wind as quickly broke,
And left him where he had begun
When first the morning woke.
But patient labour won at last
(It *never* knew defeat),
And ere the hour of noon was past,
The web was quite complete.

I knew a lad some years ago,
When *I* was young as well;
We went to school as others do,
To learn to write and spell.
But, when he failed (the boy I mean),
All coaxing was in vain,
He pushed aside his slate and cried,
'I'll *never* try again.'
Now, don't despair with frown and tear!
You can't succeed at once,
And he who will not persevere
Must *always* be a dunce.

JOHN LEA.

THE SUGAR MAPLE.

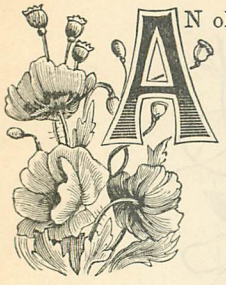
IN North America there are large forests of sugar maples, which cover vast tracts of uncultivated ground.

Every year in March a deep cut is made in the trunk of the tree, and out of this cut the sap flows into the vessel placed to receive it. At first this sap looks like water, very clear, without either colour or taste; after it has stood a day or two, it becomes sweet. When the sap has been flowing for a few days, it runs from the tree quite sweet, and at last becomes thick. The sap is collected and boiled down, then it is poured into moulds or shapes to harden.

When it is carefully boiled in glazed pots, the clear sap makes at once a sugar beautifully white, and, if refined in the usual manner, it becomes almost like the best loaf-sugar made from the sugar-cane. The drainage of the maple sugar is much prized, and eaten upon bread like treacle.

The Sugar Maple.

'THE TOW'S OUT NOW!'



AN old and sturdy Scotch yeoman, well known by the nickname of 'Fighting Charlie of Liddesdale,' was returning from Stagshaw Bank Fair, whither he had been to sell his cattle, or whatever he had brought to market.

Now, in the early days in which Fighting Charlie lived, there were no country banks where cash could be left, and robbers abounded in that wild borderland. These robbers had spies in the fair, who kept them well informed as to whose purse was best stocked, who had gained the most by his sales, and whose road lay through the waste of Bewcastle, a lonely and desolate common—those, in short, who were best worth robbing, and likely to be most easily robbed.

Midway between the fair and Liddesdale was a little inn, known as the 'Beggar's Hotel,' or 'Mump's Hall.' This inn had a very bad name, as many highwaymen hid there, after they had robbed the farmers on their way to and from the Cumberland fairs.

Charlie knew all about this, but as he was a stout-hear ed fellow, he put a pair of pistols into his belt, and called at Mump's Hall, where his horse could have a good feed of corn and a long rest.

The landlord was from home, but Meg, the landlady, tried to get her guest to remain all night, as she said it was ill passing the waste after dark. Now, this unusual kindness on the part of Meg caused Fighting Charlie to think. He came to the conclusion that her conduct was suspicious, and he declined to stay.

As he mounted his nag, he determined to examine his pistols. Might not the powder have become damp? It was no uncommon thing in those lawless days for travellers who tarried long at ale-houses such as Mump's Hall seems to have been, to find such tricks played upon them. He drew the charge, and what was his surprise to find neither powder nor ball! Each barrel had been carefully loaded with *tow*. He could not possibly have found this out without actually unloading. With a quiet chuckle he loaded his pistols very carefully, for it was quite plain that he was to be waylaid and assaulted.

He had gone but a little way through Bewcastle waste when a couple of men started from a moss-hag, and looking behind him he saw two other fellows following him. Charlie instantly made up his mind, and trotted up to the men in front, who shouted loudly to him to 'Stand and deliver!'

On spurred the bold yeoman, but again the highwaymen bade him stop, and yield up his money or his life. Fighting Charlie presented his pistol. A voice which he knew to belong to the landlord of the Beggar's Hotel said, 'What do we care for your pistols? They frighten us as little as would a tin whistle!'

'Ay, lad,' said the deep voice of Fighting Charlie, 'but the *tow's out now*.' He had no occasion to utter another word; the rogues, surprised at finding their intended victim well armed instead of being defenceless, rushed off in all directions, and Charlie saw them no more for that night at all events. Thus had his forethought saved him!

Mump's Hall went on from bad to worse, and a dreadful crime was at last traced to the people of the house, who were then speedily brought to justice.

J.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

44.—Anagrams.

Words with Definitions.

1. No ace. A light kind of boat, much used by Indians.
2. I'm dead. An ornament for the head, indicative of rank.
3. See rat. A great festival of the Christian Church.
4. O! Ted, send Y. A rock upon which a warning structure is built.
5. Steel men. Once counted as four, now numbering more than fifty.
6. Lower, F. A beautiful natural object.
7. Gray ran. A storehouse of a very valuable commodity.
8. Go for me, R. A royal residence in Berkshire.
9. Red pug won. A very dangerous compound.
10. I gat ye. Cheerfulness.
11. Go, be sorry E. A summer fruit.
12. Win less red. Very dreary.
13. Ten lap. A heavenly wanderer.
14. Cited. A public decree, usually set forth by a sovereign.
15. Cure fan. Containing great heat.
16. I can't fast. Whimsical, capricious, unreal.

C. C.

45.—Buried Names—Men.

1. Have you any silver? No, not even a threepenny piece.
2. You must make a few alterations in this letter before you send it.
3. I am going to have a new hot-house in my garden.
4. She has fallen down a whole flight of stairs and sprained her ankle badly.
5. If the weather should keep as cold as it now is, I do really think I must go to a warmer climate.
6. I think by her look and manner that she must be a person of rank.
7. Come to supper, Cyril and Agnes.
8. He is the most remarkable man of the age.
9. When the fisherman drew his net to land, lo! it was quite empty.
10. She is highly educated, and speaks several languages.
11. I think that a most unwise proceeding.
12. Look at little Jem at the window all by himself.

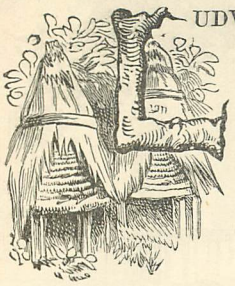
C. C.

[*Answers at page* 342.]

Answers.

43.—1. Assassination. Ass, ass, in, assassin, nation.
2. Antipodes. An, ant, tip, pod, odes.
3. Heathen. He, heat, eat, heath, at, then, hen.

THE MUSIC OF THE BROOK.



LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN did not enjoy, in his early years, many such delightful moments as that suggested by the picture. His boyhood's days offered a ceaseless grind of work. With the death of his grand old grandfather, which happened before the lad was three years old, the happy days of childhood ended. Ludwig's own father, Johann, was intemperate, and so was always in need of money, and had it not been for the grandfather, it would have fared even harder with Johann's family. The elder Ludwig's death was a bad thing for the family; it was a worse thing for his young namesake.

Johann, our hero's father, missing the help rendered by the old man in his need, turned his thoughts to the talents of his youngest son. He determined to make money by him. So it soon came about that, from the child's fourth year, his out-of-school hours were devoted to an endless round of violin and clavier practice.

A biographer of Beethoven thus writes:—'Recreation and healthy exercise, such as usually fell to the lot of less-gifted boys of his own age, were henceforth unknown to him. Tears and weariness, and, at length, something like hatred of the art he would otherwise have delighted in, were the natural consequences.' At first his father taught him himself, but soon he called in the help of a tenor singer in the Bonn Opera House, named Pfeiffer, who, it seems, was lodging in the same house; and so young Ludwig had two task-masters. We read of the pair coming home late at night from a drinking bout, and dragging the lad from his bed; of pianoforte practice prolonged to daybreak; of threats and punishments, and a general recklessness of treatment such as might easily have defeated its own object. Besides his pianoforte studies, Ludwig also received lessons on the violin, and on the organ, the court organist being his instructor.

When the musician was about eleven years old, he made a tour in Holland with his mother—an honest, kindly woman, whose memory was cherished throughout his life by her son with the tenderest affection. It seems to have been fairly successful.

Referring again to our illustration, we see the boy in one of his rare moments, when he lay listening to the music of the brook as it babbled by, and drinking in the sweet out-door symphonies he loved so well. In later years, when he was more his own master, he spent many hours alone with Nature. Every summer he left the city, and its hot streets, for the delicious wooded environs of some picturesque little village. 'To this,' his biographer tells us, 'he looked forward with the delight of a child. No man on earth,' he said, 'loves the country more. Woods, trees, and rocks give the response which man requires. Every tree seems to say, "Holy, holy, holy."' Here he was out out of doors for hours together, wandering in the woods, or sitting in the fork of a favourite lime-tree, sketch-book in hand. It was under such circumstances that most of his great works were sketched, and re-sketched, and erased, and re-written, and, by slow degrees, brought far on to perfection.

If we pass from his boyhood to his manhood, we find that his days were still full of trouble. He was often in difficulties with his lodgings. 'Sometimes he quarrelled with them because the sun did not shine into the rooms, and he loved the light; sometimes the landlord interfered.'

Beethoven was extremely fond of washing. In a letter written to the Countess Erdöz he stipulates, in accepting an invitation, for 'a little bathroom.' He would pour water backwards and forwards over his hands for a long time together, and if, at such times, a musical thought struck him and he became absorbed, he would go on until the whole floor was swimming, and the water had found its way through the ceiling into the room beneath.

There is a story told of him that he abandoned a lodging, for which he had paid heavily in advance, because his landlord insisted on taking off his hat to him whenever they met.

He had other difficulties besides those with his apartments. A servant who had once told him a falsehood was spoken of so severely by him that he said of her, 'She who can tell a lie is not pure of heart, and therefore cannot make good soup.' He punished his cook for the staleness of the eggs by throwing the whole batch of them, one by one, at her.

Here is a description, you may like to read, of a visit to Beethoven by Charles Czerny, who, when he was ten years old, was taken to see the great master. 'On a winter day we sallied forth—my father, Krumpholz, and I—from the Leopold Stradt, where we were still living, to the street called Tiefen Graben, and mounted to the fifth or sixth story, where a somewhat slatternly servant announced us and then disappeared. We entered a veritable desert of a room—papers and clothes scattered about—some trunks—bare walls—scarcely a chair except the rickety one before the piano. Six or eight persons were in the room. . . . . Beethoven was dressed in a dark grey jacket and trousers of some long-haired material, which reminded me of the description of Robinson Crusoe which I had been reading. The jet-black hair stood upright on his head. A beard, unshaven for several days, made still darker his naturally swarthy face. I noticed also, with a child's quick perception, that he had cotton-wool, which seemed to have been dipped in some yellow fluid, in both ears. . . . . His hands were covered with hair, and the fingers very broad, especially at the tips.'

Ludwig von Beethoven was a laborious worker, and he has left behind him so many printed works that their mere catalogue occupies several pages of close type.

As a man he was an unselfish, sincere, simple, and affectionate soul, ever ready to help every one, and to sympathise with the sorrows and joys of others.

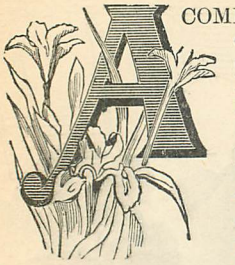
If you would like to know more about him read his Life by H. A. Rudall, and also that in Sir George Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*.

JAMES CASSIDY.

The Music of the Brook.

The Highland Brigade on the March.

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.



A COMPANY of Highland soldiers on the march, accompanied, of course, by the Sergeant Piper and his men, is a very inspiriting sight; the music, though rather ear-piercing to those not accustomed to it, being very attractive to the various inhabitants of a great city, more especially to those persons who are of the same social standing as the soldiers themselves. The writer of this remembers to have watched the passing of a Highland Brigade down the steep slopes of the Castle Hill, Edinburgh, on their way to Granton, where they were to embark for London on their way South. It was a heart-stirring sight, but withal a somewhat melancholy one, many of the men being accompanied by their female relatives, some of them weeping and clasping the disengaged hand of their dear one, while they whispered words of tender farewell.

One old woman was specially noted, whose trembling limbs could scarcely keep pace with the men as they tramped along, and whose sad eyes were ever and anon turned upon a sun-browned young fellow, who seemed afraid to look at his old mother lest he should lose a little of the manly composure which he was striving hard to maintain. The officer in charge was conveniently blind to many tender farewells, which passed between his men and the groups of sad-eyed women who walked along with them. Indeed, discipline was much relaxed, and very properly so; for these men would not all return to their native land, and who could tell which of them was destined to find a soldier's grave in the far-off land to which they were going?

Ah! war, which seems such a grand thing in the eyes of the young and inexperienced, is indeed one of the saddest necessities of this life, and makes one long for the time when we are told that men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn the trade of war no more.

The Highland Brigade has ever taken a worthy place in the annals of our country, particularly so during the Crimean war, when under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, one of the bravest soldiers and most skilful generals of modern times, it was chiefly instrumental in the splendid repulse of the Russians at Balaclava, as well as in the victory of the Alma.

D.

DEMOISELLES IN THE PUNJAB.

AMONGST those long-legged birds called Cranes there is one rather remarkable kind standing above three feet high, which owns the name of 'Demoiselle.' It is to be seen in Africa, in Asia, and sometimes appears about the east of Europe. The general colour of its plumage is greyish blue, the head being black and velvety, the bill black, but the ear-tufts white. Some of the inner tail-feathers are so dark and curly that Eastern chiefs are fond of putting them in their turbans. The demoiselle cranes frequent marshes, and feed on fish, reptiles, and insects; though sometimes they make a feast off young grain, much to the annoyance of the villagers.

If we want to see these birds in immense numbers we must go to the Punjab, where flocks of them arrive every September, and go away during the next April. They travel in parties of about forty, each led by one old bird, other old ones follow him, and the young birds come last. While they fly, the demoiselles utter a curious call; the old bird's cry sounds like *kran-kran*, and the young ones answer this with their shrill notes of *cheen-cheen!* Sportsmen, and natives too, catch the young cranes because they are nice eating; some are shot, and some are trapped by horsehair nooses placed along the river-banks which they visit. But the Punjabees have also a peculiar method of their own, by which they take many. It is with a line made by twisting strands of the moonja grass, which does not knot or tangle. A man has a long piece of this cord, and winds it loosely between his hand and elbow, having at the end of it some weight, such as a piece of iron or a stone. Then he hurls his line at the cranes when they are in flight, and often they are entangled by the neck or wings. If brought to the ground, a demoiselle screeches and pecks fiercely. Some of the rajahs have trained hawks which pursue and capture these birds, though much larger than they are. In one part of the Punjab there lived, many years ago, a rajah who ordered his people to protect cranes and kill none of them, because, he said, they are our guests, they have come to us from afar, and we should not molest them.

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 324.)

MEANWHILE Dr. Beresford, having reached the Grange, was in earnest conversation with the Squire, to whom his visit was paid on this occasion.

Their conference was soon over. In about half an hour, Dr. Jack was ready to retrace his steps: mindful of his waiting nieces, he declined Mr. Gascoigne's hearty invitation to stay to dinner. The boys were at Brentwood Hall, assisting with the arrangements for the all-important *fête;* for, ever since Llewellyn's happy suggestion of the roundabout, Lady Brent had chosen to consider, that without their help, the festive preparations would scarcely be complete.

Nobody seemed to know where Gwen was, although the doctor knew—through Meg—that she had been expected at the Grange that evening.

'I expect she has gone,' the Squire said, in answer to Dr. Jack's inquiry for his favourite. 'Madame,

for some reason or another, particularly wished her to return early to-night.'

But, as the doctor, on his homeward journey, turned a corner of the avenue, he caught sight of a fluttering figure at some distance in front of him. 'Gwen,' he called; and the girl stopped and waited for her friend to come up with her.

'I have been asking after you,' he said, as they shook hands, 'but nobody could tell me of your whereabouts. I am glad I caught you up, for I wanted to see you.'

'What success?' inquired Gwen, bravely laying aside her own trouble in order to sympathise with another's. 'Have you heard anything of Miss Dorothy?'

'Nothing; I went to Bond, the coachman, but neither he nor his wife had heard anything of her. I have been waiting about in London all this time to see Count Sorelli, who, I found, was expected home. Fortunately for me, he arrived yesterday—for I knew that I ought to be back here, as there is so much sickness in the district just now. But Count Sorelli is as ignorant of Dorothy's whereabouts as you or I. He was kind and polite, and gave me all the information in his power. It seems that he repeated his offer to Dorothy by letter, saying that, if she could reconsider her decision, he would postpone his trip to the Continent. But she declined to do so, and told him that she intended to earn her own living. Further than that, he knows nothing. So, Gwen, there is no lifting of the clouds as yet. I have to call here to see Joey,' he added presently as they reached the lodge; 'will you come in too? The girls are here, and we can all walk back together.'

But Gwen shrank back—the remembrance of her last visit to the cottage, and the consequences of that visit, was so very painful; and she dreaded lest any chance allusion to the matter should draw the doctor's questioning eyes upon her. Hastily excusing herself, she strolled down the garden, having promised to await the others there.

As she approached the arbour, she heard voices in low-toned but earnest conversation, one of which she recognised as Sarah's. She was about to retreat, when that lively person caught sight of and suddenly appealed to her. 'And here is Miss Jones, for sure!' she exclaimed. 'Now, miss, I'm just asking of Miss Madyson here to do right and justice. You know, miss,' solemnly turning towards Margaret, 'that you had a hand in it all; ay, and the biggest hand too, it seems to me! I saw the whole thing, but of course I thought as a young lady like yourself—to say nothing of being the niece of a Christian gentleman like the doctor—would have spoke up willing to have cleared a friend, though I can't for the life of me make out to this minute what brought you here with Miss Forester's property. It isn't many as she would trust that there locket to, I know; but when Mason come home—which it's no harm to call him a bungler, for one he is—I knew by what he said as he had told a deal too much, and yet too little. That sounds wrong, but it is not if you reason it out; for he kind of put Miss Gwen in fault as much as you—which was not fair, miss, and nobody knows it better than yourself. Now, Miss Margaret, you take a humble woman's advice, and go and confess the truth to Miss Forester—she won't be hard on you. It is bound to come out somehow. Madame, as is such a sharp one, she will ferret it out some time, mark my words, and then there will be the piper to pay, for sure!'

'What have you to confess, Margaret?' said a man's deep voice.

Having found Joey still asleep, Dr. Jack, after saying a few words to the mother, had come in search of his nieces. He had overheard the greater part of Sarah's speech.

Margaret sank down upon the seat from which she had risen at Gwen's coming, and covered her face with her hands, but did not speak.

'Gwendoline! what does this mean?' demanded the doctor.

But Gwen could not answer for her tears—tears which were flowing for Margaret's shame far more freely than they had flowed for her own trouble. Yet she had also a feeling of relief—a conviction that the worst would now soon be over, and that there would be no need for further deception.

'Pattie,' said Dr. Jack, turning to his younger niece, 'can *you* explain this to me?'

'No, uncle.'

'Then, Sarah, as somebody else's happiness besides Margaret's seems to be involved, I must appeal to you, although I would rather that my niece had herself confessed.' Gwen was turning away, but Dr. Jack, as he sat down, drew her close to his side. He listened attentively to the whole story, which Sarah, having no qualms about the matter, told to the best of her ability. 'Thank you, Sarah!' said the doctor, when she had finished; 'you have prevented the doing of a great wrong. Good night! Come, girls!'

The walk home was made in unbroken silence. At 'The Rookery' Dr. Jack dismissed his nieces, silently still. Then he took Gwen's hand, which he held in a strong, warm grasp as they two went on to 'The Limes.' Once the girl tried to speak—to utter some plea for Meg; but her friend's quiet 'Hush, dear!' though gentle, was final; and she was instantly silenced.

Dark clouds were gathering, obscuring the moon, and a fitful, sighing wind in the trees seemed to tell of coming rain. Except for this little breeze, the air was heavy and close.

At length the two reached 'The Limes.' For the first time, a walk with Dr. Jack had seemed to Gwen a long and weary one, and she was glad to obey his order, 'Go straight to bed, dear.'

This was said as they entered the house. 'I will explain to Madame,' added Dr. Jack, noticing the paleness of the tired face; 'I am going to have a long talk with her.'

Miss Forester, also wearied by the day's events, had already retired to her room, so that, when Dr. Beresford reached Madame's little parlour, he found her quite alone. Then followed a long and most earnest conversation, the result of which will be told in our next chapter.

Two hours later, Gwen, lying sleepless, in anxious doubt as to Dr. Jack's opinion of the whole affair, and Madame's judgment concerning it, was suddenly surprised by a light shining on her closed eyes.

"I'm just asking of Miss Madyson to do right and justice."

Somebody had entered very softly, and was bending over her. The next moment, Madame de Mari's lips touched her hot forehead, and Madame's voice, so changed, so gentle, that Gwen scarcely knew it, murmured pityingly, 'My poor dear! I was right in my reckoning — it was not you! You have suffered for another. But I never doubted you in my inmost heart!'

That night, the storm, which the Squire had foretold, broke in awful fury over the village of Brentwood, lasting fully three hours. When the doctor reached home, he was drenched to the skin, and on the following day, it was reported that Farmer Fain's hay had been swept away by the flooded river.

(*Continued at page* 342.)

The Redwing and Ring-ousel.

THE REDWING AND RING-OUSEL.

THE Redwing is a bird which is numerous throughout the greater portion of the British Isles. It is one of the finest songsters even among its own melodious group, rivalling the nightingale in the sweet tones of its rich voice. Sometimes it sings alone, seated on a favourite perch; but it prefers lifting up its voice in concert with its companions, and fills the air with its sweet sounds. Like the nightingale, it often sings after sunset. This bird is less of a fruit-eater than other birds of its kind, feeding mainly upon worms, slugs, and insects. In a long and severe winter, therefore, when the ground is frozen so hard that the bird's beak cannot penetrate its surface, the poor bird is in a sad plight, and has been known to die of sheer starvation. During the summer months the Redwing visits Norway, Sweden, and even Iceland; but returns to Britain during the month of October. Soon after their arrival, and also before their departure, these birds gather themselves into large numbers, and are then sadly persecuted by the fowler.

The name of Ring-ousel has been given to this bird on account of the broad white band around the lower portions of the throat, which is conspicuous in its contrast with the deep black-brown of the rest of the plumage. With the exception of this white band, its general plumage is very like that of the male blackbird, which it also resembles in size and general form. It is a very shy and wary bird, shunning cultivated grounds and human habitations, and withdrawing itself into the wildest and most hilly districts. It is a very lively and active bird. Its song is loud, clear, and deep, but contains very few notes. When alarmed, it utters a loud and hoarse screech, which seems to give warning of danger to every bird within hearing.

The Ring-ousel appears on its autumnal visit to Britain during September, and it remains there about a fortnight. It also comes in the spring-time, but generally remains only for a few days at that season of the year. The length of this bird is about eleven inches.

MANY HELPERS.

A very old Chinese story.

A POOR old woman went into a field to gather some dead grass for the fire, and had the good fortune to pick up a broken sugar-cane. 'Ah!' said she to herself, 'this will do for my little grand-daughter to suck.'

'Give it me!' snarled an angry voice close to her side; 'give it me, I tell you!'

Turning round in a fright, she saw an evil spirit in the form of a dirty pig. 'No, I will not,' she answered; 'I want it for my little grand-daughter.'

'If you will not give me the stick,' said the pig, 'then I will have your little grand-daughter, see if I don't!' And off he went, his curly tail wagging angrily.

When the old grandmother reached her little hut, she sat down on the step and cried. She feared the evil spirit very much, and did not know what to do to protect her child. An old woman pedler came by and asked what was the matter. When she heard the sad story she said, 'I wish I could help you, but I have only some needles left in my basket. I will give you a few of those if you like.'

So the old grandmother took the needles and stuck them into the door of her hut. Next there came along a man who had been to market to buy something for supper. And what do you think he had got? Some live crabs, tied to a string. 'Poor woman!' he said, on hearing her story, 'I wish I could help you. If you like I will give you these crabs.' Of course they were not refused, but were put into the large water-jar.

The crab-man had no sooner disappeared than a farmer came along, leading a bullock and carrying his plough, for in China they have a very old-fashioned instrument for turning up their fields. Again the old woman poured out her sad story. 'Dear, dear,' said the farmer, 'this is sad. I wish I could stay with you, but they would be wondering at home where I was. But though I cannot stay with you myself, I will leave my bullock with you for the night. He will be some company, and perhaps be able to protect you.' So before the farmer went away, he led his bullock into the hut, and tied it to the post of the bedstead.

A messenger was the next passer-by; when he heard the story he expressed the same sorrow and wished that he could stay. 'I will tell you, though, what I will do; I have not far to go with my message, I can walk the rest of the way, and will let you have my pony to keep you company.' In a minute or two the pony was tied to the other side of the bedstead facing the bullock.

The old grandmother could not have been very lonely, for she seemed to have a number of people to hear her tale of woe. By-and-by a well-digger came up. He thought that there was nothing whatever that he could do. 'If you had asked me to dig a well for you, I would have done that with pleasure.' 'Oh, then, do it!' said the old woman. And he did. You may think he dug it very quickly, but a well in China is only what we should call a big hole.

While the well was being dug a knife-grinder came up. There were two now to hear the woeful story. All who listened to it were moved to sympathy. 'Well, well,' exclaimed the grinder, 'I will leave my stone in your garden just to show that I would help you if I could.'

No sooner had the grinder been lost to sight than a man came along with a curious little animal which in China they call a snapping turtle, and this was also left in the old woman's cottage to keep her company.

She had still one more caller, another hawker, this time a man. His contribution consisted of a few sheets of paper, all that was left in his basket.

Night came on, the road was deserted; the old woman placed the sheets of paper over the mouth of the well, and then went to bed. She placed her little grand-daughter on the side of the bed away from the door. She tried to go to sleep, but she felt too nervous, in spite of all the companions she had got in the room. Presently there was a dreadful noise outside, and she knew that it was the pig that had come for her grand-daughter.

The pig, finding the door fastened, put his great nose against it, and pushing with all his might, managed to get the door opened. But the pig happened to push in the very spot where the woman had placed the needles, and didn't he squeal! As soon as he got in the room he saw the jar of water, and thinking to ease the pain of his nose, he sticks it down into the jar, and oh, something happened then, for the crabs with all their pinching fingers got hold of him. Startled and squealing with pain, the pig rushed towards the bed, when the bullock got hold of him and tossed him over to the pony, and the pony kicked him towards the turtle, and the turtle snapped at him dreadfully.

The pig, filled with agony, rushed into the garden, and seeing a dry, clean spot, went and sat there, hoping to rest awhile to ease his pain, when suddenly the spot beneath him collapsed, and he fell into the well. He tried to smother his alarm, but, in spite of all efforts, a bigger squeal than any of the former ones escaped him, and on hearing it out rushed the old grandmother and placed the grinder's stone on the mouth of the well.

This story has been told in China for centuries, and do you know what they teach by it? That, however small in itself, an act of kindness is never lost.

WELL-DRESSING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

ONE of the curious customs of our ancestors, which has now become almost a thing of the past, was that of dressing or decorating wells with flowers upon certain days. The origin of it is supposed to have been an old Pagan ceremony, brought to England by the Romans. Wells and springs were

adorned once a year (some think in October) as an honour to those nymphs which were believed to have power over running or rising water. A crown or wreath was placed above the well. Sometimes folk threw in flowers, and sprinkled perfumes around the place. Another reason why people formerly showed reverence to wells was that many of them were believed to have power over complaints and diseases. Hence it happened that 'holy well' was not an unusual name for a well or fountain, and Ascension Day or Holy Thursday was a favourite day for dressing the wells. On this day at Lichfield the Cathedral Choir goes round to the different wells, at each of which there is a short service.

The New River, which supplies water to many of the people who live on the north of London, has for one of its springs a well called St. Chad's Well, which is between Hertford and Ware, one that was formerly very famous. In Kensington Gardens, not far from the Palace, a well, known as St. Gova's Well, had at one time many pilgrims. So had Clement's Well, near St. Clement's Church, in the Strand, and many others now forgotten and dried up.

It was supposed that those who visited these wells had to make an offering, large or small, if they came to be cured. There was a well attached to Walsingham Church which was said to have wrought wonderful cures, but the monks told people that each pilgrim must cast in a piece of gold. With other wells it was believed that a small offering might be made. If a person was poor, he might throw in even such a trifling gift as a crooked pin!

The custom of well-flowering at Tissington, Derbyshire, gives us an instance of what used to be common in many places. There are five wells, and about them the villagers put wreaths and garlands, arranged in various devices. Early in the day, a service is held at the church, after which the procession goes to each well, where the epistle and gospel are read and hymns are sung.

It is true that a stream or fountain has always been an emblem of purity and goodness, so it is not a wonder that wells used to be honoured and even worshipped. For many years the folk of the West of England threw into the Severn, the Wye, and other rivers, thousands of the beautiful flowers of spring.

J. R. S. C.

THE LAPP AND HIS KATA.

TRAVELLING amongst the mountains and forests in the north of Norway and Sweden, one may light at any moment on a collection of Lapp Käta or tents, and such an encampment is very picturesque.

The tents, which stand grouped together under the snow-covered branches of the fir-trees, are cone-shaped, and made of a coarse woollen cloth, called Vadmal, supported by long staves of wood meeting at the top, and with an opening at the top, through which the smoke escapes from within, and which also serves as window and ventilator.

Beside the tents stand wooden racks with frozen rein-deer meat hanging from them, or skins of frozen milk; little boat-shaped sledges lie about here and there, and hunting weapons and snow-shoes are propped up against the trunks of the trees, while the children and dogs keep up a perpetual shouting and tumbling amongst the snow in the foreground.

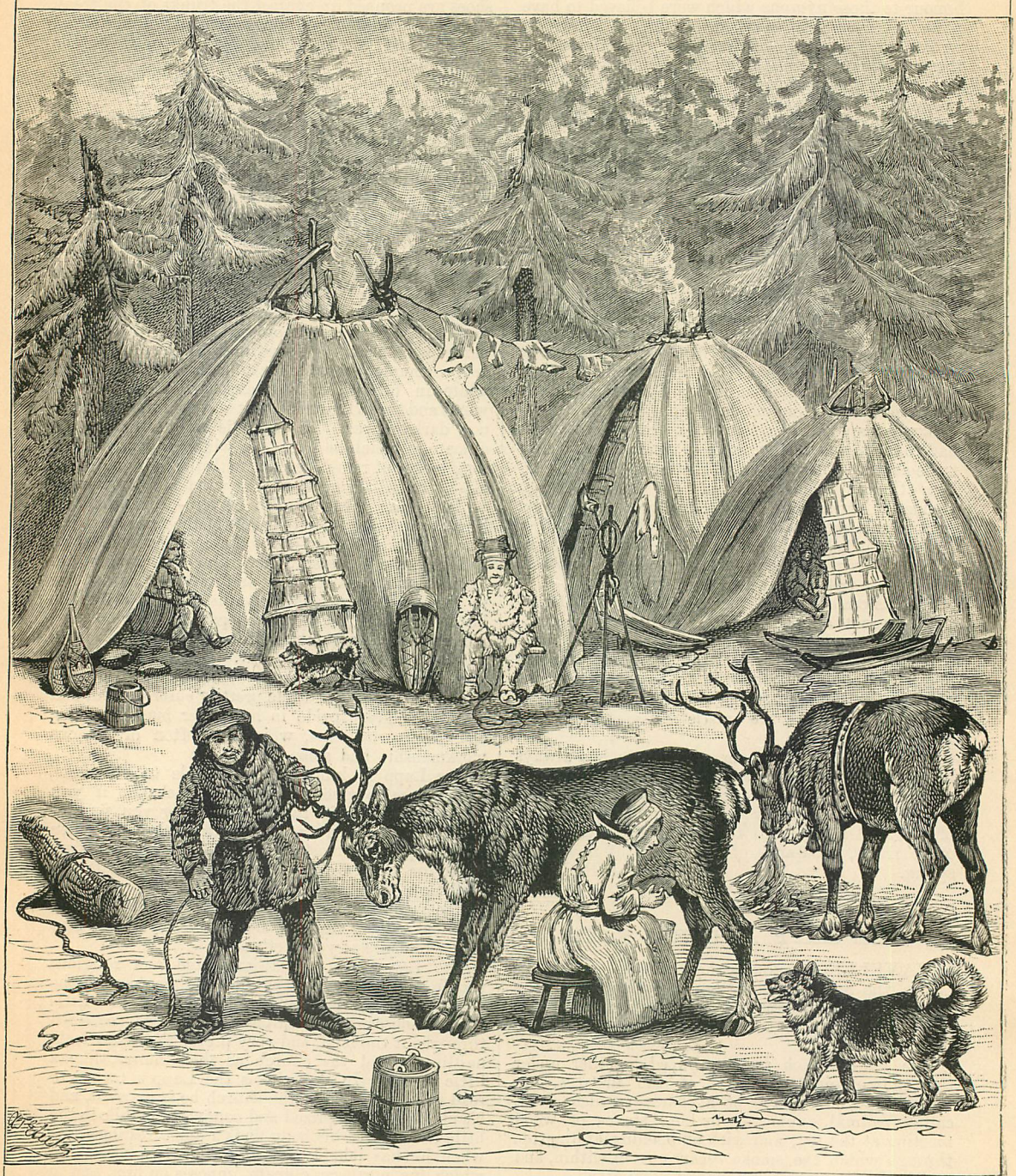
Inside the tent or käta a bright fire burns in the middle, with a large pot suspended over it. At the sides are soft heaps of rein-deer skins to sit or lie upon, and all around coffee-pots, kettles, axes, hunting weapons, dogs, and children are mixed up together in confusion. From the same cross-beam which supports the pot hangs a funny little wooden cradle, in which the baby Lapp spends most of his time. It is shaped something like an old shoe, and just fits the baby with all his wrappings, and nothing more, as the mother has to carry it slung over her shoulder during their many wanderings.

The Lapp himself, as he comes forward to greet you, is an odd figure, short and wiry, with reddish, dark hair; black, or sometimes bright blue, eyes; and a complexion which, although it was soft and white in babyhood, long exposure to the biting winds and the extremes of heat and cold has rendered now dark and red. His dress is well suited to the climate in which he lives. In winter it consists of a long jacket of rein-deer skin, with the hair on, fitting closely round the neck, so that wind and snow may be kept out; breeches also of rein-deer skin, and leggings and sharp-pointed shoes of the same material. The gloves and head-dress are also made of skin, and underneath this suit are worn close-fitting warm flannels, and, thus clothed, and with a mask of fur to cover his face, the Lapp is a match for the bitterest winds that blow amongst his snow-covered mountains. The summer dress is the same in form as that used in winter, but, instead of rein-deer skin, it is made of a coarse woollen cloth. The wife has the skirt of her tunic prettily embroidered, and also takes great pride in her silver buckles, belts, and other ornaments, which are often of curious workmanship and some value.

The Lapp is kind and hospitable to strangers, and is sure to give you a hearty welcome if you care to visit him in his tent, handing you, first of all, his snuff-box as a sign of friendship, and then setting apart the most comfortable heap of rein-deer skins for you to dispose yourself upon, while the kind Lapp woman is sure, as soon as you enter, to put some snow into the pot over the fire to melt, and make you a cup of coffee, to offer you as a sign of her pleasure at your arrival.

The Lapps are a well-instructed and religious people, and always manage, during one part of the year, to move their encampments near the little school-houses and churches which are scattered throughout the land, and very pretty the tents look, nestling round the church as their centre, like a little village. In the schools the Lapp is taught to read and write, and in the church he is married, and his children are baptized and confirmed; while in the little churchyard his body finds a quiet resting-place when he has laid down the hard struggle for life which his northern climate imposes on him, and in which he bears himself with so much cheerful patience and noble endurance.

R. M. Mason.



An Encampment in Lapland.

"But oh, sad fate! unlucky chance!
The dish his fingers burned."

JAMES AND THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

YOUNG Jem at noon returned from school,
As hungry as could be;
He cried to Sue, the servant-maid,
'My dinner give to me.'

Said Sue, 'It is not yet come home;
Besides, it is not late.'
'No matter that,' cries little Jem,
'I do not like to wait.'

Quick to the baker's Jemmy went
And asked, 'Is dinner done?'
'It is,' replied the baker's man.
'Then home I'll with it run.'

'Nay, sir,' replied he prudently;
'I tell you 'tis too hot,
And much too heavy 'tis for you.'
'I tell you it is not.

'Father and mother are gone out,
And I for dinner long;
So give it me, it is all mine,
And, baker, hold your tongue.

'A shoulder 'tis of mutton nice!
And batter-pudding too;
I'm glad of that, it is so good;
How clever is our Sue!'

When near the door young Jem was come,
He round the corner turned,
But, oh, sad fate! unlucky chance!
The dish his fingers burned.

Now in the kennel down fell dish,
And down fell all the meat;
The pudding, too, fell in the stream,
And sailed along the street.

The people laughed, and rude boys grinned
At mutton's hapless fall;
But, though ashamed, young Jemmy cried,
'Better lose part than all.'

The shoulder by the knuckle seized,
His hands both grasped it fast,
And deaf to all their gibes and cries,
He gained his home at last.

'Impatience is a fault,' cries Jem,
'The baker told me true;
In future I will patient be,
And mind what says our Sue.'

THE SCHOOL-DAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIME MINISTERS.

VII.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (LORD BEACONSFIELD).

BABY BEN was a Christmas present to his parents, for he was born four days before Christmas Day in the year A.D. 1804.

The year A.D. 1804 was the year before the battle of Trafalgar, when our Nelson, on the good ship *Victory*, showed a foreign foe how British tars love their native land, and can fight for her.

But Baby Benjamin knew nothing of this. How should he, lying in his cradle, and cooing at his gentle mother, Maria, and his thoughtful, dreamy, poet-father, Isaac, and smiling his baby-smile upon his clever little sister, Sally? Ben was a Jewish baby, and was received into the Jewish Church, and the record of his reception is still preserved in the Synagogue of Bevis Marks.

It is true that in after years Benjamin's father and mother, and the entire household—Ben had two brothers—became members of the Church of England, and, when Ben was thirteen years old, he was baptized at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, and his father's friend, Sharon Turner, stood godfather, but until that age Ben was a Jew.

Baby Ben was his mother's darling, and, from all accounts, not a little spoilt.

He was a regular romp, and some one has recorded that he was very unruly. Now, whether this was the case or not, we cannot say, but it seems quite likely, inasmuch as Ben was sent to school at an early age.

It was not an easy matter to find a suitable school. In those days, whatever they may be now, English boys had strong likes and dislikes, and a little Jew-boy was certain to have been badly treated at their hands.

The elder Disraeli's boyhood had been very unhappy, for he had not been blessed with a gracious and gentle mother as Ben was. Indeed, his childish days were so unhappy that he ran away from home, and was brought back, after being found lying on a tombstone in Hackney Churchyard. How, then, when Isaac recalled the miseries of his own early days, could he doom his son to the wretchedness of the rude treatment of a large public school?

'He shall go first to a private school,' said his father, and so the next we hear of Ben is that he was enrolled as a scholar at a certain Mr. Poticary's, at Blackheath. There he stayed for several years. He learned little either of English, Greek, or Latin grammar, and was in fact, when he left, which was not until he was too big to stay on any longer, 'all behindhand.'

It certainly must have been that Mr. Poticary's methods were at fault, for Ben was no dullard. He was, on the contrary, clever and eager.

There was no dearth of books at home. Ben was surrounded by them; they were his father's friends and his own. He loved them, one and all, and eagerly read them. In general knowledge and thought, Ben was far beyond his years; it was special instruction which he needed. Isaac Disraeli saw his son's ability, and it was his wish to give him the best

education possible—to send him to Eton, and then to a university, and the boy himself was anxious to become an Etonian.

But his mother's wish appears to have been otherwise. She thought of a public school as a place where boys were 'roasted alive.'

'Ben is strong and daring, and he could be trusted to take care of himself,' said his father.

'It is his name,' pleaded his mother; 'the boys, although he may be called a Christian, will at once know that he is of a Jewish family, and will treat him hardly.

And the good mother had her way, greatly to Ben's after-regret, for in a novel (*Coningsby*) which he wrote in riper years, he causes his hero to tell of the sorrow he felt that he had had no share in the bright Eton life, and this life Disraeli describes most vividly.

The school chosen for him was at Walthamstow; the headmaster was one Dr. Cogan. There were many boys there, most of them sons of rich parents, but, for all that, they were neither of gentle birth nor good up-bringing.

Benjamin was, at the time of his admission to Dr. Cogan's school, fifteen years of age, 'old enough,' you will say, 'to leave school.' That may be, as the custom prevails to-day, but really, from fourteen to eighteen are just the years when an intelligent lad is the best able to value study and improve himself.

'For the first time in my life,' Ben makes Contarini, one of his heroes, say, in describing his school-days, 'I was surrounded by struggling and excited beings. Joy, hope, sorrow, ambition, craft, dulness, courage, cowardice, beneficence, awkwardness, grace, avarice, generosity, wealth, poverty, beauty, hideousness, tyranny, suffering, hypocrisy, tricks, love, hatred, energy, inertness, they were all there, and sounded, and acted, and moved about me. Light laughs, and bitter cries, and deep imprecations, and the deeds of the friendly, the prodigal, and the tyrant, the exploits of the grave, the graceful, and the gay, and the flying words of native wit, and the pompous sentences of acquired knowledge, how new, how exciting, how wonderful!'

Here is what a well-known writer says of Benjamin Disraeli in those days: 'He made enemies, he made friends, at all events he distinguished himself from his comrades. School-work did not interest him, and he paid but slight attention to it. He wanted ideas, and he was given what seemed to him only words. He lost the chance of becoming an exact scholar. On the other hand, in thought, in imagination, in general attainments, he was superior to every one about him, masters included. Superiority begets jealousy, boys never pardon a comrade who is unlike themselves.'

Even here he was taunted with his birth. He was called 'a Jew-boy, Jew.'

At last his patience was exhausted, and young Benjamin fought and thrashed the biggest boy in the school. But, although this incident may have been followed, as it probably was, by a temporary peace, yet it failed to make him popular, and in a short time the 'most unpopular boy in the school' left 'because he learnt nothing which he thought would be of use to him,' and because he 'detested school more than he ever abhorred the world in the darkest moment of experienced manhood.'

Benjamin Disraeli did not, however, commit the blunder which less intelligent boys of his age so often commit, of giving up his studies. For him the end of his school-days was the beginning of his true education.

His father, recollecting his own troubled youth, took care not to rebuke his son, nor to reproach him. He left him to himself, helped him when he could, and now and then gave him wise and useful advice.

Very diligently the ex-schoolboy laboured; twelve hours a day he toiled at his books. But to him the toil was sweet. He was an ambitious lad, and felt that he had good abilities and powers. He strove to make the most of them. He believed that he had it in himself to become a great man, and to this end he directed all his efforts.

One sentence of his father's advice Disraeli has recorded. It was, 'Do not make the mistake of considering yourself a peculiar boy.' Now, no advice could be sounder than this; it probably saved Ben from many future troubles and heart-aches.

Benjamin thought that the readiest road to fame lay by literature. Nor is this to be wondered at when it is remembered how literary was his father. Young Disraeli made his hero Contarini, when a boy, write romances, and throw them into the river, and this is, no doubt, true of himself.

One of his biographers says of this strange, studious lad, 'He pondered over the music of language, studied, the cultivation of sweet words, and constructed elaborate sentences in long walks, and passed his days in constant struggle to qualify himself for the part which he was determined to play in the game of life. Boyish pursuits and amusements had no interest for him. In athletic games he excelled, if he chose to exert himself, but he rarely did choose, unless it was in the science of self-defence. He rode well and hard, for this motion stimulated his spirits; but, in galloping across the country, he was charging, in imagination, the brooks and fences in the way of his more ambitious career.

In the neighbourhood in which the Disraelis lived there resided a family named Austen. The house of the Austens was the gathering-place of the young men of talent of the time. Mr. and Mrs. Austen became very friendly with Isaac Disraeli and his wife, and early noted the unusual character of their friends' boy. Mrs. Austen invited him to her house, talked to him, and advised and helped him.

On one occasion when the Austens went with some friends to call upon the Disraelis, Ben, then perhaps a schoolboy at home for the holidays, was sent for, and appeared in his shirt-sleeves with boxing-gloves.

Certainly the Benjamin Disraeli of seventeen, and the great statesman, Lord Beaconsfield of seventy were anything but indifferent to their attire; indeed, they were both of them 'dandies' in dress.

But the school-days of Benjamin Disraeli ended, strictly speaking, when he left Dr. Cogan's. According to our title, our account of him should close with that episode, but we must not close without stating that he was Premier in A.D. 1868, and again from A.D. 1874 to 1880.

JAMES CASSIDY.

THE SHEEP AND THE BRAMBLE-BUSH.

A THICK-TWISTED brake in the time of a storm,
Seemed kindly to cover a sheep:
So snug, for a while, he lay sheltered and warm,
It quietly soothed him to sleep.

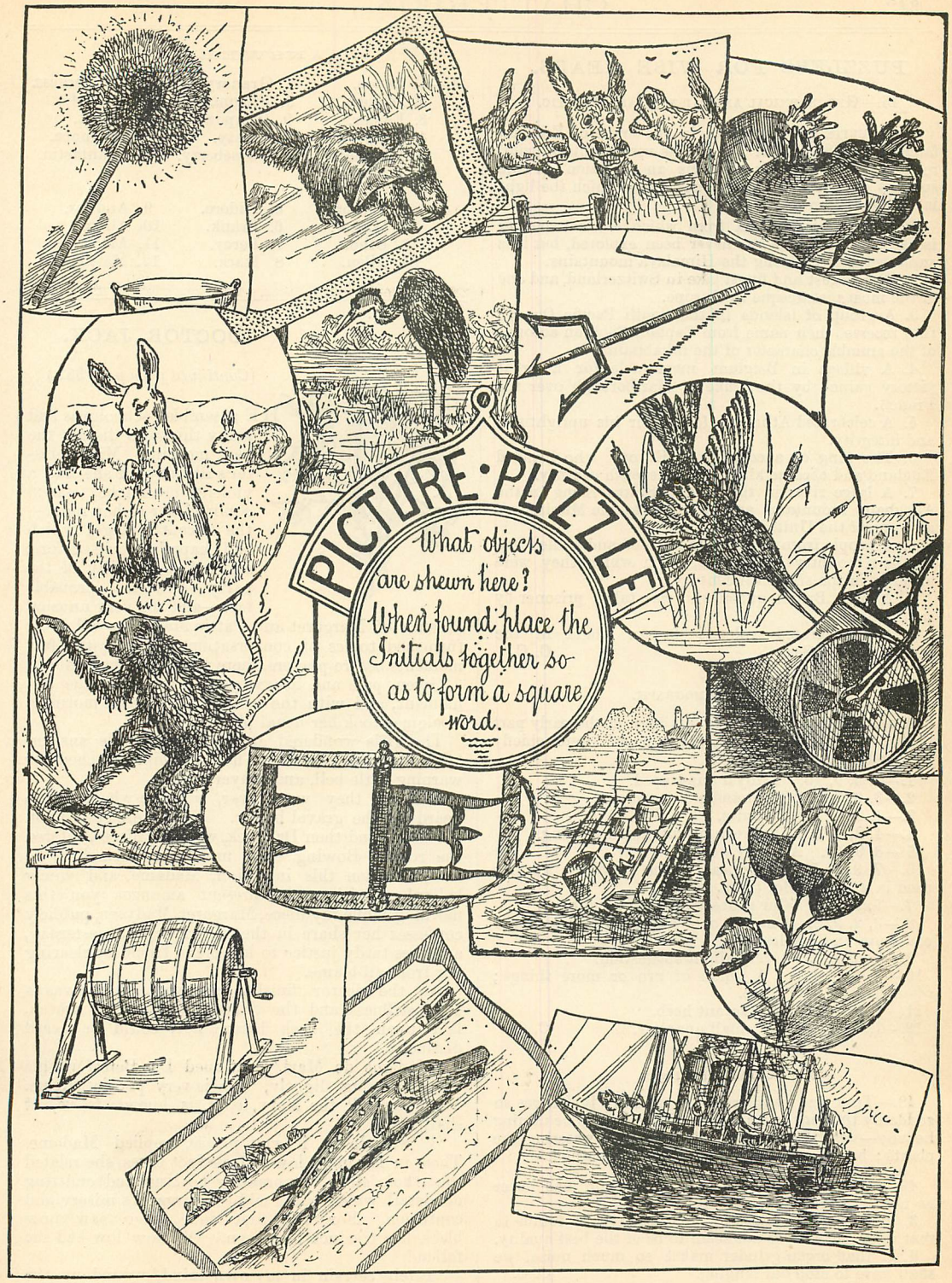
The clouds are now scattered, the winds are at peace,
The sheep is to pasture inclined;
But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend, who the thicket of law never tried,
Consider before you get in:
Though judgment and sentence are passed on your side,
You may chance to get fleeced to your skin.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE QUINCE.

THE common Quince is a native of Southern Europe and other sub-tropical countries. It is a low tree with twisting branches, the leaves, downy on the under side, with large whitish solitary flowers. The fruit varies much in shape, sometimes being round, at other times shaped like a pear: it is of a rich yellow colour, with a strong smell. The quince is a hard fruit, but when stewed with sugar is extremely pleasant. It is often made into a marmalade and a delicious beverage, somewhat like cider. It has many seeds which are of a very gummy nature, so that one or two thrown into a cup of water, turn it into a thick syrup. The quince is cultivated in England with some success; but it never ripens in Scotland. The Japanese quince (*Pyrus Japonica*) is perfectly hardy in Britain and much admired for its profusion of beautiful flowers. K.



For Answers, see page 358.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

46.—Geographical and Historical Acrostic.

A favourite watering-place in the south of England famed for its delightful air and its very beautiful, wild, romantic scenery. It contains an elevation on the summit of which is a lighthouse, from which the light is visible for ten miles.

1. A large river in Asia from which a great country is named; its source has never been explored, but it is supposed to rise among the Himalaya mountains.
2. The largest and finest lake in Switzerland, and one of the most picturesque in Europe.
3. A group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean; they received their name from Captain Cook on account of the amiable character of the inhabitants.
4. A village in Belgium memorable for a great victory gained by the Duke of Marlborough over the French.
5. A celebrated Athenian famed for his uprightness and integrity.
6. The king of a country of Europe, who invaded England and became king in the eleventh century.
7. A large river in the United States rising in the Alleghany mountains and falling into the Mississippi, also one of the United States.
8. A people from Africa who invaded and settled in a southern country of Europe, from which they were expelled in the sixteenth century.
9. A brave British queen who was taken prisoner by the Romans.
10. A celebrated volcano in an island in the Mediterranean Sea. C. C.

47.—Arithmograph.

A great English poet who was born in the early part of the seventeenth century; his poems were chiefly upon religious subjects.

1.—7, 6, 9, 10. A royal quadruped.
2.—3, 6, 7, 8. The handle of a weapon.
3.—1, 2, 6, 4. To unite.
4.—4, 2, 9, 10. Between morning and evening.
5.—8, 9, 10. A heavy weight.
6.—7, 9, 2, 5. To appear in the distance; a frame used in a very useful trade.
7.—5, 9, 2, 4. Our nearest celestial neighbour.
8.—3, 2, 9, 8. The cry of a night bird; a sound of contempt and displeasure.
9.—3, 6, 4, 8. A very slight suggestion.
10.—1, 2, 3, 4, 8. A union of two or more things; often seen on your table.
11.—5, 6, 10, 8. A fragrant herb.
12.—1, 2, 8. A very small quantity. C. C.

Buried Proverbs.

48.—This fine weather will never last; it changes so suddenly that in half-an-hour's time it may be raining heavily—well, it will save some trouble in watering the plants; but then, I never could bear gardening!

49.—1, 2. What a pity it is that child has never been taught to speak clearly!
3, 4, 5. Several grains of gold have been found in that river, but it does not seem to be of the best quality.
6. If that organ-grinder makes so much noise, we shall have to stop our singing. C. C.

[*Answers at page* 358.]

Answers.

44.—1. Canoe. 2. Diadem. 3. Easter. 4. Eddystone. 5. Elements. 6. Flower. 7. Granary. 8. Frogmore. 9. Gunpowder. 10. Gaiety. 11. Gooseberry. 12. Wilderness. 13. Planet. 14. Edict. 15. Furnace. 16. Fantastic.

45.—1. Vernon. 2. Walter. 3. Otho. 4. Allen. 5. Isidore. 6. Frank. 7. Percy. 8. Mark. 9. Andrew. 10. Allan. 11. Amos. 12. Matthew.

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 332.)

THE assembled schoolgirls had many things to discuss the next morning. Miss Forester's illness—for she had a violent head-ache, which confined her to her room—the recent deluge, which had happily come before, and not on, the day of the party — Gwen's probable fate—and the very unusual absence of Margaret and Pattie Madyson—all these furnished topics of conversation. During the few moments before prayers, there was a perfect hubbub.

Gwen, pale and heavy-eyed, came in at the last moment, and with the accustomed 'Good morning, Madame,' took her usual place.

The girls wondered at Madame's gentle answer, 'Good morning, dear!' Their Principal touched her warning little bell, and prayers began.

Just as they were over, carriage-wheels were heard on the gravel below. There were steps upon the stairs, and then Dr. Jack, with his nieces, entered the room. Bowing with unwonted formality, he said, 'Pardon this intrusion, Madame, and young ladies! I wish to be present amongst you this morning while my niece, Margaret Madyson, publicly confesses her share in the occurrence of yesterday, and does tardy justice to her brave friend by clearing her from all blame.'

As the doctor finished speaking, there was a great stillness, and the ticking of Madame's watch, laid upon the desk before her, could be heard distinctly.

'Madame de Mari,' continued Dr. Beresford, his voice faltering slightly, 'this is very painful to me. Will you tell the story, as it is known to us, or shall I?'

'I will do so, if you please,' replied Madame. Then, in her usual low but distinct tones, she related the whole story, suppressing nothing, and omitting no detail which could add to Margaret's misery and confusion. For the first time, Meg saw how black her conduct had been. Oh, how low had she fallen!

'I felt certain in my own mind,' wound up the little lady, 'that Gwen was innocent, and you

guilty, yet I hoped and believed that you would not let her suffer for your wrong-doing. The sentence I passed upon her was intended for you. You have doubly sinned, for to lying you have added cowardice. But you are allowed to stay on—not out of any consideration for *you*, who deserve none, but because your uncle tells me that the disgrace would go nigh to kill your poor mother in her present weak state, and so we must be more merciful to her than you have been.

'For this reason,' she continued, turning to the other girls, 'I shall ask you all to promise me—and I know that you will keep your promise—that this matter shall not be spoken of outside the school. The story must by no means reach Mrs. Madyson's ears, and, as it is not exactly a creditable one, it will be as well not to repeat it to any one.'

Having received a ready promise from her girls, Madame turned again to the culprit. 'Your punishment, Margaret,' she said, 'will be to write out one hundred lines of French translation every day, after school, from to-day until the end of the term; and you will not, of course, be present at Lady Brent's garden party.'

She paused, then asked: 'Have you anything to say before this subject is dismissed?'

'It is all true,' said Margaret, with downcast eyes and trembling lips. 'I am very sorry, Madame! I did not mean, at first, to throw the blame on another. Can you forgive me?'

'That depends upon your future conduct,' was the answer. 'When I think of your behaviour, I am filled with anger. I will try to forget it. But, remember, you have sinned not so much against me as against others. Ask *their* forgiveness.'

'I must go now,' said Dr. Jack. 'I cannot imagine any punishment harder for Margaret to bear, but she has deserved it, and must accept it with a good grace. I leave her in your hands. I will explain to my sister that she is in disgrace. Good morning, all!' and, with a grave bow to the wondering girls, he was about to depart.

But this was too much for his unhappy niece. This was the climax of the torture she had been undergoing. To do Meg justice, her sentence of punishment was less hard to bear than her uncle's displeasure. Since the preceding evening, he had not addressed to her a single word that was not absolutely necessary. This was the first trouble in which she had not had his comforting sympathy. Never before had she seen that face set against her, and she felt desolate indeed!

With a despairing cry, she sprang to her uncle's side, and grasped his arm as she exclaimed: 'Won't you speak one word to me, Uncle Jack? Won't you ever forgive me?'

He paused, looked down into the girlish face, and said sadly: 'This is not my Margaret! This is not the girl whom I could trust as my own soul! You must work out your own redemption. Seek pardon first from other sources. Go to Gwen, whom you have injured and wounded; to Miss Forester, whom you have insulted and tried; above all, to God, whom you have offended and grieved. Go to them, and strive, by every means in your power, to win back the good opinion you have forfeited.'

And Margaret did go to them. To Gwen, with tears of genuine repentance; to Miss Forester, half sullenly, but ashamed; to God, but not yet with a perfectly sincere heart. Poor Margaret! The evil spirit was not yet wholly cast out. It needed a strong love indeed—a love like unto the Saviour's itself—to drive out the demon of jealousy which dwelt within Margaret Madyson!

When Miss Forester appeared at afternoon school, there were dark rings around her eyes, and a droop of sadness about her lips. The little locket no longer hung suspended from her watch-chain.

'I am very sorry you did it, Margaret,' she said, in answer to Margaret's apology; 'I would rather not speak of it again.' Then she went on with the lesson, as if nothing had happened.

The girls hung about her after school, trying to show their sympathy by little attentions and caresses.

'You are coming to Lady Brent's, are you not, Miss Forester?' asked Edith Carson. 'We want you to try your skill at archery. It is almost gone out now, but Lord Brent keeps it up because it was a favourite one in his young days.'

'Isn't it a pity?' put in another. 'Ernest told Harry Carson that Dr. Jack is too busy to come before evening. But he says that he will try to be in time for the dancing and fireworks.'

'Isn't it funny to think of Ernest mixing physic?' said Eva Johnson. 'Are all the Grammar School boys invited, Edith?' she asked. Having no brothers, she was not quite so well informed upon current town-topics as was Edith Carson, whose father was head master of the Petford Grammar School.

'Every one,' was Edith's reply. 'Philip Brentwood brought the invitations himself. He used to study with father, you know.'

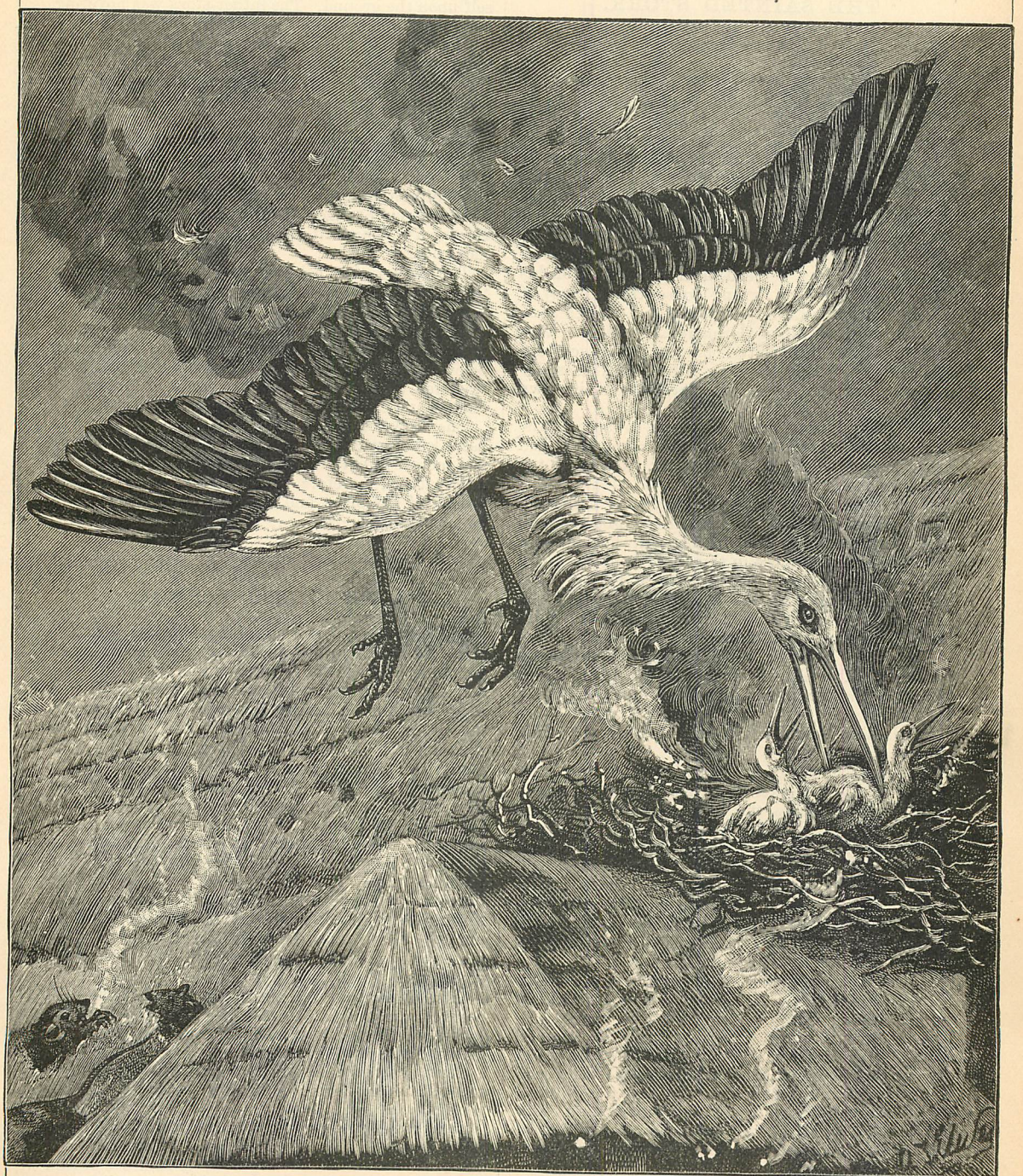
Then somebody asked Pattie Madyson what she was going to wear. 'I shall not go,' said Pattie, in a low voice. 'I could not enjoy it now!'

'I am sure you would not,' said Miss Forester, gently. 'I am so sorry that your pleasure has been spoiled! I shall not stay late myself. I do not feel quite equal to dancing, and Madame will return early, because she is afraid of the damp after sundown. But I had hoped that all of you would have a very long and happy day at Brentwood.'

Miss Forester sighed as she spoke. That night, she sat up talking with Madame for fully an hour, after the excited girls were in bed and asleep. In the course of the interview, Madame said several times, quickly and decisively: 'No, no! I will not hear of it! It is not possible! The laws of the Medes and Persians are inflexible.' Each time that she said this, however, the severity of her tone relaxed a little, and, when at last Miss Forester said, very earnestly: 'Dear Madame, for my sake, forgive fully, entirely!' Madame yielded the point. With a charming smile, she said, in French: 'There, there! be off to bed, weary one! or you will coax the very soul out of my body with those big eyes of yours. I succumb. Yes! *Yes!* YES!' And, kissing her hand to the tired girl, she laughingly pointed to the door. Miss Forester gladly and gratefully obeyed.

(*Continued at page* 350.)

"Doctor Jack, with his nieces, entered the room."



"She plunged into the flames, and safely brought out one of her children."

THE SAINTED STORK.

A True Story.

EARLY in the spring of A.D. 1880, a pair of storks flew over the town of Löwenberg, in Germany, seeking a suitable spot in which to build their nest.

Many were the invitations which they received from the townsfolk. Even the Burgomaster tried to lead them to settle upon his grand house, the chimney of which seemed built on purpose for a stork's nest. For the good people of Germany have an idea that 'nothing else brings the blessing of peace and domestic joy which the dear white stork does, for it sheds over the household something of its own spirit.'

The male bird seemed disposed to accept the Burgomaster's invitation, but the lady stork had found a spot which she liked better; it was the top of a barn at the cross-roads.

Here, then, the nest was built, slowly and carefully. When the last stick had been properly laid, Mrs. Stork settled herself in her new home. In a few days' time there lay in that nest some beautiful yellow-mottled eggs. These Mrs. Stork sat upon and kept warm. At the end of three weeks the baby storks were born; thenceforth their parents did nothing but wait upon them.

The warm weather came before the storklings could fly. The air was hot, and the barn dry as tinder; a shower would give them strength to try their wings.

So the stork-mother was delighted when a cloud appeared in the sky.

It was a storm-cloud. It spread and grew until the whole sky was covered. Then blinding flashes of lightning shot across the heavens, and the solemn thunder rolled. The young storks were not afraid, for their mother told them that this storm was all for their good, and just what they most needed.

Suddenly there came a crash, a flash, a fearful shock, almost stunning the cheery mother; and when she recovered herself she beheld flames playing upon the barn. Alas! alas! Would her darlings be burned to death?

Not if she could prevent it! She plunged into the flames, and safely brought out one of her children in her beak. She tenderly laid him down in a neighbouring meadow, then flew back for another. This also she rescued; but, as she turned back for the one that remained, nest and storkling fell through the roof into the fire below. By this time, quite a crowd of spectators had gathered around, and every heart felt a thrill as the brave mother plunged for her child's sake into the midst of the crackling flames and stifling smoke.

For the third time she rose, carrying something in her beak. But she flew now slowly and painfully, and after laying her burden by the side of its brothers, she went a short distance farther, and stretched herself upon the ground. The father-stork was hovering overhead.

The brook in the meadow rippled like music; the storm was over now, and sweetly and softly breathed the west wind. But the heroic mother-bird was past enjoying these things, for she was badly burned.

The Burgomaster, passing that way, found the poor creature, and had her carried to a house in the village, where she was tenderly nursed and cared for. She was attended by the best doctor in the town; the children caught mice and frogs for her; kindly visitors brought linen to dress her burns, and the Burgomaster himself drove up every morning to inquire after her.

The stork-father behaved very well, looking after the children in his wife's absence, and flying over now and then to tell her of their well-being.

With all this attention the invalid made rapid progress. Very soon she was able to rejoin her beloved children, who by this time had not only mastered the art of flying, but could also stand on one leg and catch flies as cleverly as anybody.

The Löwenberg folk said that many a saint had been less brave than this stork-mother, that none had more willingly risked life in order to save others, and that she, therefore, should be patron—or matron—saint of the place, and she and her children should be honoured for ever.

E. D.

A NEEDLESS TERROR.

WE have most of us heard of the man who, in dreadful fear, hung suspended over what he imagined to be a disused mine-shaft, while his feet were actually within six inches of the ground. This is a story which has a similar bearing. It is told by the author of *Camp Fires of a Naturalist*, who on one occasion left his horse, Charlie, at his camp in the Rocky Mountains, and started out to explore the mountain on foot. But a frequent fate of the pioneer became his. He lost his way, and wandered for hours, footsore, thirsty, and bewildered, every minute less able to guess what direction he ought to take. At length extreme exhaustion began to tell upon his brain. Odd fancies went flashing through his mind, and suddenly something occurred to render his fright and discomfiture complete. A huge animal rose in the darkness directly before him, made two or three bounds away, and then stood stock-still.

At that moment the naturalist felt that his self-control was gone. Tears came into his eyes, his blood seemed to stand still, and chills began at his feet and spread over his body.

He had thrown his gun forward at the first movement of the unknown animal, but the strange silence puzzled him.

He moved a few steps forward, making as much noise as possible, but the creature did not stir. He knew of no animal so large that would act in that way, unless it might be a grizzly bear which had never seen a man. His next impulse was to shout, for he knew that the human voice has a wonderful

effect on wild animals. So he shrieked again and again, but not a sound came from the place where the strange beast stood.

He called his guide, he called all the names he could think of, but still no motion was made. Then he shouted again, and called his old horse, Charlie. The result was startling. Old Charlie answered with a whinny from the very spot where the strange beast stood. Another call brought the horse forward, and then, from very revulsion of feeling, the lost naturalist broke down and cried.

He patted the horse in a passion of gratitude, wondering meanwhile what had brought him so far from camp, for Charlie was the sort of horse who loved his own temporary abode, and had to be driven away to grass; but knowing that there must be a trail over which he had come, his master took hold of his tail and tried to drive him back to the tent.

The horse went forward a few paces, and then stopped. His master clucked at him and struck him, but he would only wander round him in a circle. Again he struck him, and started him into really going forward. Suddenly there loomed up beside him a great white object. It was the tent! and in a few minutes the fire was burning brightly and supper was getting ready.

THE JUDGMENT OF FOOLS.

A Fable.

WHEN any one is vexed at the false charges made against him, he should remember this fable, which will help him to care less for evil speakers.

A nightingale was pouring out his lovely song to the delight of the feathered tribe that surrounded him.

'What a noise you are making,' exclaimed a discontented raven; 'your screeching is really unbearable.'

'What!' said the nightingale, 'you astonish me! My singing is the admiration of the world.'

'Nonsense! cried the raven. 'My voice is the one that commands the admiration of the ablest critics of the world, and to prove this I will bet you that I am a greater singer than you, and the bet shall be that the noble beasts of the forest shall be our judges. If I sing better than you, I shall peck out your eye, but if you are the better singer, you shall peck out my eye.'

'I accept the challenge,' exclaimed the nightingale.

No sooner accepted, than both birds flew across the woods, when they espied a lion basking in the sun's rays. The two birds, perched upon a huge tree, accosted the lion. Having explained to the noble beast the nature of their bet, they began to sing.

'Will you give us, Mr. Lion, your opinion which of us has the finer voice?'

'Well,' said the lion, 'I have listened with great pleasure, but the fact is, gentlemen, I am no judge of music; but I commend you to go farther on, and you will see a very fine fellow, a Mr. Tiger. He, no doubt, will give you his opinion.'

Away, then, they flew, until they espied the beast, and with a 'Good morning Mr. Tiger,' they explained the nature of their bet, and began to sing.

'Very good,' said the tiger. 'I am like my friend, Mr. Lion, no judge of music, therefore I cannot decide so serious a bet; but fly yet a little farther, and you will find two or three gentlemen in yonder field who profess to be great musicians, and no doubt they will be only too ready to act as judges in the matter.'

Thanking the tiger for his courtesy, they flew on till they came to a field where three donkeys were grazing.

'Good morning, gentlemen,' said the raven. We have heard of your great musical abilities, and we are anxious that you should decide a bet for us'—the nature of which he then explained.

The donkeys listened attentively, and then said, 'You are, indeed, right to come to us, as we may safely say that what we do not know about music is not worth the knowing. Proceed, and we will give you our candid opinion on your voices.'

The rival songsters burst into melody. The nightingale sang his sweetest, and trilled his loudest, until the woods around echoed back the sweet sounds, the raven, meantime, giving vent to the most horrible croaks and groans that ever tortured a sensitive ear.

The trio of asses sat in solemn judgment, and when the concert was over they laid their wise heads together in solemn conclave. After mature deliberation the spokesman said, 'We have given your vocal powers our closest attention, and while we admit that the nightingale has a pretty little voice, though weak, we unhesitatingly give the palm to the raven's deep, sonorous notes, and proclaim him the finest singer (next to ourselves) living.'

Upon judgment being given, the raven flew at the nightingale, and pecked out his eye.

'There!' said the nightingale, 'I can bear the loss of an eye; but the greatest pain I can suffer from is to feel that I have been judged by a pack of jack-asses.'

A RETROSPECT.

HOW many years have passed since I
Last saw my mother's face,
And listened to her earnest words,
And felt her warm embrace!

I well remember how she talked,
Love shining in her eyes,
And how she begged that I would strive
To win the heavenly prize.

Next morn we said 'Farewell,' and soon
(The old home left behind)
I toiled with other anxious men
The precious gold to find.

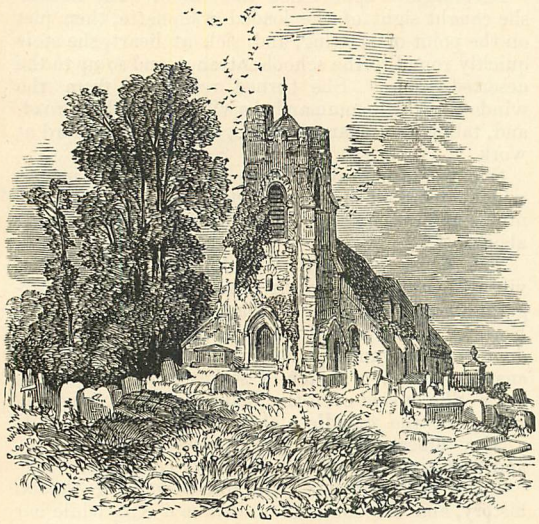
"They do not know me now,
So changed, so old am I."

Nor did I toil in vain. Each year
I gathered goodly store
Of yellow gold, yet every day
My heart's cry was for more!

So keen I grew for worldly wealth,
It seemed to fill my mind;
And wealth I got—but happiness,
Alas! I could not find.

At last I said, 'I will go home;
I'll see my mother's face;
It will be joy to hear her voice,
And feel her kind embrace.'

I came, but she was lying low,
Beneath the daisied grass;
And there I often go to watch
The people as they pass



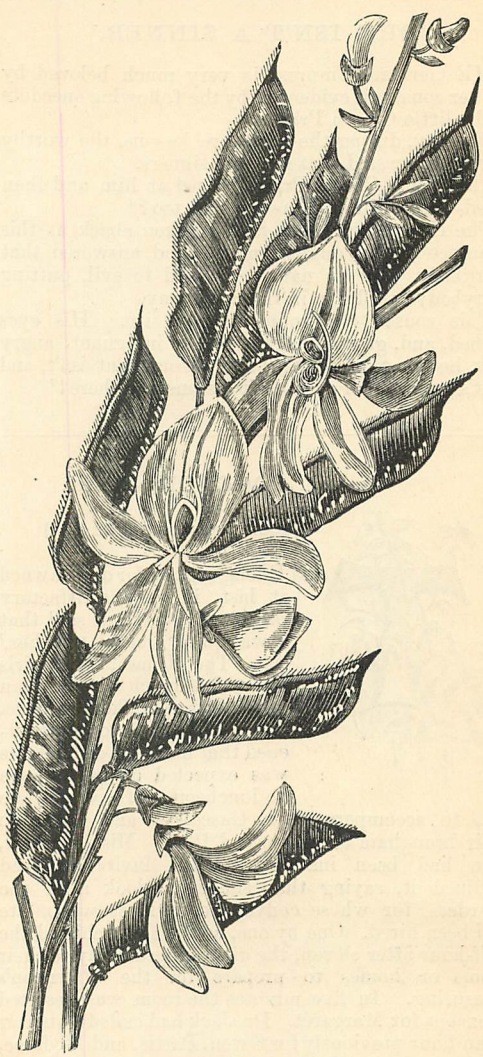
The Village Church.

To church. They do not know me now,
So changed, so old am I.
But let me join them, let me seek
The blessed Home on High.

Ah, surely there, in that old church,
That holy house of prayer,
Where mother used to lead her boy,
Sweet peace he may find there! K.

THE BROOM.

IT is said that when Linnæus, the great botanist, for the first time saw a common covered with broom in full blossom, he was struck with its beauty. And the same admiration which he felt has led many persons to introduce the broom into shrubberries, where its golden blossoms form a striking and brilliant contrast to the dark tints of the evergreens. The broom holds a foremost place amongst our historical flowers. It was the custom of our ancestors, before family names were in common use, to call each person by some distinguishing name, such as Harold Harefoot, from his swift running, or William Rufus, from his red hair. In this way, Geoffrey, the father of Henry II., got the name of Plantagenet, from the fact that he wore in his helmet a *plant* or sprig of *genista*, or broom. His son, either in memory of his father, or from liking the name, retained it, and thus it became the title of a family from which there sprung a long line of kings of England.



The Broom.

The whole plant of broom yields a green dye. The stems were formerly used for making sweeping-brushes, whence they are called brooms; but twigs of birch, or the long, straight stems of the common ling, are now used for this purpose in place of broom.

The broom is altogether rather ornamental than useful, although Dryden does say that

'Ev'n humble broom and osiers have their use,
And shade for sleep and food for flocks produce.'

R. B.

'SHE ISN'T A SINNER.'

THE German Empress is very much beloved by her sons, as is evidenced by the following anecdote of the little Crown Prince.

One day, during the Scripture lessons, the worthy Herr Pfarrer said that all were sinners.

The young Crown Prince looked at him and then asked—'My father, is he a sinner too?'

The Herr Pfarrer was rather taken aback at this reference to his august master, and answered that everybody was by nature inclined to evil, putting everybody in a lump in the usual way.

This roused the young prince's ire. His eyes flashed, and, giving his teacher an indignant, angry look, he burst out with—'I know one that isn't, and that's my mother; she isn't a sinner, so there!'

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 343.)

THE long-looked-for day dawned at last, in very satisfactory fashion. Every one said that it was quite 'Queen's weather.' At 'The Limes,' the girls assembled much earlier than usual, and all talked at once. School-time was to be shortened that morning, as Madame was expected at the Grange to luncheon. Afterwards, she was to accompany Mrs. Gascoigne and Gwen in their brougham to Brentwood Park. Miss Forester, who had been included in the invitation, had declined it, saying that she must look after the boarders, for whose conveyance a large wagonette had been hired. One by one, as the clock chimed the half-hour after eleven, the girls slipped away to their rooms or homes to prepare for the afternoon's pleasuring. In five minutes the room was deserted—except for Margaret. Dr. Jack had called a quarter of an hour previously for Gwen, Pattie, and Madame, whom he had volunteered to drive to the Grange. He had insisted on Pattie's going to the *fête*.

It had proved impossible to conceal Margaret's disgrace from Mrs. Madyson. Dr. Jack had worried himself, thinking how he could, with any regard for truth, account for Margaret's continued detention in school, and absence from Brentwood Park. But Margaret herself had most unexpectedly solved the difficulty for him. Her first question on reaching home the day before had been, 'Does mother guess?' And, when Mrs. Madyson asked gently, 'What has kept you, Maggie?' she knelt down by her mother's side, took the thin hands in hers, and, forgetting for the moment Madame's caution, she confessed all. It was the best thing she could have done! Mrs. Madyson's pain at the story was softened by the knowledge that Margaret had so far regained her old honesty of spirit as to be the first to tell her fault to her mother.

Mrs. Madyson was a wise woman. When, on the day of the party, Margaret returned home at noon, and then, leaving Pattie behind for almost the first time in her life, returned to face the lonely school-room, and the terrible task of translation, her mother offered no word of sympathy or condolence, but dismissed her daughter with a silent kiss. Left alone, she prayed earnestly that Margaret might be helped to bear this punishment bravely, and to turn it to good account.

As Margaret approached the gate of 'The Limes,' she caught sight of the loaded wagonette, then just on the point of starting, and, sick at heart, she stole quickly round to the school-entrance, and so up to the deserted room. She turned resolutely from the windows, which commanded a view of the high road, and, taking dictionary and pen, she was soon hard at work.

She was quite alone, save for a solitary mouse, which, tempted by the silence, had stolen out to nibble any stray scraps of paper that might be lying about.

The house was still. No hum of girlish voices vibrated through it, no stir of moving classes. Margaret would have been glad even to hear Miss Forester giving a lesson. Now and then a distant door in the servants' quarters would open, voice would answer voice, or a snatch of song would be borne to her. She envied even the maids. Outside, the sun blazed in the cloudless sky, the birds twittered; a tiny breeze roamed about, kissing the flowers, and fluttering the ribbons on dainty costumes.

For a few moments Margaret forgot her French history, and the fortunes of Jeanne d'Arc, while her thoughts wandered off to Brentwood Park. Last week—ah! it seemed a year ago—Llewellyn and Ernest had planned to take her and Gwen on the river in Philip Brent's new boat. Llewellyn had foretold that she would be the Queen of the Revels, and both boys had loyally declared that she 'would beat every other girl into fits.' Oh! how beautiful the river would look, illuminated with lanterns and many-hued lights. But the boys! They would be sure to ask where she was. Would any one enlighten them, she wondered, as to the real cause of her absence? If so, would Llewellyn ever speak to her again? Ernest she knew to be less scrupulous; but Llewellyn, although he had often been in mischief, had never screened himself by a lie, for he had the greatest regard for truth. And she had always stood so high in his esteem! The tears came at last. Then her thoughts turned into a fresh channel.

Susan had laid out her pretty pale blue muslin on the bed beside Pattie's, nobody having had the heart to tell her that it would not be needed. And now *her* frock—together with the handsome silk sash which had been Uncle Jack's gift, and her tasteful new lace hat—would have to be put back into the wardrobe unworn and unseen, while she herself was condemned to be a prisoner, cut off from those gay scenes where centred all the brilliance of the day. Yet it must not be supposed that Margaret was more sorry for the consequences of her sin than for the sin itself. Her tears of repentance had been far more bitter and plentiful than were these of disappoint-

ment, and, could her punishment have blotted out her wrong-doing, she would have borne it almost with joy. Nevertheless, the disappointment was very keenly felt by this girl of fifteen.

Well might Meg lay her head on the desk and weep!

Suddenly a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and Miss Forester stood before her in a simple white gown.

'Margaret!'

'Miss Forester!' faltered the astonished girl, 'I thought that you were at Brentwood!'

'I was there half an hour ago,' was the smiling reply; 'now I have come back to fetch you.'

'To fetch *me!*' For a second the wild idea that Miss Forester must be mocking her crossed Meg's mind.

'I am in earnest, Margaret. I have Madame's permission to take you back with me. That was settled last night, but it was Madame's express desire that you should not be told until the last moment. Come now, dear, make haste!'

'But I cannot go like this!' objected Margaret—and, indeed, her tousled hair and tear-stained cheeks were not very presentable—'and if I go home—there is Uncle Jack,' she ended with a sob, 'he does not know.'

'I fancy he does,' said Miss Forester, smiling still; 'at any rate you are to come at once. Now guess who drove me here!'

'Uncle Jack?' hazarded Margaret.

'No; Llewellyn. And we are keeping him and Pattie waiting. As soon as he knew my errand, he insisted on driving me back here in the pony-carriage. (He had taken Gwen and Edith Carson up in it because the Grange carriage called round for your mother, the doctor being too busy to take her). We picked up Pattie and all your belongings on the way. We couldn't bring Susan too, but I think that I can act as lady's-maid for once. Come! I have told Mary to carry the box up to my room. We must not lose time.'

'Oh, Miss Forester!' cried Meg, quite overcome by this thoughtfulness, 'I don't deserve it! I don't indeed! Does—does Llewellyn know?

'Certainly *not*,' the governess answered promptly. 'Who do you think would tell him? He only knows that you have "lines" to write; and he has often been in the same plight himself. Now here we are. I think that we have not forgotten anything.'

Thus, with Miss Forester's help, Meg was ready, in a few moments to put on the pretty dress so neatly packed up by Susan's careful hands.

Margaret could scarcely realise this sudden change in her fortunes. She was half afraid that she should wake up with her head on the schoolroom desk, to find that she had been dreaming. But Llewellyn and Pattie looked real enough when she met them at the hall-door. Meg's eyes again filled with tears when Llewellyn laughingly inquired whether her lines were for 'ink-spilling' or pulling her neighbour's hair,' and declared that her punishment was 'a jolly shame.' If he knew the truth, would not his pity be turned to contempt?

'I thought, Llewellyn,' observed Miss Forester presently, 'that you were to have been superintending operations throughout the day. How will Lady Brent get on without your valuable help?'

'Oh! there is Ernest, you know, and we have been there all the morning. Besides, to tell the truth, I am a little tired of Philip Brent, future baron of Brentwood. He tries to lord it over Ernest and me, although he is only three years older than we are. I call it impudence! And he really knows nothing, you know!'

'But he has just come from Oxford,' said Pattie.

'Ah, well! he may be choked full of wisdom so far as "ologies" and sciences go—though I haven't noticed it myself—but in everything else he is a perfect duffer! Why, we tried his new boat yesterday, just to see if she were water-tight, and he "caught a crab" the very first minute. I could not help laughing, though he got quite savage, for he had just been bragging about the Oxford boat-races, and what splendid oars "our fellows" were. Ernest said bluntly that, if Philip were a specimen, he should prefer not to go to a University.'

'Oh! but I am sure that he is good at heart, though he may seem a little conceited,' said Miss Forester. 'Do you know, the other day I saw him go to the rescue of a poor old woman who had upset her wheelbarrow; and I know that he pays a boy to push Joey about in the carriage which your uncle had made for him. His high position is rather trying for any one so young, and perhaps a trifle foolish. But I should not let that turn me against a University career if I were you, Llewellyn.'

'No; if uncle will let me, I shall go to Oxford,' replied the boy; 'but I want him to be able——'

'To trust you first!' supplied Miss Forester.

Llewellyn's glance and assenting bend of the head showed that he and Miss Forester were in strong sympathy.

'But don't come back with an eye-glass, Llewellyn,' said Meg, her spirits reviving in this friendly atmosphere.

'Not if I know it!' was the emphatic rejoinder. 'I often feel tempted to hide that eye-glass, just to see if Philip could talk without it. But I suppose he isn't bad at bottom, only a bit of a soft. But what could you expect when Lady Brent has always been so careful over her one chick? Why! she would never let him row for fear of a ducking, or skate lest he should crack his skull. As for swimming!—she always expected him to be drowned; while she declared that he would never shoot anything but himself if he handled a gun, which was very flattering! He can ride a pony, and he is a fair cricketer; but Meg here could knock him into nowhere at rowing! Ah! here comes Dr. Jack! There, look, Pattie! across the far field. Shall we wait until he comes up?'

'I think we will go on, please, Llewellyn,' said Miss Forester; 'you will see Dr. Jack later on, you know.'

'As you please, Miss Forester!' answered the boy readily; and with a jerk of the reins they started off again at a brisk trot, which soon brought them to Brentwood Park.

(*Continued at page* 354.)

"Maggie knelt down by her mother's side and confessed all."

"We won't say Good-bye."

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 351.)

'YOU are late arrivals,' Lady Brent remarked pleasantly, as the girls reached the cedar lawn, where two tall footmen were handing round tea to the ladies who for the present preferred sitting there in the grateful shade. 'I hope that you will manage to enjoy yourselves! You will soon find the others; but do not go too far away, as tea is to be ready for you young people in half an hour's time.'

'I am much obliged to you, Madame,' Margaret said in a low voice, as Pattie eagerly began explaining matters to her mother.

'I hope you have thanked Miss Forester,' was Madame's equally low-toned reply; 'you owe it all to her.'

Margaret had guessed as much, and half an hour ago had felt sincerely grateful to her governess. But at Madame's short, sharp speech, a rebellious, evil thought entered her mind.

'No doubt,' whispered the tempter, 'Miss Forester has done this in order to show how good she is—in contrast to your naughtiness!—and to curry favour with Madame and your mother.'

And Meg turned away. For Mrs. Madyson, at that very moment, was conversing with Miss Forester, and, very likely, thanking her for heaping 'coals of fire' upon her young daughter's head.

Meg's school-fellows, many of whom had seen her arrive in Miss Forester's company, made a shrewd guess as to how matters stood. One of them—Delia Harris—said that they ought to give their governess three cheers. When, however, Meg joined them, they had the tact to express neither surprise nor pleasure, and treated her presence there as a matter of course. Gwen's happiness was now complete. But Meg herself felt uncomfortable. She fancied that the girls looked coldly on her. Once, when she and Harry Carson were playing against Delia and Ernest in a game of croquet, she felt positive that they were discussing her between themselves. And so, in fact, they were, in a way that would have been highly gratifying to her, could she have overheard their conversation. Delia had been admiring Meg's sash, and telling Ernest that she had tried to get a similar one, but had failed. To which the boy replied bluntly that she might be thankful for that, as *she* could not possibly wear Meg Madyson's colours to advantage. But this, of course, Meg did not know, and so the game was spoiled for her. To make matters worse, Ernest presently called to her in fun: 'Now, Meg! no cheating! your ball rolled.' That word 'cheating' stung her conscience, and, with a passionate retort, she rushed away. Far from the merry crowd she fled, down to the quiet river, which flowed through Lord Brent's estate as it did through the Squire's. On one side there was a private path, which extended to the end of the park. Beyond the park, as also on the opposite side of the river, stretched broad, open fields, bordered by a wide path on the river-bank. This 'River Walk' was a favourite one.

At present, however, it was quite deserted. The villagers had flocked to the other side of the park, to watch the arrivals, or wait for the admittance which, when evening came, would be granted to all. At twilight the river-side would be thronged, but now the stillness was broken only by the swish of the swollen waters against the bank, and a faint distant hum of voices. Meg half wished that she could steal home across the fields, but she did not quite dare to do so; Uncle Jack would expect to find her at Brentwood when he came. No! she must bear it. After all, she might have expected this. It was part of her punishment. She did not reflect that every one, so far, had treated her kindly, and that she had voluntarily withdrawn herself from the gay throng.

She was roused from her gloomy thoughts by the sound of approaching voices, the owners of which proved to be Miss Forester, Gwen, Pattie, Philip Brent, and Llewellyn.

'Why, Margaret!' exclaimed Miss Forester, 'all alone, my dear?' then, checking herself as she noticed the girl's look of forlorn misery, she went on lightly: 'We have come to look at Philip's new boat before I go home.'

'I wish you would stay for the dance, and the fireworks, and the torchlight procession down the river,' said Gwen, wistfully. 'Those will be the greatest fun of all.'

'Madame has not been very well lately, you know,' was the gentle reply. 'Indeed, she went away with Mrs. Madyson, half an hour ago. She will be alone, and I think that I had better go back to her, especially as the servants are coming up to see the fireworks and take the girls home.'

'It's a shame!' protested Llewellyn. 'I thought you would be sure to stay. We are all disappointed.'

'Awfully cruel of you!' drawled young Brent, adjusting his eye-glass in order to stare admiringly at Margaret, although he could really see her far better without it. 'I hoped to have a dance with you myself.'

'Very kind of you!' laughed Miss Forester. 'Margaret, you missed the prize distribution.'

'Harry Carson has taken the first prize in his class,' said Llewellyn.

'And Gwen in hers,' said Pattie.

'I say, Meg! are you ready for a row?' asked Llewellyn. 'We have been hunting everywhere for you. I vote we all go up the river now: just a select party, to air the boat.'

'Gwen and I are going part of the way home with Miss Forester,' said Pattie, after her governess had declined the proposed row. 'But we want to take her first to Pin's Point Island. This is the very best time at which she could see it. Ernest says that there are lamps hanging all round the tree, in readiness for illumination this evening. Do you think that the island will be covered, Llewellyn?'

'Sure to be! The river is awfully full, you know!

Well, Meg, you will come, won't you? We must have a lady to christen the boat.'

This suggestion was balm to Meg's wounded spirit. To have a row in the beautiful little boat was the pleasure to which she had most eagerly looked forward.

'I should like to go a little way up the river,' she said, as, obeying the boys' directions, she took off her gloves, stooped, and, wetting her fingers, shook a few drops over the boat which Llewellyn was dragging forth from the boat-house.

'Why *up* the river?' inquired Philip. 'We are always going up; let us go down-river for a change.'

'It is not safe down the river beyond a certain point,' Llewellyn replied; 'Dr. Jack would not like any of the girls to go.'

'Uncle Jack is coming up that way,' put in Margaret. 'He said that he should call at the mill after he had seen Joey, and cross the bridge to the park.'

'Are you afraid?' asked Philip of Llewellyn, with a sneer. 'I thought you were not afraid of anything!'

'I'm not!' flashed out Llewellyn, hotly; 'I had just as soon go down the river as up, but Dr. Jack——'

'What a fuss to make over a simple thing like that! If we meet Dr. Jack, where can the harm or the danger be? We can take him on board if you like; but, if you are frightened, I will get old Blinks, the boatman, to come.'

'I tell you I'm *not* afraid!' said Llewellyn, forgetting everything in his anger at this taunt; 'come on, Meg!'

'Margaret,' interposed Miss Forester, 'would your uncle like you to go? I do not wish to interfere with your pleasures, Llewellyn, but I think that Dr. Beresford must have had very good reasons for asking you not to go down the river.'

'I wouldn't consent to go,' answered Llewellyn, 'not because I'm afraid'—here he glared savagely at Philip—'if it were not that we are sure to meet the doctor before long. Look here, Miss Forester, we won't go an inch beyond the bridge. We will wait for him there, and, if he does not turn up within the half-hour, we will turn back. There is no danger so far, you know. I won't risk putting Meg in danger to please any one!' These last words were uttered in a very defiant tone.

'You are quite sure that you will not venture further than the bridge?'

'Honour bright!' was the answer. 'Do you agree, Philip?'

'Oh! I don't care how it is,' said the young gentleman, half sulkily; 'only, if we are going at all, we may as well be getting on board.'

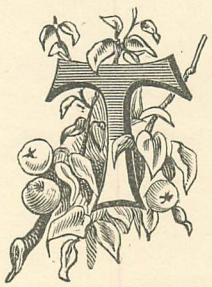
'If you don't walk too quickly,' called Llewellyn to Miss Forester and the two girls, as he settled Meg at the rudder, 'you will be able to keep an eye on us, so we won't say Good-bye.'

'Very well!' was the cheerful reply. Nevertheless, in spite of Llewellyn's assurance, Miss Forester could not shake off a certain feeling of uneasiness.

'I hope they will not venture past the bridge!' she said once, anxiously; 'but we have Llewellyn's promise.'

'And he never breaks his word!' said Gwen, with sisterly pride. 'What a long time Philip takes to arrange his oar!—we shall soon be out of sight. But now we shall have to be as quick as we can, if we are to show you Pin's Point Island.'

(*Continued at page* 362.)



THE CALLING CRAB.

THERE are in the West Indian Islands many curious animals of all kinds. One of the strangest creatures is the Calling Crab, which is common amongst the ditches of some parts. He is a comical character. His back, or carapace, as the naturalists name it, which is broad, has a channel along it, in which usually lie his two eyes, upon foot-stalks, pointing right and left. As he moves along, he seems to be peering from the top of each shoulder; but, should he be alarmed, or wish to take a wide survey, he raises the long-stalked eyes, like telescopes, or little lighthouses, above his head, and looks comical enough to make anybody laugh. There is something else peculiar about him, which has given him the name of 'calling crab,' his two front legs, or arms, to which are attached the claws, are very different. One of them is small; the other is long and strong, and when he is eager to attack, or to defend, he flourishes this limb in the air as a sort of signal. Though he has only the one arm, he is clever in managing it if he meets a foe, and he can inflict sharp wounds with his claw or nipper. When he has an 'at home,' after the business of the day is over, he retires to his burrow, where his partner sits inside, out of danger and not seen. Should any one approach the burrow, the crab makes wild gestures with his long arm, warning them against coming too near his domain.

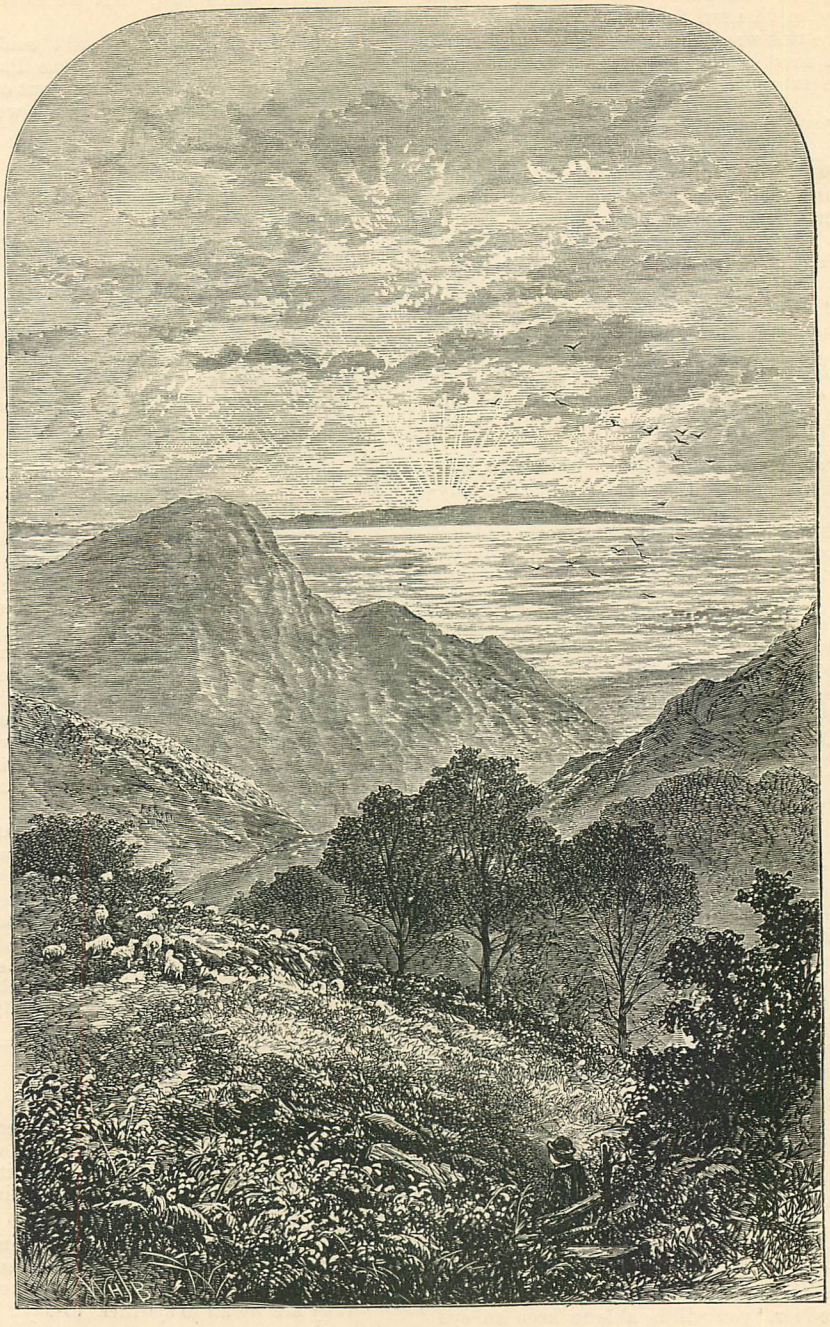
J. R. S. C.

SUNRISE.

SOME summer morn, when we expect the sun
In all its splendour to illume the wold,
To gild the towering mountain-tops with light,
And turn each little stream to rippling gold,

No glorious sun appears! Shrouded in gloom
He hides, and even the little children say,
'Something is surely wrong! Dear mother, tell,
Why are we all so spiritless to-day?'

Then mother smiles—she has not lost her faith
In sunshine, though one day is dull and cold.
'Darlings,' she says, 'just wait a little while;
The sun once more will flood the world with gold,



Sunrise.

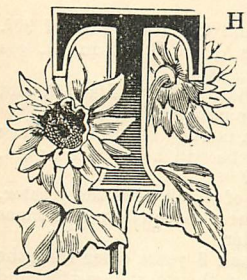
'And then my little ones, on dancing feet,
Will roam the wood in search of sweet wild flowers.
They will not ask me then, with saddened look,
Why are so gloomy and so sad our hours?

'Then let us all, both young and old, when gloom
Falls on our daily path from God in Heaven,
Fear not, for in His own appointed hour
The beauteous sunrise will again be given.'

B. M.

THE SCHOOL-DAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIME MINISTERS.

VIII.—WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.



THE father and grandfather of William Ewart Gladstone were corn merchants in Leith.

John Gladstone, William's father, was born at Leith in the year A.D. 1763. He entered his father's business, and in it he did so well that he was enabled to provide for each of his children during his lifetime. This was a fortunate thing for his son William, as it left him at liberty to devote his energies to the public service, without the necessity of going into business.

We do not know much of William's mother, but the little that we do know is all to her credit. She has been described as 'a lady of very great accomplishments, of fascinating manners, of commanding presence and high intellect, one to grace any home and endear any heart.' Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Gladstone and his wife became the father and mother of six children—four sons and two daughters.

William was quite a child when his father discovered his keen intellect; for a time he taught the boy himself, but later on, finding that his business cares—public and private claims—did not leave him leisure enough to direct, as he would have wished, his boy's education, he decided to place him under the care of a private tutor.

Very wise and careful was Mr. John Gladstone in his choice of a teacher for his son. William's earliest tutor was the Rev. William Rawson, 'a man of the most solid acquirements and sterling uprightness of character.' This Mr. Rawson was for fifty-six years the vicar of Seaforth, and in addition to Mr. Gladstone, he numbered amongst his pupils a subsequent Home Secretary and the gentle Dean Stanley.

William was taught, when quite young, to think for himself. His father delighted, before his boy attained his twelfth year, to discuss with him public questions, and then to examine him as to what had led him to form certain opinions.

William Gladstone, both as a boy and as an aged man, enjoyed, and enjoys, an excellent memory. He was a boy of great life and energy, and blessed with excellent health. Wanting still three months to his twelfth year, he was entered at Eton in the autumn of A.D. 1821, where he remained for six years.

The Eton College of William Gladstone's school-days was conducted very differently to the Eton College of to-day. The College then, as now, was divided into two schools, the upper and lower. The upper consists of four classes, viz., the sixth and fifth forms, the remove, and the fourth form. The distinction of schools was not, however, the only distinction. Seventy King's scholars, or Collegers, are freely maintained on the foundation, and sleep in the College. Most of the Eton boys are called Oppidans, and they live in the town. The two classes wear a different dress. The King's scholars at Eton are sent, as vacancies occur, to King's College, Cambridge.

In young Gladstone's school-days, the only subjects which Eton professed to teach were the Latin and Greek languages, a little divinity, and a little ancient and modern geography. It cannot be said that school-hours were burdensome, as, all told, during an entire week, they only amounted to about eleven hours.

Of course the system of 'fagging' prevailed, and the older and stronger boys tyrannised over the younger and weaker. An old Eton boy, writing upon this system, has said, 'Fagging has a very injurious effect upon many boys—it finds them slaves, and leaves them despots. A boy who has suffered himself learns to see no harm in making others suffer in their turn. The whole thing is wrong in principle, and engenders passions which should be stifled and not encouraged.'

The head master had the right to flog, and even the biggest boys in the school did not escape. An anecdote is told of a big fellow, a young man of twenty—just upon the point of leaving school, and engaged to be married to a young lady at Windsor—who was 'well and soundly whipped by Dr. Goodford, for arriving one evening at his tutor's house beyond the specified time.'

William Ewart Gladstone, loving study for its own sake, and eager to acquire knowledge, applied himself, with a few kindred spirits, to diligent study out of school-hours. The wonder is that this diligent scholar took no prize at Eton, although he was several times 'sent up for good' on account of verses.

To William Gladstone, while an Eton boy, belongs the honour of launching the *Eton Miscellany*. He did not edit it, but his pen was ever busy writing for it. He wrote the greater part of the introduction, and in it he set forth, in an able manner, the hopes and the fears of a young would-be statesman.

Here is a remarkable paragraph from the pen of this brilliant and youthful writer:—

'In my present undertaking (literary contributions to the *Eton Miscellany*) there is one gulf in which I fear to sink, and that gulf is Lethe. There is one stream which I dread my inability to stem—it is the tide of Popular Opinion. I have ventured, and no doubt rashly ventured—

> "Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
> To try my fortune in a sea of glory,
> But far beyond my depth."

At present it is hope alone that buoys me up; for more substantial support I must be indebted to my own exertions, well knowing that in this land of literature, merit never lacks its reward. That such merit is mine I dare not presume to think; but still there is something within me which bids me hope that I may be able to glide prosperously down the stream of public estimation.'

The hopes expressed by the Eton schoolboy have been fully realised, and William Ewart Gladstone has filled with honour the 'most exalted office which it was in the power of his sovereign to bestow.'

Here is a passage from a poem by our young schoolboy upon Richard Cœur de Lion:—

'Who foremost now the deadly spear to dart,
And strike the javelin to the Moslem's heart?
Who foremost now to climb the leaguered wall,
The first to triumph, or the first to fall?
Lo, where the Moslems rushing to the fight,
Back bear their squadrons in inglorious flight!
With plumèd helmet and with glittering lance,
'Tis Richard bids his steel-clad bands advance;
'Tis Richard stalks along the blood-dyed plain,
And views unmoved the slaying and the slain;
'Tis Richard bathes his hands in Moslem blood,
And tinges Jordan with the purple flood.'

This brief extract gives an idea of the style of verse contributed by William E. Gladstone.

The ordinary sports of the Etonians do not appear to have had any great attraction for him, at any rate during his last year at Eton. He devoted all his leisure to literature. Reading, writing, and studying during all his waking hours, with the exception of those allotted to meals, it cannot be wondered at that in the second volume of the *Eton Miscellany* we find no fewer than seventeen articles written by him, and several 'introductions' to various numbers. The busy hand, obedient to the busy brain, wrote such papers as 'An Ode to the Shade of Wat Tyler,' 'The Battle of the Boyne,' 'A Paper on Eloquence,' and others of a like nature.

In this last paper we find proof of the attraction which successful parliamentary oratory had for the youthful writer. He shows that 'visions of joy and honour open on the enraptured sight of those given to oratorical pursuits, and whose minds are directed to the House of Commons,' and he writes, 'A successful maiden speech, an offer from the Minister, a Secretaryship of State, and even the Premiership itself, are the objects which form the vista along which a young visionary loves to look.' But Gladstone also reminds his readers that 'there is a barrier to pass—an ordeal to endure.' He continues, 'There are roars of coughing as well as roars of cheering, and maiden speeches sometimes act more forcibly on the lungs of hearers than the most violent or most cutting of all the breezes which Eolus can boast.'

A few years and William Ewart Gladstone had himself made his maiden speech and been invited to fill an honourable post in the ministry.

During the few years which intervened between his leaving Eton and entering Parliament, William Gladstone became a private pupil of Dr. Turner, and afterwards spent two years at Christ Church, Oxford, attaining the highest honours of the University, taking his degree as a double first class.

And here may be said to end the 'school-days' of William Ewart Gladstone, ex-Prime Minister, one of the most diligent workers and intelligent students that ever graced Eton or Oxford.

JAMES CASSIDY.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

50.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. IF to a certain number you add 24, the sum is 5 times the original number. Find the number.

2. Find two numbers whose sum is 58 and difference 8.

3. Three persons, A, B, and C, raise a sum of 90*l.* C puts in twice as much as A, and B puts in 10*l.* less than C. What is the share of each?

4. To the double of a certain number I add 2, and the result is 32. What is the number?

5. The eldest brother of a family is 6 times the age of the youngest. In 3 years he will be 3 times as old. What are their present ages?

6. There are two numbers of which 10 is the greater, and the difference between them is equal to four times the smaller. Find the smaller.

7. There are 3 brothers each 3 years older than the one next to him. The sum of their ages being 24, find the age of each.

8. A has twice as much money as B, but when he has paid B a debt of 4*s.*, he then has only 2*s.* more than B has then. How much had each at first?

9. There are three numbers whose sum is 80, the second is twice as great as the first, and the third is 5 more than the second. What are the numbers?

10. If I had twice as much money as I have in my purse, I should have as much under a sovereign as I now have under 12*s.* How much have I now?

11. A farmer wanted to buy 15 sheep at 3*l.* each, but had not enough money. He sold a cow for 22*l.*, and then found he had as much more than he required as he was short before. How much had he at first?

12. Divide 66*l.* among 3 person, A, B, and C, giving B 3*l.* more than A, and C as much as A and B together.

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 374.]

ANSWERS.

46.—*Ilfracombe.*

1. Indus.	6. Canute.
2. Lucerne.	7. Ohio.
3. Friendly.	8. Moors.
4. Ramilies.	9. Boadicea.
5. Aristides.	10. Etna.

47.—*John Milton.*

1. Lion.	4. Noon.	7. Moon.	10. Joint.
2. Hilt.	5. Ton.	8. Hoot.	11. Mint.
3. Join.	6. Loom.	9. Hint.	12. Jot.

48.—A stitch in time saves nine.

49.—It never rains but it pours.

ANSWER TO PICTURE PUZZLE.

MAST
ARCH
SCAR
THRO

Mop.	Acorns.	Steamboat.	Turnips.
Asses.	Raft.	Clasp.	Humming-bird.
Sturgeon.	Churn.	Ant-eater.	Rabbits.
Trident.	Heron.	Roller.	Ourang-outang.

THE BAGPIPER REVIVED.

THE following event happened in London, during the Great Plague, which in A.D. 1665 carried off nearly 100,000 of the inhabitants. A Scotch bagpiper used to get his living by sitting and playing his bagpipes, every day, on the steps of St. Andrew's Church in Holborn. In order to escape the contagion, he drank a great deal of gin, and one day, having taken more than usual, he became so drunk that he fell fast asleep on the steps. It was the custom, during the prevalence of that terrible disease, to send carts about every night to collect the dead, and carry them to a common grave or deep pit, of which several had been made round about London. The men passing with the cart up Holborn Hill, and seeing the piper extended on the steps, naturally thought it was a dead body, and tossed him into the cart among the others, without observing that he had his bagpipe under his arm, and without paying any attention to his dog, which followed the cart, barking and howling most piteously.

The rumbling of the cart over the stones and the cries of the poor dog soon awoke the piper from his drunken sleep, and not being able to discover where he was, he began squeezing his bagpipe and playing a Scotch air, to the great astonishment and terror of the carters, who fetched lights, and found the Scot sitting amid the dead bodies, playing his pipes. He was soon released and restored to his faithful dog.

The piper became after this event so celebrated that one of the first sculptors of that time made a statue of him and his dog, which is still to be seen in London.

A LONELY LIGHTHOUSE.

LIGHTHOUSES are often seen in places which are lonely and difficult to reach, but perhaps the loneliest of all our British lighthouses is one built by the Commissioners of the Northern Lights, upon the island of Skerry. This island is in the track of vessels passing northward, and, with another near, called the Stack, from the rocky shores and wild sea around, it has long been a source of terror and danger to mariners when there are storms or fogs. It is one of the Orkney Islands, of which there are about fifty, but far away from most of them. It is not an unpleasant spot to visit on a fine summer day: the waters are beautifully blue, and sometimes dash in sparkling foam on the headlands, or break in silvery spray along quiet bays, and all night long we may hear the murmur of the waves, with the plaintive notes of sea-gulls.

The Skerry is nearly three-quarters of a mile long, and, in the wider parts, 500 yards across; most of the jagged rocks and reefs are on the west side. On that side, the island is covered with dark-green grass, the earth is peaty on the top of the granite, and some wild flowers grow, such as ox-eyed daisies, fennel, chickweed, and sandwort.

The lighthouse is built upon the loftiest ridge of the island, which is about sixty-five feet high, and the building itself is sixty feet high from the ground to the lantern. The walls are very thick. It is arranged that four men look after the lamps, the homes for their families being at Stromness. Three are on duty together, and one is away in turn, so that each man has three weeks' work and one week's holiday, a change taking place every week. But at times, during the winter, the sea is too rough for any vessel to reach the lighthouse for many days.

What would most amuse boys who might visit Skerry is the number of sea-birds which have made it their home. The most remarkable kind is the puffin, called in the north 'Tamie Norrie.' Thousands of them are on the island, and they have no fear of strangers; even if pushed, a puffin moves away quite slowly. With their strong beaks puffins dig holes nearly three feet long, in which they lay one egg. The young birds are fed by their parents upon sand-eels. A puffin makes a peculiar cry, like a sort of groan, perhaps because it is rather fat.

Then the eider duck has its haunts on the Skerry. The nests, made of seaweed or grass, are hunted up because the bird lines them with the light elastic plumage which is well known as eider down. The common tern, or sea-swallow, is often seen hovering amongst the breakers, intent on seizing small fish. It is strong-winged, as are the gulls. Several kinds of these may be seen. The largest is the great black-backed gull; another is the kittiwake, so named from its peculiar cry, and which has beautiful plumage. Its nest is usually on a narrow ledge high amongst the rocks. Then, there is the bird so much disliked by sailors, which is thought to be a herald of tempests, the stormy petrel, or 'Mother Carey's chicken,' which, as a rule, keeps quiet and out of view in bright weather, but comes forth when the sky is overcast, because it prefers gloom. Sand-martins, guillemots, and other birds dwell on or visit this island, and after October, parties of grey seals are frequently to be seen. Round this island the fishing is good—herrings, cod, ling, and various fish are taken, but of late years the dog-fish has proved a trouble to the fishermen. This fish is three or four feet long, no good for food, but it seizes the bait meant for other fish, and also destroys the nets. J. R. S. C.

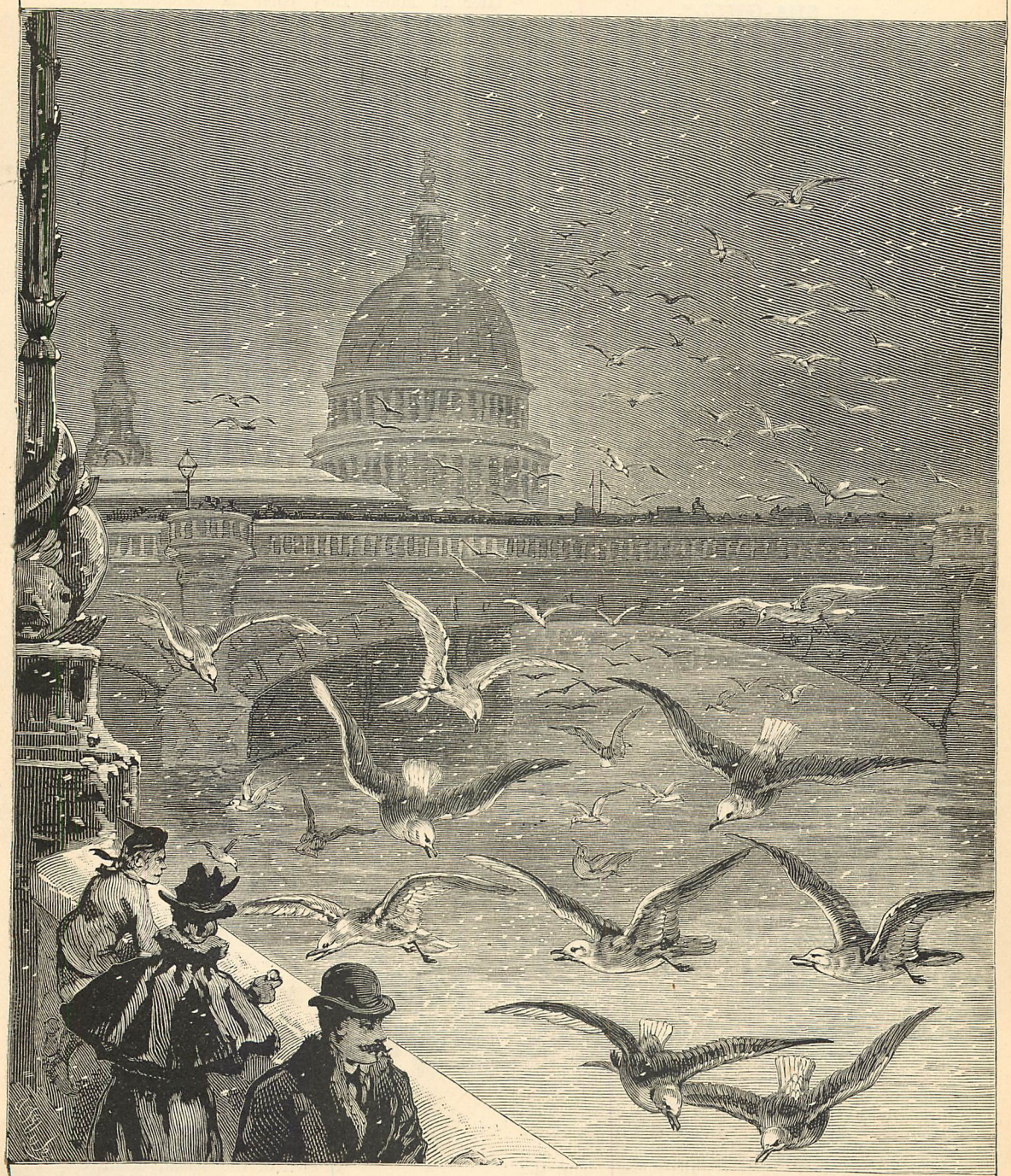
SHARP-WITTED.

SOME time ago a little girl was found crying in the streets of Newcastle. A crowd gathered and soon found that she was crying because she was lost.

After the usual questions were put, they found that she could not give them any information as to her name or where she lived.

A policeman was about to take her to the station and make inquiries about her, when a sharp-witted girl, of about eighteen, pushed her way to the front, and said, 'Where do you buy your bullets, hinney?' The child at once named a well-known sweet-shop some distance off where the confections known to north-country children as 'bullets' were sold; whereupon she was taken there, identified, and sent home.

"Where do you buy your bullets, hinney?"



Sea-gulls : a Winter Scene in London.

SEA-GULLS.

IT scarcely seems possible that our picture represents a London scene. Yet there is no mistaking the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, nor can there be any doubt in the mind of the London citizen as to the truthfulness of the illustration. At certain seasons of the year, the gulls may be seen in vast numbers circling in the air, and skimming the surface of the Thames. The writer has many a time watched from Blackfriars Bridge just such a scene as we have here, and listened to the mournful cries of the gulls as, carried by their long and powerful wings, they have made for the dainties thrown out to them by their lovers and friends.

The Gull family is a very large one It would seem that this bird can live anywhere. The sailor is sure to find him wherever he goes, whether under the burning sun of the tropical regions or the frozen icebergs of the Arctic circle, and always bearing the same restless and noisy character.

A popular name for the gulls is 'the scavengers of the sea,' for nothing comes amiss to their voracious appetite. The gull is not particular what he eats—fresh fish or stale carrion left on the beach, it is all the same to him, he despises nothing. He is a sad glutton, and frequently gorges almost to suffocation. Then he loses the power of movement, and may be picked up, torpid and insensible, by any passer-by. An eminent naturalist, the late Edward Stanley, D.D., F.R.S., tells a story which demonstrates the greediness of the gull. He writes: 'Some years ago, in riding with a friend on the seashore, we espied a gull lying motionless on the sand, apparently dead; but, as its eyes were open, life was clearly not extinct. Suspecting it to be a wounded bird, we alighted to examine the extent and nature of the injuries it had received; but not a drop of blood was to be seen, neither was a feather ruffled. After having, therefore, handled it for several minutes without its evincing the slightest symptom of vitality beyond the opening and the shutting of its eyes, we threw it into the air, when, to our inconceivable surprise, the apparently dead bird expanded its wings and, tucking up its legs, flew off with the utmost composure and steadiness.'

It is of no consequence to the gull if the weather be fair or foul. His thick coat of the softest down protects him from cold. He is so light that he rides the waves without an effort, and his wide, strong wings convey him safe beyond every peril, except, perhaps, a chance shot.

Several kinds of gulls build on our rocky shores, remaining with us all the year. Vast numbers of white-headed gulls are to be seen about the rocky, lonely parts of the west coast of England. The Black-headed Gulls appear to prefer the east coast. Many of them frequent a favourite island, about thirty miles from the sea, at Woodrising. This island is private property. It contains about thirty acres, eighteen of these being reeds, such as are used for thatching. A few gulls appear about the middle of February, and take a look round. Early in March the gulls make their way in detachments of fifty. Day by day the numbers in the detachments increase to about three or four hundred, and later in March they come in thousands, settle upon the water, and take possession of the island. A visitor to the island tells us that one of their local names is the 'Laughing Gull.' He describes them as garrulous and noisy, being rarely silent for more than one hour out of the twenty-four. They are not much of builders, their nests being very simple affairs—just 'a few cross-pieces of the softer remnants of the reeds and grass, and so closely packed together on the favourite spots by the edge of the water that an outspread hand would touch two or three of them.' They are quite used to the ways of the country, feeding themselves and their young on week-days by fearlessly pouncing upon the grubs and the worms turned up by the ploughshare. On Sundays they do not fast because the plough is not working, but they go down to the meadows and dry pastures, searching for similar food, and foraging over whole fields most methodically.

'Gulls' eggs,' writes Dr. Stanley, 'are very good eating. The yolk is reckoned by many equal to the Plover's, but the white is less transparent. The young birds, being web-footed, take to the water as soon as they are hatched, but are fed by the old ones till they can fly. When nearly fledged, they are not bad food, though they are not often brought to table. The young birds, for the first year, are of a brownish-grey colour, with partial patches of white, but have neither the black cap nor black tips of wings, with which they return in the following year. They remain till the young birds are strong enough for a long flight, when they assemble in detachments on an open field in the evening, and go off in the night. The first detachments retire about the end of July, and they almost entirely disappear in the course of August.'

If enough has been written to awaken your interest toward the beautiful Sea-gull, you cannot do better, should you happen to live in London, than spend an hour or so on Blackfriars Bridge in the late autumn of the year, on a cloudy and boisterous day, watching the movements of the gulls, and listening to their plaintive notes. If you take some food with you, and throw it on the river, you will be rewarded in the knowledge you will gain of this fearless bird.

J. C.

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 355.)

IN'S POINT ISLAND was a small, round spot on the Yarrow, just above the mill, and had been so named by the boys, because there was only just room enough on it for two persons and the one great tree which stood there. When the river was flooded, nothing could be seen of the 'island' itself, only the towering branches of the great elm were visible.

At every bend of the river Miss Forester looked back anxiously. When at length they reached at

the same time the end of the park and the bridge, she gave a sigh of relief, for the boat was not yet in sight. A glance at her watch set her mind still more at rest, for it showed her that it wanted but a quarter of an hour to the time at which the doctor was expected to arrive.

Meanwhile, the boat, according to Llewellyn, was making 'awfully slow progress.' Even after all were settled, some minutes were spent in admiring the arrangements and decoration of the smart little boat.

'We shan't want a second pair of oars,' remarked Philip, handing out a pair to Blinks, who had laid them in the bottom of the boat a few minutes before.

'The doctor might like to take an oar coming back,' suggested Llewellyn.

'In that case, he can take mine,' was the reply; 'the others would only be in our way.'

The point did not seem worth arguing. Llewellyn's only response was to push out into mid-stream, with a shout to Meg to 'keep her head steady.'

'This is much jollier than your old boat, isn't it?' remarked Philip to Llewellyn, after a few minutes of silent rowing. 'The governor had it made as spick and span as money could make it.'

'It's easy to see that,' Meg said, for Llewellyn was too much offended to reply, and Meg considered the remark to be in the worst possible taste. 'But we always like old friends the best, I think, and you know, Philip, that "comparisons are odious." Besides, if we *are* to make comparisons, I certainly prefer the flat-bottomed boats to these pointed ones —much as I like this. They seem so much safer.'

This was a decided snub for Philip, but he forgave it, and presently he invited Meg to come and take an oar. 'You can't deny,' said he, 'that the oars are beautifully light. That was the heavier pair I tossed out, but these will just suit you.'

'They are perfect ladies' oars,' agreed Meg, as she took her seat near Llewellyn, who had scarcely recovered his good-humour.

'Whatever is all this rope for?' he grumbled now, as Meg nearly slipped over a coil in crossing the boat. 'Blinks might as well have taken this too, I should think; it is dreadfully in the way!'

'Oh! that is put there in case you want to moor the boat. When you feel lazy, you can just land— don't you know?—twist the rope round a tree, tie the loose end to this ring in the boat, and there you are! You can sit for hours reading or fishing, and enjoy yourself without any exertion.'

'Look out!' cried Llewellyn, for Philip, in giving this explanation, had forgotten his duty as pilot. 'Where are you steering us to, Philip? We shall be on the bank in a second! Good gracious! we are stuck!'

'Oh! I'll have her off in less than a minute.' And Philip began pushing vigorously at the bank with Meg's oar.

'Take care!' again cried Llewellyn; 'it will snap if you are too rough. Halloa! we are off at last. Steady, old man! you will be over the side! Here! you had better row for a change, and let me steer.'

Philip had nearly lost his balance in pushing against the bank, and when, with a sudden jerk, the boat was freed, he stumbled over the seat. As Llewellyn spoke, the oar slipped from his grasp, and—before Llewellyn could reach to save it—it was merrily floating down-stream.

'You have done it now!' said Llewellyn, as they sat staring blankly at each other; 'you have got us into a pretty pickle with your crack steering! How are we to get back with one oar? There is not a soul about, and if Dr. Jack should happen to choose a different route!'

'Oh, dear!' cried Philip. 'Let us try and make some one hear.'

They shouted again and again, but the three in front, whose attention they had hoped to attract, had gone on from the bridge, and all their efforts were in vain. The bridge was in sight now, but as yet there was no sign of Dr. Jack. There was nothing for it but to wait until he appeared.

'Llewellyn!' exclaimed Margaret, in a voice hoarse with terror, after they had thus sat for some time, 'do you not see that in a minute or two we shall be past the bridge?'

It was too true! Owing to the flood of water, the force of the current was stronger, and was felt further up the river than usual. Their boat was drifting slowly but surely under the bridge. This bridge was an old, rustic, wooden one, which Lord Brent had often talked of replacing with something stronger and more modern.

'I am afraid Dr. Jack has gone another way,' said Llewellyn. 'We must do something, and that at once. Sit still, Meg! Ah! I have it! We must tie the boat to the bridge. Bless the rope! What should we have done without it?'

'It looks hardly safe,' remarked Philip, gazing at the wooden pillars, green with water and age; 'the supports look awfully rotten.'

'What are you going to do, Llewellyn?' cried Meg, as the boy divested himself of coat and boots. 'You are not going to leave me in the boat alone?'

'I shall have to make a plunge for it,' answered Llewellyn, looking ruefully at his new garments. 'I shan't be fit for polite society afterwards, of course; but that can't be helped. We *must* get out of this fix somehow! I will tie you up to the bridge'—he began to fasten the rope into the iron ring as he spoke—'then I will cut across the park, and get the other pair of oars. Meg, dear, I *must* go!' For poor Meg, speechless with fear, was holding him by the arm. To lose Llewellyn seemed like parting with her last hope of safety.

Philip Brent, although foolish and conceited, was no coward. He forgot his eye-glass and his languid drawl as he said earnestly: 'Let *me* go, Llewellyn! It is all through my blundering. I will go!'

'I thought you couldn't swim, Phil?'

'I can just keep myself afloat,' said Philip; 'at any rate, I can try.'

Llewellyn shook his head.

'No, Phil, that would not do at all; if you failed, I should have to go all the same, and then Meg would be left quite alone. Every second is precious now. See! we have left the bridge behind, and a few minutes' more drifting would bring us into the very teeth of the current. It is a pretty kettle of

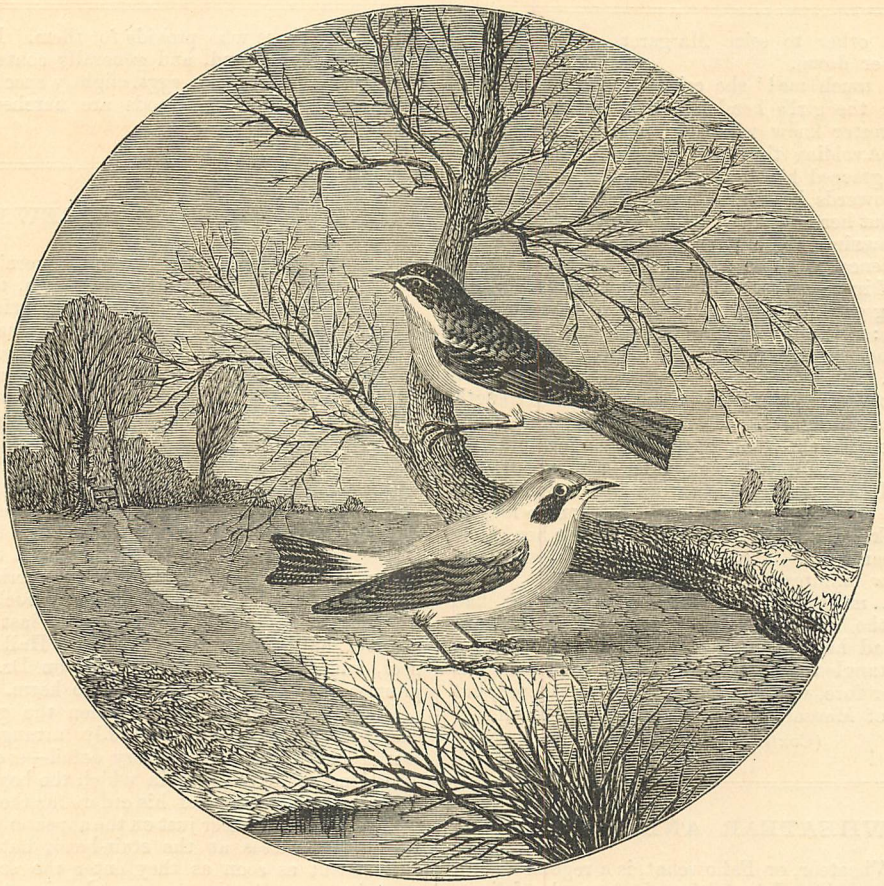
"Miss Forester, disregarding the hand which Margaret flung out, grasped her by the dress."

fish as it is, but it is of no use blaming each other, and I am sorry I was so hasty just now. Now, Meg, you must let me go; the rope will not reach if we drift much further.'

Rope in hand, Llewellyn plunged into the river, and swam back to the bridge.

'Only just in time!' he called out, as he wound the rope twice around the nearest support, as tightly as he could. There was not a sufficient length to go three times round. Then he swam to the bank, scrambled up, and was off to the boat-house like an arrow.

Five minutes—which seemed hours to Meg—passed in silence. Then, with a cry of horror, the girl started from her seat, nearly capsizing the boat as she did so. 'The rope!' she cried, 'the rope!'



The Wheatear and Whinchat.

The twist round the bridge-post was slowly unwinding before their eyes. There was one minute of helpless gazing; then they were adrift on the stream again, the boat moving slowly as yet, but with ever-increasing speed on to the dreaded rapids.

'Sit perfectly still, Margaret!' said Philip, steadily. 'If you can reach, give me that oar; I am afraid to move; I will try to get near the bank with it. Perhaps, after all, I can manage to get ashore, and secure the rope to something. Look out for a likely stump or tree.'

But, alas! Philip's well-meant efforts to row to the side only put the boat more swiftly down the stream.

'Oh, please stop!' implored Margaret, piteously; 'you are only making things worse!' and Philip sat down meekly, without a word.

'But I *must* try to do something,' he said presently. 'I must do as Llewellyn did; and lifting the rope out of the water, he stood ready for the plunge.

'Oh, don't leave me here alone!' exclaimed the poor girl, almost beside herself with fear. 'I shall be drowned, and I dare not die alone! Oh, I am so wicked! I dare not die!'

At this instant, the boat turned a corner in the river. Here the current could be distinctly felt. The tree on Pin's Point Island could be clearly seen; and its waving branches were like warning arms.

'Oh!' cried Meg, 'there they are—Gwen, Pattie, and Miss Forester. Oh, Miss Forester!' she screamed, 'save me!'

Thus it was to her governess, whom she had so much misjudged, that the desperate girl turned with outstretched arms.

How it was done was never exactly known, but the next moment, the boat floated keel uppermost, and Philip and Margaret were struggling in the rushing water.

Miss Forester and the two girls, who for some time had been standing near the island, had almost forgotten the boat. That cry thrilled them with terror, and Miss Forester, as she witnessed the boat upset, rushed at her utmost speed along the bank. The current flowed in a direct line to the island, which stemmed it for a moment. Just below were the rapids. Margaret had lost all presence of mind.

With a little prayer for help, and of thanksgiving that she could swim, Miss Forester sprang from the bank, swam with some effort to the tree, whose lowest branches nearly touched the water, and, flinging one arm around a friendly limb, she stretched

out the other to seize Margaret as the current carried her down.

'Don't touch me!' she cried, in a clear, ringing voice, as the girl's head appeared on the surface. Miss Forester knew well the danger of a despairing clutch. Avoiding the hand which Margaret flung out, she grasped her by the dress, and so drew her slowly towards herself. Perhaps, at that moment, nobody but her governess could have saved Margaret from drowning. The pupil had acquired the habit of obedience to those calm tones—a habit which proved of immense service in this emergency. With a sobbing gasp for breath, Margaret obeyed the next direction: 'Wind your arm around the tree, as I have done. I will not let go of you,' added Miss Forester.

But it was apparent that there was little strength left in poor Margaret. She tried to support herself, as directed, but she would have sunk in a few minutes, had not Miss Forester wound her arm about her waist. It was terribly hard work! At times, Miss Forester too felt as if she could hold on no longer. For weeks afterwards, she could not raise her hands above her head. Years seemed compressed into those few minutes.

Philip, meanwhile, on reaching the surface, had grasped the boat, to which he clung. Its downward career had happily been stopped, the rope having become tangled around the trunk of the tree. The boat, therefore, was for the time, safely moored, but just out of Margaret's and Miss Forester's reach.

(*Continued at page* 370.)

THE WHEATEAR AND WHINCHAT.

THE Wheatear, or Fallowchat, is a regular visitor of the British Isles, although, from the delicate flavour of its flesh, it is sadly persecuted during its stay, and great numbers are caught, and sold to the game-dealers of London.

In the northern parts of England it is equally persecuted, from a foolish superstition that its presence foretells the death of those who see it; and for this reason ignorant people kill the poor bird and destroy its eggs as often as they can. This silly notion probably arose from the Wheatear frequenting old ruins and churchyards.

The plumage of the Wheatear is very pleasing. The upper part of the body is silver-grey, and the feathers of the wings and tail are deep black. The breast is buff, with an orange tinge, and the under part of the body is beautifully white.

The Whinchat has its name from its fondness for the furze, or whin; though the Stonechat has quite as much right to the title, as it frequents the furze as constantly as the Whinchat. It is a migratory bird, although it has on one or two occasions been seen in England during the winter.

It sings rather constantly, uttering its sweet strains while on the wing, or while perched on some high bough. Like the Wheatear, the Whinchat becomes very fat in the autumn, and as it is prized as a delicacy for the table, it is persecuted by the game-dealers, and those who provide for them. Its nest is placed on the ground, and generally contains from four to six bluish-green eggs, slightly speckled with reddish-brown. Two broods are hatched in the course of the year.

A ROYAL VISIT TO SHREWSBURY.

ONE November morning, sixty-five years ago, there was great excitement in Shrewsbury School. The Duchess of Kent was expected, with her little daughter, Princess Victoria, who was in a year or two to become Queen of England. Dr. Butler, the head master, was determined that she should have a hearty welcome. The first thing was to find a Royal Standard, to run up from the old tower as the carriage drove up to the school. In all Shrewsbury such a thing was not to be found. However, at last one was heard of, but it belonged to the Town Hall at Liverpool, and this one was only lent on Dr. Butler's promise that it should come to no harm.

In spite of all difficulties, when the great day came, everything was carefully arranged. Dr. Butler had thought out every detail—even giving directions as to the way in which the boys were to cheer. Here are some of his orders for the day:—

'The boys may cheer just on the appearance of their Royal Highnesses at the stair-head, but must be quite silent as soon as they enter the school, and must be very attentive to stop cheering the instant they see my cap raised. Strict silence to be observed while the royal party is in the school. No boy to leave his place in order to get nearer, but to preserve the utmost decorum. In cheering, some little boys who make a hideous squeal are desired to be careful not to do so.'

As soon as the Duchess and her daughter arrived, the flag, which had given so much trouble, was run up, and fluttered gaily from the tower. At the same moment, twenty-one guns were fired from the river, and St. Mary's bells rang out loudly.

The visitors were led upstairs to see the large schoolroom, which had been decorated in their honour with laurel wreaths and crowns of dahlias. The boys were drawn up in lines, three deep, on each side of a strip of green carpet, and bowed as Princess Victoria and her mother passed up the room. We must hope the little boys did not squeal too loudly by way of showing their loyalty.

Then came lunch-time, but you need not think that Princess Victoria had anything especially choice to eat. In accepting the invitation, the Duchess' secretary had written:—'As Her Royal Highness's luncheon usually takes place at one, Her Royal Highness will thank you to allow her to have this at your house, and that there should be some roast mutton for the Princess Victoria.'

Dr. Butler had wished for a bouquet to give the Princess, but no flowers were to be had in Shrewsbury, or even in Liverpool; but all the same, in the middle of lunch, his little granddaughter brought a beautiful bouquet of the brightest flowers. Where could she have got it from? The Princess wondered too, as she smelt the lovely roses. But she soon found out. They were made of china!

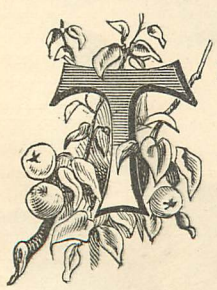
Altogether, I think, it was a very pleasant visit for the little girl. W. B.

WHY THE LITTLE LIGHT IS BURNING.

THREE hundred years ago a murder was committed in one of the narrow passages at Venice. As the murderer escaped, he flung away the sheath of the knife which he had left by the side of the body. A baker's boy, going whistling along, picked up the sheath and put it into his pocket. This was afterwards found upon him, and when it was proved to be the sheath of the knife with which the cruel deed was done, he was charged with the murder, and sentenced to death, and hung. A few years afterwards the real murderer confessed his guilt, and then the magistrates said, 'How can we atone to that poor boy for the cruel wrong we did him?' But, ah! they could not bring him to life again, and nothing could undo the agony of suffering which his parents had endured.

So they decided that a little lamp should be kept burning in a niche at the side of the cathedral for all time, so that people should never forget the poor lad who had so cruelly perished.

Now, we cannot see what good that light does, except that it says to all:—'Be careful; you can never undo the past.' 'And please, it says something else to me,' puts in a young voice. 'What is it, Tommy?' 'Be careful what you put in your pockets.'



AN OTTER-HUNT.

THE Otter, an aquatic and carnivorous animal, is found in many places in Europe and Asia. There are several varieties, all of them having great swimming and diving powers. They attain a length of two and a half feet, with a strong, thick tail, about half as long as the body; a broad, flat head; very short rounded ears, and the long body covered with beautiful chestnut fur. The legs are very short, but strong; the feet are not only webbed, but are armed with formidable claws. Indeed, in strength and agility, keen scent, acute hearing, and general cunning, the otter deserves a high rank among mammals. It is what boys would call a 'never-say-die animal;' so that an otter-hunt is a very attractive pursuit to men who do not object, after a long day's sport, to come home drenched to the skin, if not covered with mud, and perhaps without having killed an otter after all. For the otter always makes a brave struggle for freedom and life. When once it reaches its hole on the banks of the stream, it is not to be dislodged without heavy work; while after it is dislodged, so sharp is it, that though the dogs are keenly on the watch, it again takes to the water like a flash of lightning, and the chase has to be begun all over again.

To ensure a successful otter-hunt, much depends upon the dogs. The true otter-hound (seen best in the Carlisle pack) is a bold, hardy, rough-coated animal, nearly two feet high at the shoulder, and very game. The hunters are armed with spears, and one can easily imagine that a great deal of shouting and yelling attends this most exciting chase.

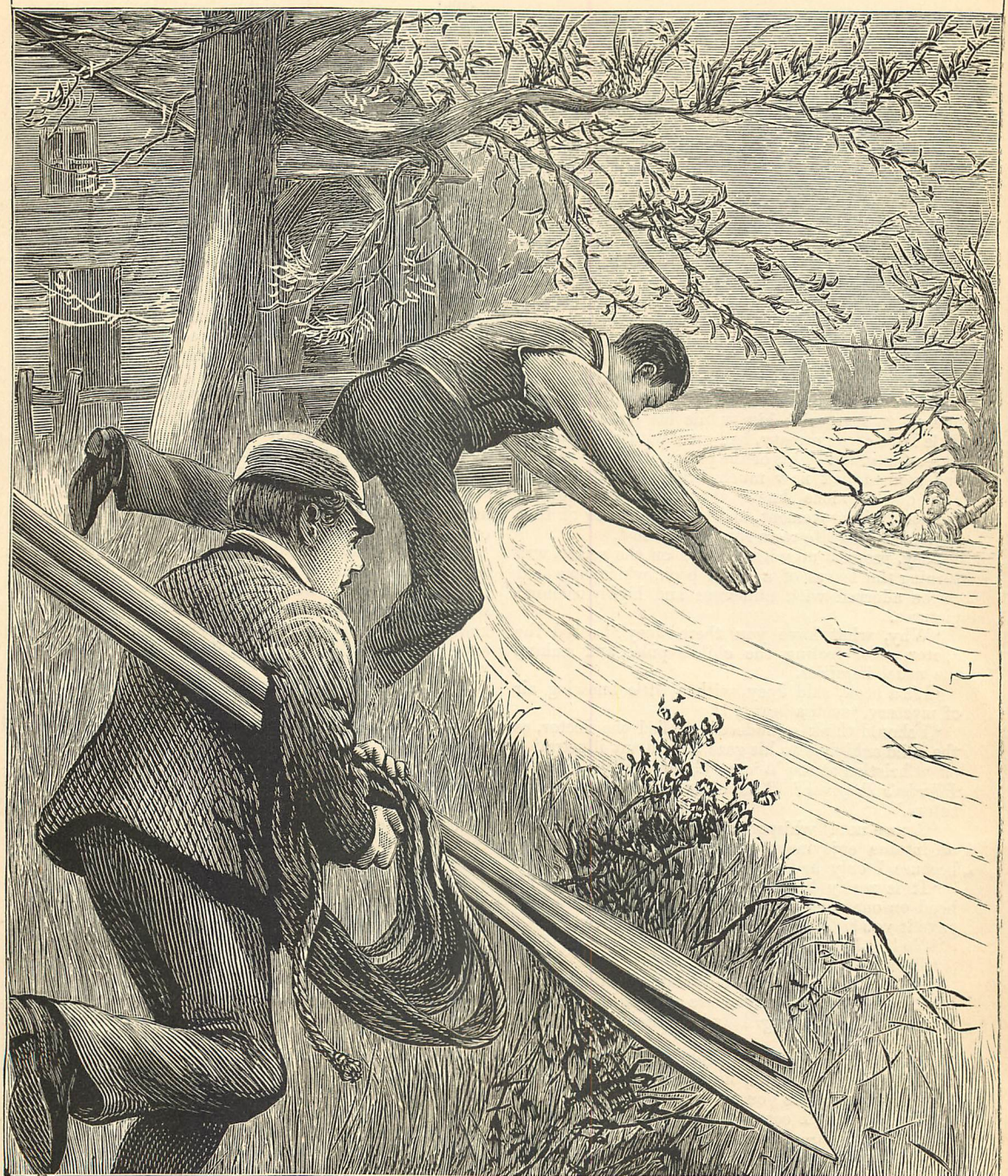
The otter is very destructive to fish of all kinds, and he has the good taste to prefer a salmon if he can find one. It has also this peculiarity, that it kills and tears to pieces many more fish than it can devour, and also that it always eats the prime parts only, while it leaves the more worthless morsels to the kites and the crows.

It is really a very inspiriting scene to see six or eight couple of wiry true-bred otter-hounds on a fine summer morning—for it is in summer that this sport is carried on. As the men of the party gather round, all talking and arranging, the dogs cannot be prevented from showing their interest by yelps of pleasure; while the whip keeps them sternly in order till the hunters are ready to start.

A crowd of onlookers have collected in the background, armed with sticks and eager for sport. At a given signal off they go, the men on the river-bank hunting about among the bushes, hoping to see some trace of the otter, the dogs in the water eagerly sniffing about, when suddenly there is one prolonged shout—the otter has been seen, his round head just above water for a moment; but next moment a sudden plump is heard, the agile creature has dived again, and every hound is after him, the men pursuing as best they can, straining every nerve to keep up the pace at which the hounds have started.

The otter, however, seems to be far from his hole, for he still holds down the stream, followed by his enemies, though, as mile after mile is passed, one or two of the less sturdy are fain to lag behind. But again the hounds stop and begin to search about: the otter has once more dived, and is out of sight. He is there, however, beyond doubt, for the dogs will not leave the place, and the hunters are urging them on to search. At last a yelp from the foremost dog, and a shout from one of the men, 'He's here! he's here!' shows that the otter has been compelled to take to the water again. But this time the poor otter has the worst of it. Scarcely is his head above water when a tremendous worry takes place, and the chase is over; the otter having been caught and strangled almost before he had been fully seen. One sturdy dog had done the deed, and now, panting for breath, men and dogs gather round while the head and pads are duly cut off, and the weary men and hounds go home. K.

An Otter Hunt.



"Hold on for two minutes longer! Please God, I will save you yet!"

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 366.)

R. JACK had seen fit to change his plans. Having found an opportunity to visit his patient at the mill earlier in the day, he had, with his usual good nature, dismissed his assistant after surgery hours. Then, on his way to Brentwood Park, he had called to see Joey Mason, little dreaming how eagerly his advent was being looked for on the other side of the river, or that his chance mention of his intention to come the other way had been taken so seriously.

Sarah was alone with Joey to-night. She had offered to stay with him while his mother, at the little lad's own entreaty, had gone with a neighbour to see the grand sights of the park. Joey had rallied, and seemed just now much brighter and stronger. The doctor alone knew that this was only a temporary improvement, and that the sands of that little suffering life were running out fast.

Joey, propped up with pillows on the settee, was turning the leaves of a small book, which appeared to be adorned with numerous and highly coloured pictures.

'Why, what have you there, Joey?' asked the doctor, after feeling the child's pulse, and making the usual inquiries.

'It's a book,' said Joey, with a little knowing air of mystery, 'such a beauty!'

'I should think so, indeed!' replied the doctor, as the child exhibited to his gaze a brilliant illustration of 'Christian at the Wicket Gate.' 'Why, it is a *Pilgrim's Progress!* I have never seen this treasure before.'

'Course not!' whispered Joey, with a feeble laugh of intense enjoyment. 'You *couldn't*, you know, because I only had it yesterday.'

'It is really beautiful, Joey! Now,'—with his head on one side—'I wonder if I could guess who gave it you? Was it—let's see—Miss Gwen?'

'No!' Joey shook his head.

'Then I expect it was Sarah?'

'Wrong again!' and Joey clapped his shadowy hands gleefully. 'But you are a-gettin' hotter now. It was Sarah's young lady! Miss Forester, you know.'

'Sarah's young lady? I didn't know at all, Joey.' Then, turning to Sarah, he said: 'Then you knew Miss Forester before you came here?'

'That is why I come, sir,' said Sarah, promptly. 'I nursed Miss—Forester from a baby. I took her to France, my very self, to school; and when she came back to live with—that is, to England, I stopped on as her maid till—till her troubles came.'

Dr. Jack did not ask what those troubles were. Though he listened to many confidences, he never asked to be told them.

'This is my favourite picture,' said Joey, anxious that the doctor should do full justice to his new treasure, 'and Sarah says it was Miss Forester's too, when she were a little girl. But it is my book now, you know; she gave it me her own self. She took her own name out, and put mine in; it is here at the beginning. But you haven't looked at the picture.'

The doctor took the book in his hand. His thoughts had wandered away, and he was pondering over his own trouble. Without thinking what he was doing, he turned to the back of the picture. His grasp on the book suddenly tightened; he held it up to the light, then carried it to the window, in order to see it the better. He was certainly interested enough to please Joey now! 'There is a name written here,' he said to Sarah, with a strange catch in his voice; 'do you know whose it is?' and he held out the book for her inspection.

'Sakes alive!' cried Sarah: 'she had forgot all about that, I'll be bound! or she would never have left that in. That was always her favourite picture from a child, and she put her name on it. You can see it has been written by a child.'

'Is this your young lady's name?'

'Yes, sir. And do you mean to say as you have never seen Miss Dorothy, didn't know or guess, or——'

'Know!' almost shouted Dr. Jack. 'I would have given a thousand pounds down to know! No, I have never seen Miss Forester, strange as it may seem, since she came here. Why, Sarah, you must know that I would have cut off my right hand to save her from this! But why does she call herself "Forester?"'

'That is her own name, sir. She took her aunt's before, and it is my belief, sir, if I may make bold to say it, as she is hiding herself away from *you* chiefly.'

'From *me?* Why from me? I have been seeking her everywhere!'

'That's best known to you, sir! You might have found her out long ago, sir, if you had tried. But I reckon you will see her at the park, for I saw her about three hours ago taking of your own niece——'

She spoke to empty air. By the time she had finished speaking the doctor was almost out of sight. Sarah was left to her own reflections.

'The cat's out of the bag now, and no mistake!' she said to herself, 'and what will my young lady say!'

As Dr. Jack strode along, he bethought himself that by taking a short cut through the Squire's fields he would save ten minutes, and also avoid the crush at the park gates. Accordingly he turned off the highway, and, walking quickly along the river-bank, he was soon in the park. He was just about to strike off into the shrubberies, which led directly to the Hall, when he came face to face with Llewellyn, panting, wet, and dishevelled, holding in his hand the key of the boat-house.

'What is wrong?' exclaimed the doctor.

Llewellyn explained as well as he could in his hurry and breathlessness. 'That stupid old Blinks,' he wound up, 'had locked up the boat-house and gone off. I was just thinking that I should have to go and

look for him—in this trim!—when I spied the key on a nail close to the door. I must not lose a second! Of course there is no danger, you know; but I expect Meg will be terribly frightened, all the same.'

Dr. Jack, scarcely staying to hear the end of the story, set off at a great pace for the bridge, snatching up a second coil of rope on the way, and relieving the boy of one of the oars.

Before they reached the bridge, they were met by Gwen and Pattie, who came flying towards them, their faces white with fear.

'Meg! Miss Forester!' they gasped, together. 'The boat is upset!'

Llewellyn was a swift runner, but even he found it impossible to keep pace with Dr. Jack after that. Without wasting a second in talk, the doctor rushed off at full speed. He flung off his coat as he ran, and, leaving the rope and oar for Llewellyn to bring, he soon reached the river.

'I am coming, my darling!' he called across the rushing water. 'Hold on for two minutes longer! Please God, I will save you yet!'

Then he sprang in, and was at the boat before Philip could realise that help had come.

'Lend a hand, Philip!' he said. And the young man, seizing a branch, helped him to turn over the boat. It was a difficult task, but Dr. Jack at that moment seemed to have the strength of ten. When this was done, the two scrambled in, and Dr. Jack, having jerked off the rope which moored them to the tree, signalled to Llewellyn, now waiting on the bank with the oars.

'Aim steady, Llewellyn!' he shouted. 'Go higher up, and fling the oar down-stream. I will catch it.'

It was a critical moment. Llewellyn, obeying directions to the very letter, flung the oar into mid-stream. By this time people were thronging the banks—for ill news flies apace—and a cheer went up from the spectators as the doctor caught the floating oar. Llewellyn then plunged into the river, and reached the boat just as Dr. Jack had succeeded in working it round to the other side of the tree single-handed—for Philip was by this time too much exhausted to be of further use. One more turn of the oars, and they were all face to face.

Dr. Beresford took his niece from Miss Forester's grasp, and laid her in the boat.

'Hold on one minute longer, Dorothy,' he said. 'I will come back for you; we dare not take one more now. Oh! it breaks my heart to leave you here for one second! But be brave just a little longer! For my sake, don't stir!'

'It is all right now,' murmured Miss Forester, dreamily. 'I will try to hold on, but—I don't know——'

Here her voice failed her, for she was utterly exhausted. Now that the necessity for keeping up on account of Margaret was over, she almost fainted, although a peaceful smile hovered upon the white lips.

To land Philip and Meg was the work of a very few minutes. Then the two rowers started again for the tree.

'Don't let go, Dorothy!' shouted Dr. Jack, for he saw the nerveless arm slipping from its hold before his eyes. But the cry came too late, Miss Forester had fainted, and the next instant the water closed over her head.

(*Continued at page* 382.)

A MISER PUNISHED.

A MISER once lost a bag containing a hundred pounds, and, advertising his loss, offered ten pounds reward to any person restoring the bag to him. A poor man found it and brought it to the miser, who refused the reward, saying that the bag he had lost contained a hundred and ten pounds. The bag had all along been sealed, and the parties were brought before a judge. The judge opened the bag, and said, 'How much did your bag contain?'

'One hundred and ten pounds,' said the miser.

'Oh,' said the judge, 'then this cannot be your bag, for it contains only a hundred pounds.' Saying this, he handed it to the poor man, telling him to keep it until the right owner turned up to claim it.'

DOGS AND LANGUAGE.

IT has long been a question how much human speech dogs understand. It is often said of some dog that it 'understands everything that is said.'

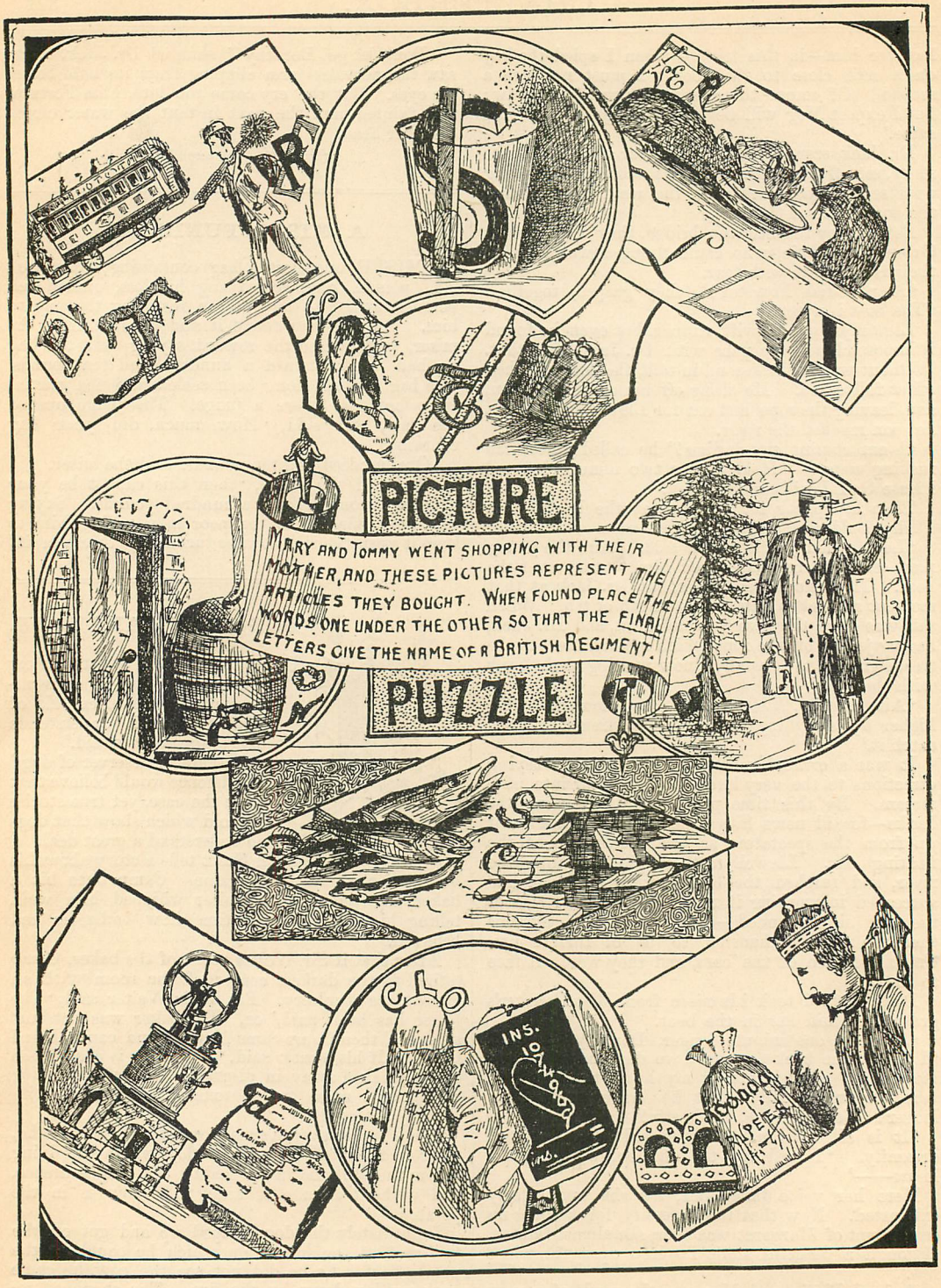
No careful observer of dogs' intelligence would believe that to be the case, yet true stories are told which show that dogs do understand a great deal.

Sir Walter Scott tells a story about his bull-terrier, 'Camp' by name. Camp once bit a baker, for which Sir Walter whipped him well, telling him at the same time how badly he had behaved.

After that if Sir Walter spoke of the baker, Camp retired to the darkest corner of the room with an appearance of misery. But if Sir Walter said, 'The baker has been paid,' or, 'The baker was not hurt after all,' then Camp came forward and capered and barked. If his master said, 'The baker is dead,' then Camp sneaked away in disgrace. Probably the dog was guided more by the tone of his master's voice than by his words.

There is, however, a true story of a shepherd who, to prove the intelligence of his dog, which was lying before the fire, said in the middle of a long sentence, and without change of tone, 'The cow is in the potatoes.'

Immediately the dog jumped up and got on the turf-roof of the hut, from which he could see the potato-field. As he did not see the cow, he came back and lay down by the fire. The shepherd repeated the remark, and the dog again went on the roof.



For Answers, see page 398.

Coursing.

The third time, however, he went up to his master wagging his tail, and with a look on his face as if he understood the joke. The company laughed, whereupon the dog, as if offended, returned to his corner and refused to be disturbed again.

A story is told of a St. Bernard, named Leo, who was lying on a rug asleep as it seemed, when a visitor praised the dog. Its mistress said, 'Oh, yes, Leo is a good dog.' The dog thumped the floor with his tail and half opened his eyes.

The mistress went on, 'Leo takes good care of the children.' The dog's tail thumped the floor, and he looked up at his mistress. But,' she said, 'Leo isn't always good; he has his faults.' The tail ceased thumping and the dog looked ashamed at his mistress. 'He brings mud on to the floor, and sometimes I have to punish him for it.'

Then the dog rose, with his tail dropped very low, and slunk out of the room. He had plainly understood these remarks.

GREYHOUNDS AND HARES.

COURSING, as the word is used nowadays, means the pursuit of hares by a brace of greyhounds. Used in a larger sense, it is understood to denote a branch of hunting in which the dogs employed pursue their game by sight only, instead of by scent, as in stag and fox hunting. As the dogs must be able to run at a sufficient speed to keep their fleetest game in view, it goes without saying, that only those dogs which can keep up a swift speed for a long time are of real use in coursing.

The saying that 'a gentleman was known by his hawk, his horse, and his greyhound,' is a very ancient one. King John is recorded to have accepted greyhounds instead of a money fine; but in those times it was generally deer that were coursed.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign the sport of coursing became very fashionable, and since that time it has been a favourite pastime.

From 1831 to 1875, the growth of coursing was very great, and all the chief meetings throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, were attended not only by those who owned dogs, but also by many who simply went for the love of the sport—that is, the excitement of the chase.

At a coursing meeting two greyhounds are slipped together, and the judge, who has been appointed by the committee, or by vote, decides which is the winner of the trial. The judge is guided by one principle. It is, that the dog which does most towards the killing—though he may not actually kill—is the winner. The judge has a code of 'points' to go by. He has to consider speed, for which he may allow one, two, or three points, as the case may be; the 'go-bye'—two or three points; the 'turn'—that is, bringing the hare round, at not less than a right angle — one point; the 'wrench'—bringing the hare round at less than a right angle—half a point; the 'kill,' one or two points, or even less; and the 'trip,' where the hare is thrown off his legs—one point.

The very best of the 'open' meetings are those held over the Downs. Thus we have amongst famous meets, the 'Amesbury Meeting'—the run being over the splendid ranges of the Wiltshire Downs—the village of Amesbury, seven-and-a-half miles from Salisbury, being the headquarters of the meet. Then there are the 'Ashdown Meeting,' the 'Stockbridge Downs Meet,' the 'Southport,' 'Scarborough,' 'Sleaford,' 'Lichfield,' and 'Newmarket' meets, and many others equally famous.

By many earnest-minded men and women hunting of all kinds is considered a cruel sport; while those who defend it urge that it gives healthful amusement to men and dogs. Perhaps if the harmless and defenceless hare could give his version of coursing to his pursuers, even they might be moved to pity.

J. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

51.—Squared Words.

1.—1. Waiting for no man.
2. A hard, heavy metal.
3. A heavenly body.
4. A beautiful plain in Sicily.

2.—1. A herb; a place for coining money.
2. A thought.
3. Not far.
4. A weed.

3.—1. A small bird; a great architect.
2. Very seldom seen or heard.
3. A river and lake in Ireland.
4. Necessity.

4.—1. A beautiful natural object.
2. A very loud and alarming sound.
3. Seen in a corn-field, and on your head.
4. Formerly.

5.—1. A delicate fabric.
2. A man's name.
3. Peaceful.
4. A woman's name.

6.—1. Created; forced.
2. Absent; begone!
3. A lady.
4. Organs of sense; found in a vegetable.

7.—1. A place for sacrifice.
2. A woman's name.
3. An outer garment formerly more used than at present.
4. Get up!
5. One who tries his speed with others.

8.—1. An idler.
2. Torn asunder.
3. Open; public.
4. An organ of sensation.
5. Come in!

C. C.

52.—Historical Arithmograph.

A Roman general who at one time shared the government of Rome with two of his fellow-countrymen, but through his misconduct was deprived of his power.

1.—10, 8, 3, 4. A city in the north of England.
2.—9, 8, 3, 2. A woman's name.
3.—7, 8, 10. A child's delight.
4.—5, 6, 7. An insect famed for a moral quality.
5.—1, 2, 3, 4. Take notice!
6.—7, 3, 8, 10. Resisting a long siege; consisting of grains, pennyweights, ounces and pounds.
7.—2, 3, 4. A place of safety.
8.—9, 2, 10. Not so.
9.—7, 3, 5, 1. A modern vehicle.
10.—1, 2, 9, 10. Not a few.
11.—3, 2, 1. An animal; an engine used in warfare.
12.—7, 2, 3, 6. A mountain lake.

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 398.]

ANSWERS.

50.—1. 6.
2. 25 and 33.
3. A 20*l.*, B 30*l.*, C 40*l.*
4. 15.
5. Eldest 12, youngest 2.
6. Smaller No. 2.
7. 5, 8, 11.
8. A 20*s.*, B 10*s.*
9. 15, 30, 35.
10. 8*s.*
11. 34*l.*
12. A 15*l.*, B 18*l.*, C 33*l.*

THE BEE.

DR. WATTS was right. The bee is really a very busy insect, in spite of recent attacks made upon its character. A plodding statistician has found out that each pound of honey secreted involves the necessity of the bee visiting 218,750 flowers. This in itself is no mean labour. That the bee is not gluttonous, and does not consume more than it earns, is proved by the fact that 164,000,000 pounds of honey are annually sold throughout the world for the enjoyment of the human race. The United States stands at the head of the list of honey-producers with 61,000,000 pounds, and Germany comes next with 40,000,000 pounds. England's production is so small that the statistician has not taken any notice of it; but, somehow or other, the best from all other countries finds its way to the London market.

It was long supposed that bees collected the wax direct from the flowers. Now it is known that if they are kept from plants, and fed on sugar only, they will form wax.

THE FALLS OF THE BRUAR.

THE Falls of the Bruar, in the wild district of Athole, Perthshire, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, even more so than the many other waterfalls of the mountainous parts of Scotland; but up to nearly the close of the eighteenth century, the romantic effect of this grand fall was much impaired by the total want of shrubs and trees on its banks. The crystal water foamed over its rocky barriers then, as it does now, but those rocky walls which hemmed it in were at that time brown and bare of all vegetation. The whole district of Athole was, indeed, a wild and desolate scene.

Before we tell our readers at whose request the trees and shrubs which now ornament its banks were planted, we should like to point out to them how it was that no one in Scotland, in those far-off days, seemed to care much about the wild and picturesque beauty of their native land. In truth they had other things to think about. The Highlands of Scotland were not then what they are now — a peaceful and quiet land. Rival chieftains, with their followers, were constantly at war with each other, and the lowland traveller who might have business to transact there was thankful indeed to arrive at his destination in a whole skin.

In addition to this, during the struggles of the royal house of Stuart to regain their lost hold upon the kingdom, the various clans took an active part, under their respective chiefs, in the wild and useless attempt to seat Bonnie Prince Charlie (as the young Pretender was called) upon the throne of his ancestors. But it was not to be. Though loved to the last by the faithful clans, and protected by them when a heavy price was put upon his head, he was at last obliged to hie him away to a foreign land to live and die in exile. Many Scottish songs still testify to the undying love with which the unfortunate young prince was regarded by the poor Highlanders. In one of these songs, known and loved by the people, an old Highland matron is supposed to be the speaker, and she says:

'I hae but one son, my gallant young Donald,
But if I had ten, they should follow Prince Charlie.
Charlie! Charlie! wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the hieland hearts, Bonnie Prince Charlie!'

It may easily be imagined that during these years of war and turbulence, no one cared much for the mere beauty of their streams. Thus, the Bruar Water, as well as many another Highland torrent, went roaring down the glens between rocky barriers, bare of those leafy surroundings which add so much to the beauty and grace of Highland scenery. But a good time was coming for the Falls of Bruar.

In the year A.D. 1787 the Scottish poet, Robert Burns, visited this romantic spot for the first time. It was at the twilight hour that he and a friend arrived on the scene, the weird beauty of which greatly impressed the poet, who, as his friend says, threw himself down on a heathy knoll, and gave himself up to tender thoughts and imaginations. The want of foliage on the banks of the torrent attracted his observation, and a few days afterwards he wrote to the Duke of Athole an appeal, supposed to be an expostulation from the stream itself! Some of the verses may be quoted. It is headed thus:

'THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

'Here, foaming down the shelving rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild roaring o'er a linn.*
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As nature gave them me,
I am, although I say 't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.
Wad, then, my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes.
Delighted doubly then, my lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen many a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.
The sober laverock,† warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink,‡ Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir.' (And so on.)

The Duke of Athole obeyed the injunction, and the picturesque points are now crowned with thriving wood, and the beauty of the falls is thereby much increased.

D. B.

* A Waterfall. † Lark. ‡ Goldfinch.

The Falls of the Bruar Waters.

"With a loud cry he threw off his boot."

JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION.

A YOUNG officer, on his arrival in India, was invited out to a dinner party. After dinner the colonel related that one morning just as he had drawn on one of his boots, he felt something wriggling underneath his foot. Fearing that it was some venomous reptile, and knowing that, if he attempted to pull off the boot, it would have a chance of striking, he stamped heavily on the ground, thus killing the creature. When he afterwards took the boot off, he found that, if he had not acted as he had, he would, most probably, have lost his life.

As it happened, the very next morning the young officer felt a stinging sensation on the sole of his foot when putting on his boot. Desirous of imitating his colonel's presence of mind, and jumping to the conclusion that it was a venomous animal, he stamped his foot with all his might on the floor, but the pain was so great that with a loud cry he threw off his boot. His servant, rushing in, found that a small brush with hard bristles had been by accident left in the boot.

THE PRINCE'S SPANIEL.

ON the night of the 11th of September, A.D. 1572, Don Frederic hazarded a night attack on the Dutch camp, which proved eminently successful, and nearly led to the capture of the Prince of Orange himself. A chosen band of 600 arquebusiers, attired, as was customary in these nocturnal expeditions, with their skirts outside their armour, that they might know each other in the darkness, were led by Julian Romero within the lines of the enemy. The sentinels were cut down, the whole army surprised and for a moment powerless, while, for two hours long, from one o'clock in the morning until three, the Spaniards butchered their foes, hardly aroused from their sleep, ignorant by how small force they had been thus suddenly surprised, and unable in the confusion to distinguish between friend and foe. The boldest, led by Julian in person, made at once for the Prince's tent. His guards and himself were sound asleep, but a small spaniel, who always passed the night upon his bed, was a more faithful sentinel. The creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of approaching footsteps, and scratching his master's face with his paws. There was but just time for the Prince to mount a horse, which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape through the darkness before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down; his master of the horse and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives; and but for the little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortune depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day the Prince ever afterwards kept a spaniel of the same race in his bedchamber, and in the statues of the Prince a little dog is often sculptured at his feet.—*Motley's 'Dutch Republic.'*

THE WEE MAN.

A Romance.

'T was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man, of dwarfish span,
Came up and hailed the boat.
'Good-morrow to you, gentle folk,
And will you let me in?
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin.'
They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.
They laughed to see his little hat,
With such a narrow brim;
They laughed to note his dapper coat,
With skirts so scant and trim.
But barely had they gone a mile,
When, gravely, one and all
At once began to think the man
Was not so very small.
His coat had got a broader skirt,
His hat a broader brim;
His leg grew stout, and soon plumped out
A very proper limb.
Still on they went, and as they went,
More rough the billows grew;
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
And he was swelling too!
And lo! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space!
For five!—for four!—for three!—not more
Than two could find a place.
There was not even room for one—
They crowded by degrees;
Ay, closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogging knees.
'Good sir, you must not sit astern,
The wave will else come in!'
Without a word he gravely stirred,
Another seat to win.
'Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee!'
With smiling face and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.
But still, by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.
Oh! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in!
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.
On every brow a dewdrop stood,
That grew so scared and hot—
'I' the name of all that's great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what?'
Loud laughed the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant's roar—
'When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I'm Moore.'

HOOD.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE POLECAT.

EVERY chatterbox knows that there are different sorts of cats. They may know Manx cats, Persian cats, tabbies, and tortoiseshells, but few probably would recognise the British quadruped called a Polecat, and might not be delighted if they happened to meet one when taking a country walk. Some, however, may have seen a live polecat in a menagerie, or a stuffed one placed in a museum. It is not an animal often seen now, for the farmers have hunted it down, since it preys not only upon wild creatures, but seizes poultry, and is strong enough to kill even such large birds as geese and turkeys.

The name 'polecat' evidently means 'Polish cat,' but why it was given is uncertain; another name for it in country places is 'fitchet,' because from its fur people made a sort of brush used by artists, called a fitch-brush. The fur of this animal is long, being dark brown on the surface and yellowish underneath, its head black, with a few white spots. In the day it usually hides in the woods or copses, and at night comes forth to hunt.

But the polecat is now and then seen in broad daylight. A gentleman walking on the South Downs noticed one busily engaged in chasing rabbits, and the animal did not seem to care about his being there. He threw his walking-stick at it, and hit it. After the polecat had sniffed at the stick, it rushed towards him, 'spitting and swearing loudly,' quite enraged it seemed. At this the gentleman, who could not have been very brave, took to his heels and ran, but stopped when he reached a rising ground, where some stones lay which he could throw at his enemy. Then in a minute or two the polecat stopped and turned aside under a bush. As there were other bushes about, the gentleman thought that it was coming round some other way to surprise him, so he started off quickly, and did not go back to get his walking-stick.

Perhaps the polecat is not naturally a good-tempered animal, but, like most others, it may be tamed. Some folk who had a young polecat brought to them, kept it in their house, and though it did not like strangers, it was friendly or even playful to persons whom it knew. They gave it the name of Follette, and it was always on the look-out about the hour of the family meals, expecting to have sundry bits.

J. R. S. C.

A RIDE ON A BUFFALO BULL.

IT was in the far-off days (some fifty years ago), when herds of wild buffalo still roamed at will upon the grassy prairies of North America, that a party of adventurous men, eager to distinguish themselves as hunters of big game, might have been seen resting their limbs one evening by their camp fire, and talking eagerly of what they intended to do on the morrow. The men, though weary enough, were all young and merry; the cook of the party was busily employed in broiling slices of buffalo hump. Brandy was circulating too freely, pipes were lighted, and, until far on in the night, wild tales of mountain and forest were told amid peals of laughter, while prairie-wolves, attracted by the odour of cooking food, were sniffing all round, though keeping at a respectful distance from the camp.

At length it was voted to be time for repose; their horses were picketed more securely, one man was told off to keep watch, and the hunters, rolling themselves in their blankets and resting their heads in the hollow of their saddles, composed themselves to rest. One man, however, named Westwood, felt restless and unable to sleep; he therefore took up his rifle and blanket, and walked off to a beautiful spot, which he had observed on the banks of the little river, about two hundred yards from where his companions lay. Here he lay down, and lighted his pipe. It was a moonlight night, clear, though rather cold, while an enchanting stillness was in the air, broken only by an occasional whine from the prairie-wolf, and the crop, crop, of the horses as they busily shortened the crisp grass of the prairie.

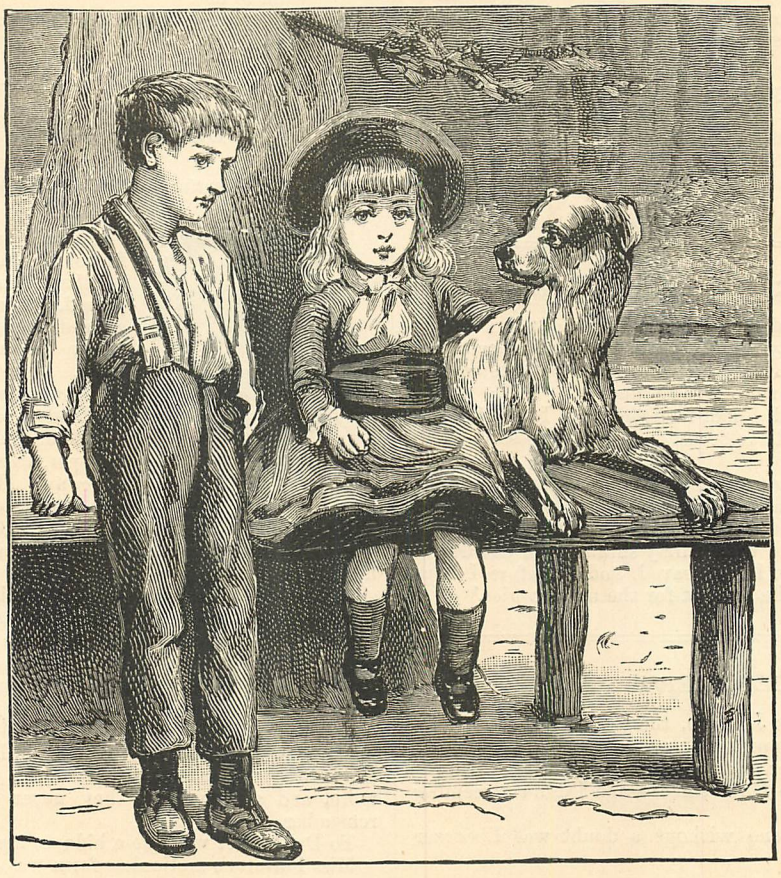
After a while, Westwood turned over on his side and was speedily in the land of dreams. He had not been asleep for any length of time, however, when he felt sensible of a strange noise like distant thunder or the roaring of a waterfall. 'We are going to have a thunder-plump,' he said to himself, 'but we must just make the best of it.' So he drew the folds of his blanket closer about him, and again fell asleep. But again he was aroused by the same noise.

In another moment he was wide awake and standing upon his feet, when a fearful spectacle met his horrified eyes. Away to the west, as far as the eye could reach, the prairie looked as if black waves were rolling over its undulating outline. He saw that the black wave was quickly approaching, and that it was made up of the shaggy coats and glaring eye-balls of a buffalo herd! 'Heaven and earth,' he said to himself, 'I am in their very track, I shall be trampled to death, nothing can save me!' but, with the instinct of self-preservation, he took up his rifle, and fired wildly at the foremost of the herd. A huge bull, not wounded, but irritated at the attack, ran up the slope upon which Westwood stood, lifted him up on its horns, and tossed him high in the air. The astonished hunter was thrown backwards, and thus fell upon the moving mass of animals behind, and was carried onwards upon the backs of several, which in the dense drove were running close to each other.

After the first shock was over, Westwood, who did not feel hurt, and had not lost his presence of mind, contrived to drop his legs astride of the animal which was directly beneath him, and, clutching hold of its shaggy mane, he closed his eyes, and began to think over his plight. That he was in the greatest danger there could be no doubt, but, being a man of resources, he quickly perceived that his first effort

Tossed by a Prairie Bull.

should be to get quit of the herd. There seemed to be a chance of doing this, from the fact that his own peculiar buffalo had fallen into a frightful panic, evidently supposing that it had been boarded by a panther, this panic causing it to forge ahead at such a rate that speedily the others would soon be left far behind. Westwood made up his mind, therefore, to encourage this panic on its part, as being his best



The Orphans.

chance to escape. With this view, he yelled and shouted at the top of his voice, and, pulling out his bowie-knife, he used it as a goad on the back of the unfortunate buffalo, whenever he felt that it was slackening its pace. At each touch of the knife it roared with pain and fright, and started forward faster than before. On, on, they went, the buffalo bellowing and snorting, and the man urging it on with shouts and cries. Westwood now saw with delight that the herd had fallen to the rear, and were not following him closely. This was encouraging, and, perceiving not far off several low hills, he contrived to urge his beast in that direction, feeling that there he would be safe. In this effort he succeeded, and now he resolved to part company with his dusky companion. Untwisting his fingers from its thick mane, he slipped down over its tail and ran to the nearest knoll with all speed, where he sat down on a loose boulder, and drew a long breath. After about two hours his friends discovered him, and henceforth regarded him with singular respect, for it is not every man who can boast that he has ridden for three miles upon a buffalo bull! D.

THE ORPHANS.

BROTHER and sister so helpless and young,
What has the future in store for these two?
Orphans, with life's journey scarcely begun,
Who will provide for them—what can they do?

Father and mother were laid in one grave,
Only a week ago: closed is the door
And silent the hearth where the little ones played;
The laughter of childhood is heard there no more.

But a kindly old neighbour has taken them in,
And written their uncle to ask him to come;
And uncle is coming—is coming to-day,
To take the poor children, and give them a home.

Hark, hark! it's the rumble of wheels which they hear,
The trampling of horses, the loud-sounding horn;
The stage-coach is coming, and uncle is there;
No longer the little ones feel so forlorn.

But Carlo, poor Carlo! the little home friend,
Who loves them so dearly—must he stay behind?
No, no! a warm couch in the children's new home
Their kind-hearted uncle will certainly find.

Then cheer up your hearts, little children, to-day,
Though both your dear parents have passed from your view;
This night, in your new home, you're certain to say
That your Father in Heaven has been mindful of you.

B. M.

A KIND BLIND GIRL.

A POOR blind girl in England brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected. He said: 'You are a poor, blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much.'

'I am, indeed, blind,' said she, 'but I can afford to give thirty shillings better than you suppose.'

'How so?'

'I am, sir, by trade a basket-maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure, in the last winter, it must have cost those girls who have eyes more than thirty shillings for candles to work by, which I have saved, and therefore I hope you will take the amount for the missionaries.'

EBENEZER'S RACE.

WHERE was Johnson, there was Williams, there was Johnny Smith and Brown,
And many other fellows who resided in the town;
But of all who I remember—and I don't remember all—
The strangest one without a doubt was Ebenezer Ball.

As an instance of his cunning (he was singular indeed),
I'll tell a little story, if you've got the time to read.
It was a youthful folly which he counted to his cost:
A tale about a handicap which Ebenezer lost.

For weeks he talked about it, till we fancied, every one,
The prize was Ebenezer's before the race was run;
At last the day momentous for Ebenezer came,
But as I could not see the race he said it was a shame.

Yet when again I met him, he asked me had I heard
That though he was not victor, he came in a good third.
I said: 'Well, don't be troubled. The others ran too fast,
And though the third is poorish, *it's better far than last.*'

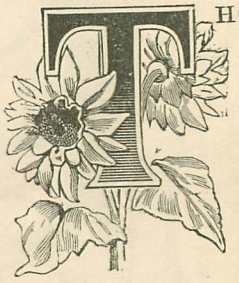
A little later in the week a friend I chanced to meet;
We spoke of Ebenezer and his sorrowful defeat.
I said what I have quoted, 'that as he wasn't first,
He hadn't done the very best nor had he done the worst.'

But Johnny Smith he smiled and said, with half a wink to me:
'The number of competitors, dear Jack, was only three.'

JOHN LEA.

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Continued from page* 371.)



THOSE who heard it never forgot Dr. Jack's awful cry as that dear face disappeared. For a second he seemed stunned; then he threw himself into the river. On the opposite bank women were weeping and wailing. Gwen, who had hurried back to the spot, wrung her hands in agony. Margaret's feelings are not to be described, although she little dreamed that the life which had been offered for hers was the dearest in the world to her Uncle Jack.

At length, after what seemed to the watchers a terrible time, the doctor's head appeared above the surface. He was swimming towards the boat, and his hand grasped something which could not be clearly distinguished. But a loud 'hurrah!' went up from every throat as Llewellyn reached over and assisted the doctor to hoist Miss Forester—apparently lifeless—into the boat. How the two tired rowers managed to cross the current once more, and get to land, they never could clearly remember.

To Dr. Jack it was like a hideous nightmare.

Miss Forester's motionless form was laid upon the grass.

'She breathes!' cried Dr. Jack at last, after a long period of suspense, during which he had tried every possible means of restoring animation. 'Thank God! Now, where can we take her?'

There were numerous and eager offers of help and shelter, and presently strong men carried the still unconscious girl on a rude stretcher—a gate lifted from its hinges—to the nearest cottage.

Llewellyn, Philip, and Meg were ordered off to the Hall, but Gwen was allowed to go with Dr. Jack to the cottage.

'When she comes to herself,' urged the girl, 'she would like to see a face she knows. I believe that she would like me to be there.'

'That is like your usual thoughtfulness, Gwen. But you have always loved my poor Dorothy!'

'Dorothy?' echoed Gwen, bewildered, not yet understanding the discovery which had been made. 'But I am speaking of——'

'The lady who is to be my wife, if God in His mercy spares her!'

'Then you have found her, Dr. Jack—and she is our own Miss Forester! Ah, how wonderful and strange it all is!'

'God's ways are past finding out,' said Dr. Beresford. 'But, oh, Gwen, the pain of it! To have found her like this—perhaps only to lose her again ——'

He could say no more, and they walked on in saddened silence.

* * * * * *

But Miss Forester did not die. She had been removed from the cottage to the Grange, where she lay for weeks seriously ill. Exhaustion and chill had brought on a fever, which was accompanied by much pain. It would be difficult to say which suffered most, she or Dr. Jack, as he watched the tossing of pain-racked limbs, and listened to her rambling, delirious talk. All her sorrowful history was lived over again during those weary weeks, and her lover learned for the first time what a hard struggle she had had to obtain employment after her aunt's death. He learned how, poor and friendless, she had trudged wearily hither and thither, only to be rebuffed as 'a young person without references;' how at last, when nearly all her money had gone, she had travelled to the French convent where she had been educated; how, through the influence of her old governess, she had got the post at 'The Limes;' how, finding that Greylands was Dr. Beresford's home, and believing that he wished to forget her, she had tried to avoid him; how she had been grieved and worried by Margaret's conduct. The last dreadful adventure was also frequently referred to. All this was intensely painful to Dr. Jack, and Sarah, who with the doctor's consent had become head nurse, often turned away to hide her tears.

Messages were passing every day, and often twice a day, between the Grange and 'The Rookery.' Mrs. Gascoigne had the tonic she needed. Sorrow and suffering appealed to her kind heart, and she forgot herself in the service of others. The Squire, as he watched his wife attending on Miss Forester, and regaining her old lightness of step and brightness of spirit, rejoiced exceedingly at this welcome change.

Happily, none of the others concerned in the boating accident were much the worse for their wetting. Beyond a cold and a day's confinement to his bed, Philip suffered no inconvenience, while Meg and Llewellyn, thanks to their splendid constitutions, came off even better than he. Every day saw Philip at the Grange with messages and inquiries; and, later on, with fruit and other tempting dainties for the invalid. Madame also and her pupils were constant inquirers.

Margaret, during those shadowed weeks, suffered sevenfold for her faults. Although she longed to help in some way, she dared not offer, for the very sight of her, she thought, must be hateful to her uncle's eyes. Nobody insisted upon the two girls' attendance at school. Mrs. Madyson rightly guessed that to their strained minds—especially to the mind of poor, heart-sick Meg—work was for the present impossible.

Thus, until the end of the third week after the accident, the days of painful suspense dragged heavily on. Then, one evening, Dr. Jack came home, looking pale and haggard still, but not so hopeless as before. He shut himself up in his study for an hour. Not *alone*, but with God. For the doctor spent that hour on his knees, in prayer and thanksgiving—too deep for utterance—to Him Who holds in His hands 'the issues of life and death.'

But to Meg that hour was one of much suffering. She had seen her uncle come in, and had mistaken the cause of his excitement. She flung herself, face downwards, on the dining-room floor, and gave herself up to bitter grief and remorse. Never now, she thought, could she 'make up' for her misdeeds. For, added to the thought that Miss Forester—Uncle Jack's best-beloved—had given her life for hers, was the stinging remembrance that she had met all her love and forbearance with persistent hatred and ill-will, and had thought hard and unjust things of her only an hour before she had laid down her life for her wayward pupil. Oh, for but one touch of her hand! one feeble breath from those lips, to tell her that she was forgiven! If only—— But how vain to think of 'ifs' in the face of voiceless death! Miss Forester was dead, so Margaret thought. And could Uncle Jack ever bear to look at her again?

But at that moment Uncle Jack himself opened the study door, and crossed the hall to the dining-room. As he did so, he caught sight of the prostrate figure.

'My poor little Meg!' he whispered, as he raised her in his arms and stroked her fair curls with a tender touch such as she had not felt for weeks. 'Why this terrible despair, dear?'

'Oh, Uncle Jack!' sobbed the girl, clinging to his arm, 'I thought—I saw you come in—I feared——'

'You feared the worst, poor child! but the worst—thank God—has not come. Our darling knew us to-day for the first time. With God's help we shall pull her through yet!'

'I did not mean to be disobedient that last time, Uncle Jack,' whispered Margaret presently, after she had sobbed out all the pent-up grief of the last month on his shoulder; 'we thought—we meant——'

'Yes, dear, I know. I have heard it all from Llewellyn—a brave boy that! But he thinks with me now, my pet, that it is best to obey when a right command is laid upon us. However, we will say no more about that. I must be going back to the Grange now.'

'Do you think I might send a message?' faltered Meg, timidly.

'To Miss Forester? Certainly, my dear! If I am not mistaken, she will be pleased to receive it. Only she is very weak, so the message must be short. What shall I say?'

'Say—say—tell her——' began Meg, then broke down altogether.

'I shall say: "Meg sends her dear love to our heroine." Will that do?'

'Yes,' nodded Meg. Then she ran upstairs to have her cry out, while the doctor, after telling his good news to his sister, went off to the Grange, calling at 'The Limes' on his way. Anxious little Joey also was speedily informed of his dear Miss Forester's improvement.

(*Concluded at page* 386.)

Doctor Jack rescues Miss Forester.

"I do love you ! better than anybody, next to Uncle Jack."

DOCTOR JACK.

(*Concluded from page* 383.)

'JACK!'

'Well, dear?'

'You will send Margaret to me first, won't you? Keep the others engaged until I have seen her. You say that it is her wish?'

'She certainly wished to see "Aunt Dorothy" alone for a few moments,' Dr. Jack said, with a twinkle in his eye. 'I hope you don't object to the title, Dorothy, for they have all adopted it, even Llewellyn.'

'Let me down now, Jack!' Miss Forester—or, as we might now call her, Dorothy Fenstone—pleaded with a slight flush upon her thin cheeks. 'Here we are at the hammock, and I am sure that I must be tiring you.'

Dr. Jack's laugh at that was good to hear, as he deposited his light burden in the hammock he had slung up in the orchard, where the two families were to celebrate Dorothy's first appearance amongst them after her illness.

The day was warm and bright, although summer was well-nigh over, and the apples were turning red and yellow. Tea—a substantial one, as the boys were to be of the party—was spread in full view of the cushioned hammock, and away in the distant garden could be seen and heard a merry party, which had just come from the house.

Dr. Jack turned away reluctantly to join the others, amongst whom Mrs. Gascoigne appeared as bright and happy as any.

'Which of you has Dorothy's wrap?' he inquired. 'You, Meg? That's right! Just run down with it to the orchard, while the rest of us gather some flowers for the tea-table. May we?' he asked of Mrs. Gascoigne, with a smile.

'Of course, Jack! What a question! How did Dorothy bear the journey?'

'Very well; but I think a little rest and quiet would be good for her.'

Mrs. Gascoigne, taking the hint, kept the boys and girls busy flower-gathering for the next half-hour.

In the peaceful orchard beyond them, Meg stood leaning against the tree, stooping now and then half timidly, half tenderly, over the low-lying hammock, to draw the light wrap more closely over the slight shoulders resting there.

'Meg dear!' A gentle, thin hand stole over hers, and Meg, no longer able to restrain herself, burst into tears.

'It was all my fault!' she sobbed, 'and you might have died—all through me!—I didn't deserve it—and I wanted to ask you to forgive me—and Uncle Jack——'

'Hush, darling!' whispered Miss Forester, drawing the girl's head down on to her shoulder, while the tears started to her own eyes. 'You could not possibly have known *that!* Why, Uncle Jack did not know himself that it was I. But the mistakes are all over now, Margaret, and you will learn to love me, I hope.'

'I *do* love you! better than anybody, next to Uncle Jack. Oh, do believe it, Aunt Dorothy! It is you who must try to love *me*—I have been so horrid! Oh, dear Aunt Dorothy, help me to be better!'

'God will help you, dear,' was the quiet reply. 'And now, Meg dear, dry your tears, and help to make everybody happy this evening. We shall go hand in hand for the future, shall we not, Meg? Now, darling, begin to dispense sunshine, while Mrs. Gascoigne dispenses tea. See, they are all coming this way! Kiss me, my dear little girl; I promise to love you now and for ever! Yes, Jack,' continued Dorothy, as the party came up, 'Meg has taken excellent care of me; she will not let a breath of wind creep under my wraps.'

'That is well,' was Dr. Jack's spoken reply, but his eyes said much more, as they rested lovingly upon the two.

The tea-table was now moved nearer the tree. The younger members of the party sat on the grass, their elders on chairs. Ernest, however, could content himself with nothing lower than a branch of the nearest apple-tree, to which he climbed, at the risk of breaking his cup. As it was, his slice of bread-and-butter was soaked before he reached his seat, but he consoled himself and amused the others by making the most frightful grimaces while he ate it.

'Hurrah!' he cried presently, 'here comes Philip to the feast. How late you are, Phil!'

Philip walked straight up to Miss Forester, and presented her with a pretty basket, which, when opened, revealed a cluster of fine purple grapes.

'My mother sends these with her love,' said he. 'She and father' (Philip no longer talked of 'the governor') 'hope to drive over to see you this evening. I am so glad to see you about again!'

Miss Forester smiled as she thanked him. She had heard from Ernest that 'Philip had lost his eye-glass at Pin's Point Island.' The young fellow was certainly much improved. His bearing was more manly, his manner more chivalrous, and he no longer *patronised* the twins.

'Which way did you come, Phil?' asked Llewellyn, as Philip, at Mrs. Gascoigne's invitation, took a seat and a cup of tea.

'Up the river,' was the quiet reply.

'Up the river?' echoed Margaret, with a little shudder and a tone of surprise.

'Philip is a splendid oarsman now,' put in Llewellyn, quickly; 'he has been practising every day since——'

'Since I nearly drowned Meg,' finished Philip for him.

'Come up here, Phil!' shouted Ernest, before Llewellyn could speak again. 'Come up here, my gallant captain, that seat is too lowly by half for you. Take the branch above me, old chap, and let me be your humble first mate. Halloa! there's another spider in my tea; that is the third! Come out, you wretched intruder!'

Everybody laughed at the commonplace ending

to Ernest's grandiloquent speech, for everybody was happy enough to be ready to laugh at anything. As for the Squire—the way in which he chased the children round the flower-beds, and pelted them with small apples, and joined in 'blind-man's buff,' and 'touch who can,' was a sight worth seeing! So, at least, thought Lord and Lady Brent, when they, according to promise, appeared on the scene.

At length, however, Dr. Jack declared that it was time for the invalid to return to the house. She had to be carried to the garden chair, which awaited her at the orchard gate, and Llewellyn and Philip fought —or pretended to fight—for the honour of carrying her. The struggle was ended by the two boys joining forces. A cushion was placed upon their tightly clasped hands, and they carried Miss Forester between them. She placed a hand on the shoulder of each, in order to preserve her balance, and was thus, with Gwen and Dr. Jack in close attendance, borne in triumph from the pleasant orchard.

There is little more left to tell. Six months after the tea-party in the orchard, there was a pretty wedding in the ivy-covered church at Brentwood, which was gaily decorated with flowers for the occasion. The tree on Pin's Point Island—to be called henceforth 'The Tree of Refuge'—was adorned with flags and wreaths, for the boys said that the bride owed her life to 'that jolly old elm.' Ernest even suggested to Dr. Jack the adornment of himself in like manner, and the two argued the matter out, to the great amusement of all who heard them. Dr. Jack, however, would go no further than the wearing of a single flower in his button-hole, which, as Ernest remarked, was 'nothing extra,' since every one wore a wedding-favour of some kind.

Margaret's punishment was not yet wholly ended, for it was long before she won back the full trust and confidence of Madame and of her schoolfellows. But she was now earnestly striving to tread the right path, and in this endeavour she was greatly helped by her friendship with 'Aunt Dorothy.'

Whenever Meg felt tempted to be overbearing or sullen, one glance at the little locket which Dorothy —at the girl's own request—always wore, was enough to check her. Long ere this, she and Gwen had been permitted to see the inside of the trinket, and the two miniatures it contained. These were portraits of the only friends Dorothy Fenstone had once possessed on earth; one the portrait of her aunt, whose last and only gift to her the locket had been; the other that of Dr. Jack, which he had once given to the elder Miss Fenstone.

One sign of Margaret's growing victory over self was that she could cheerfully yield the post of chief bridesmaid to Gwen, and take, with Pattie, the second place. Another bridesmaid was Edith Carson. Dr. Jack presented each of the four with a small gold locket containing photographs of the bride and bridegroom, and inscribed inside with the date, and outside with its owner's initials.

That wedding was attended by the whole village! Madame de Mari and all her pupils were there, with rice and flowers to fling at the bride. Llewellyn was there, in the capacity of 'best man.' Ernest, Philip, and Harry Carson were there, of course. And Sarah was there! Sarah, in a dark purple gown, which her 'young lady' had coaxed her into wearing in place of a flaming yellow one which she herself—as 'Mrs. Beresford's housekeeper'—deemed more suitable for such a festive occasion.

Lord and Lady Brent were there as guests. Even poor little Joey was there, carried shoulder-high by his father, whom he had implored to take him to see 'Sarah's young lady' and his own 'dear doctor' married. There was Dr. Jack, of course, because, as Ernest remarked, 'he couldn't quite be done without.'

And last, but the reverse of least, came Miss Forester, leaning upon the arm of the Squire, who was to 'give her away.' It is to be doubted whether either Dr. Jack or Margaret saw anybody or anything after that. They certainly did not notice the bridal dress and veil of pure white, which Sarah had so proudly arranged, nor yet the bouquet of exquisite white hot-house flowers, provided by Mrs. Gascoigne. They saw nothing but that pure, flower-like face which met their gaze with all its wonted sweet, calm stedfastness.

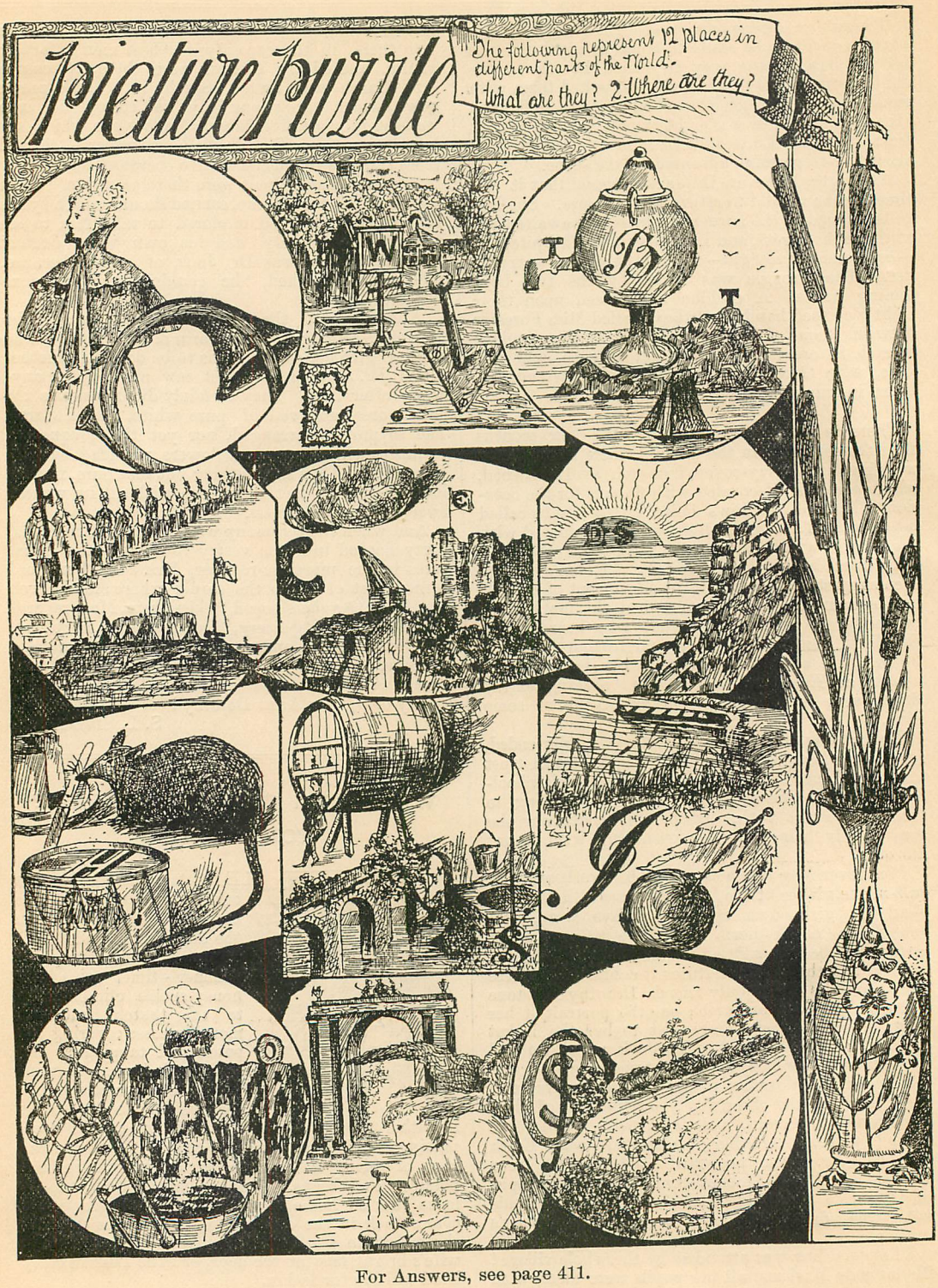
And when the ceremony was over, and the bridal party flocked into the vestry to witness the signatures in the marriage-register, Mrs. Jack Beresford turned first of all to the corner where stood Gwen and Meg. As she stooped to kiss them, Meg, regardless of the wedding-finery, threw her arms about her new aunt's neck, and, while she warmly returned the kiss, whispered from the very depths of her heart:

'My dear, *dear* Aunt Dorothy!'

S. L. Sivister.

WHAT THE CARRIER BROUGHT FOR BESSIE.

THE cottage of White the carrier stands just at the entrance to Redburn, on the Medington road. It is a pretty little cottage in summer-time, with the honey-suckle climbing up to the thatch, and the monthly roses covering the porch and tapping at the lattice windows, and with the sweet peas and lavender and big double stocks on either side of the brick path up to the door, making the air sweet, and enticing the bees from the row of hives under the apple-tree among the potatoes and beans. And in winter-time, too, it looks just as home should in White's eyes, as he comes back in the cold and dark and sees the light shining out in a ruddy stream on the snow, with his wife's bright face at the door, or little Bessie's curly head waiting for father.



For Answers, see page 411.

The Carrier's Cottage.

On one foggy Saturday before Christmas, Bessie was on the look-out at the wicket-gate, peering through the mist and gathering darkness for the first sight of the cart, and listening for the first sound of the wheels, though her mother had twice bid her come in out of the cold, for father would not be there for another hour or more; for it was Christmas market in Medington, and he would have many errands to keep him late in the town, and many parcels to leave on his way home at the houses he passed.

But Bessie hears wheels coming on the road, and she stops to see what it is, though she knows that old Polly, the grey mare, never came along so fast or the cart so lightly. It is the carriage from the Hall, and it stops at the carrier's gate.

'Is that you, Bessie White?' the Squire's lady asks as the little girl drops a courtesy. 'Has your father come home yet?'

'He has a parcel for me, Bessie,' little Miss Violet goes on, before Bessie has time to answer, 'and it's a doll! Such a beauty! nearly as big as a real baby, with eyes that can open and shut; and it says "Papa" and "Mamma" if you pull a string, and——'

'Bessie shall see it herself some day,' said the lady. 'Well, my dear, has your father come in yet?'

'No, please, ma'am, and mother says he is not likely to come for an hour or more.'

'Well, tell him to be sure and bring the parcel up to-night.'

'And be sure to take great care of it,' added Miss Violet. And then the carriage went on, leaving Bessie still standing at the gate. But it was no longer the bright-faced little girl of five minutes before, but a very cross, discontented, envious one. She pretended not to hear when mother called her again, and stood wrapping her little blue arms in her pinafore, and thinking of the beautiful doll, and wondering why father, week after week, came back laden with good things for every one else in the place, and never brought anything nice for mother or her; no, not even at Christmas-time, when every one got presents!

Mother was too busy to notice the cloud on her little girl's face when she came in at last, and sat down in the chimney-corner; but when father came in, though he was cold and damp, and tired and hungry, he missed Bessie's smile, and put a large cold finger under her chin to lift up the downcast face and ask, 'Well, little maid, what's amiss?'

He got no answer, only a crimson flush all over Bessie's face, and mother answered rather sharply, 'She was a bit put out at your being so late, though I told her as it was Christmas market, and you would have a deal to hinder you.'

And so father took off his wet coat and had his tea, and then drew his chair closer into the chimney-corner and reached down his pipe. It was nearly Bessie's bed-time, and mother had already looked warningly at the clock; but father asked for ten minutes extra to-night, as he wanted to tell her all the pretty things he had brought from Medington. Of course he began first with the doll for Miss Violet, which he had seen at the toy-shop before it was packed up, which was just every bit like a real live baby. 'Then there was a mowing-machine for the Vicarage, a real good one, by a good maker, and so light that one man can manage it. Then there was a sewing-machine for Mrs. Batten, that can stitch and hem and tuck and gather with just turning a handle. And then there was a box of sauces for old Mr. Jenkins, which are so tasty that they can make a man eat in spite of himself. And a sleeping-draught for poor Mr. Wills, who can't get a wink no how. And then, from Speller the jeweller's there was a parcel that was so valuable they were almost afraid to send it by me, if they hadn't known that they could trust me. It was for the Hall, for Miss Percival—a necklace, I think they called it, all set with big rubies, great red stones that glow like the coals yonder. And then there was a new-fashioned cradle for Mrs. Barten, as will send the babies off to sleep in no time.'

But Bessie's face did not brighten as she listened to her father, but grew longer and more serious every moment, till at last he stopped and asked, 'Well, and what is troubling your little head to-night?'

And then it came out. 'You brings all sorts of good things for other folk and nothing for mother, or me, or you!'

The carrier was silent a minute, looking into the fire, and then he took out his pipe and blew a long puff of smoke and said, 'Well, I never! And haven't you seen all the power of good things as I brought for you, and mother, and me? I can't have gone and left them all in the cart?'

Bessie's eyes grew round with wonder as father went on: 'There was a dolly for you, ten times as big as Miss Violet's; one as can open and shut his eyes and say "Bessie!" and a hundred other words too, without pulling a string at all, and can walk about and do all sorts of things. A first-rate dolly for a game of play, as you've found often enough, little maid, though it's not a new dolly with pink cheeks and blue eyes.'

'Why, it's you yourself!' says Bessie on father's knee.

'And then there's the mowing-machine I brought; a better one than the parson's by a long way, for it doesn't need any one to set it going but will go of itself, and it's by the best of all makers too.'

'That's you, too!' says Bessie. 'I heard Farmer King say as you was the best mower in Redburn'

'I didn't bring a sewing-machine, for I knew as we had got one at home as can stitch and hem and gather and tuck, without needing any one to turn a handle; and can cut out, too, which beats Mrs. Batten's out and out.'

'Why, that's mother! But you didn't bring no sauces.'

'Didn't I? Why, didn't you see how I ate up my tea? I had a deal of sauce with it, and it's a sort of sauce I'm not often without.'

Bessie looked puzzled and the carrier laughed.

'A good appetite is the best sauce in the world.'

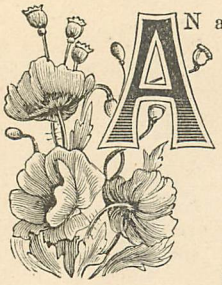
'We don't want any sleeping-draughts,' said Bessie.

'No, but I brought one all the same. It's a mixture. A hard day's work and a quiet conscience together make a capital sleeping-draught, and for little children it only needs the quiet conscience. As for the jewels, we've got one of that sort as is "far above rubies,"' and White laid his hand fondly on mother's arm, 'and I hope as you will be just such another.'

Bessie's blue eyes are getting drowsy and her head droops on father's shoulder.

'Bed-time, little maid. Here, mother, take her along. Ah, Bessie, there's a cradle as beats Mrs. Barten's hollow, though it is as old as the world pretty near; the cradle Eve laid her babies in. There's no cradle so soft, or warm, or safe as mother's arms.'

MIGRATION.



AN animal is usually described as migratory when it shifts its quarters at particular periods of the year. This is done by many animals—wild cattle, deer, and the like—who roam from one place to another in search of more abundant food, sometimes in search of a better water-supply, at other times in order to escape from the gnats and other stinging insects which torment them so sadly. But this casual roaming about is a very different thing from the persistent flight, or march, in one definite direction at a date so fixed and certain that it may be reckoned upon to within a few days, which is true migration.

Birds are the most marked of all migrants. Let us think of three birds, who annually visit the shores of Great Britain, build their nests, rear their young ones, and then fly away again to the sunny south, where they spend the rest of the year. These three birds are the Swallow, the Cuckoo, and the sweet songster known as the Nightingale. A few words about each.

The Swallow comes to us the last week of April, or it may be the first week of May, and leaves us again late in autumn, not so much on account of the cold, as because it cannot procure enough food to keep it alive through the winter. Any boy who has held a swallow in his hand and examined the little creature with some care, must have observed its very long wings, suggestive of its great powers of flight; also its small and weak feet, quite unsuited for perching on trees, or running upon the ground in search of food. Accordingly we find that this bird always catches its prey (consisting of small insects, flies, and gnats) while it is on the wing, and when its large, wide mouth is filled with this provision, it then takes it home to its expectant little ones.

The writer of this having once caught a swallow, had the pleasure of seeing what a goodly supply of midges one bird's mouth could hold. Now, the first frosty wind destroys all these tiny insects, and if the swallows should remain with us till frosty days had come, they would starve. Probably, too, the cold of our winter would be too severe for them, so they wisely depart to more congenial climes. But while all this is very clear and plain to be seen, other thoughts arise in our minds when we consider the migration of swallows.

These birds collect in large flocks in the late autumn, some time before their food-supply is stinted. The migratory instinct has come upon them, and they gather together, sitting in rows upon telegraph wires or other places, evidently planning their departure.

Now, how do they know that evil days are coming, and that they must look out for themselves? And another thought occurs to us. It is well known that the same birds often return in spring to the same English cottage, beneath whose sheltering eaves they have reared their young the preceding year. How do they find their way back again? These are mysteries not yet fully understood, even by the wisest of men. We can only say to ourselves—

'The wandering birds across the trackless sea
Are guided by a wise, unerring hand.'

Disasters, however, often befall individuals among those interesting creatures while they are winging their way to Africa's golden shores. Storms will sometimes arise, and they are blown out of their course. The keepers of lighthouses often find the little wanderers, after a rough night, dead or dying beside the glaring lamps which have lured them to their destruction—while sea-going ships have their rigging and shrouds sometimes covered with swallows, who will rest there for hours before they have strength to resume their flight.

Our illustration shows us very beautifully one poor little wanderer who has lost all his companions, and is fain to perch all alone upon a buoy, which has been placed above a hidden rock.

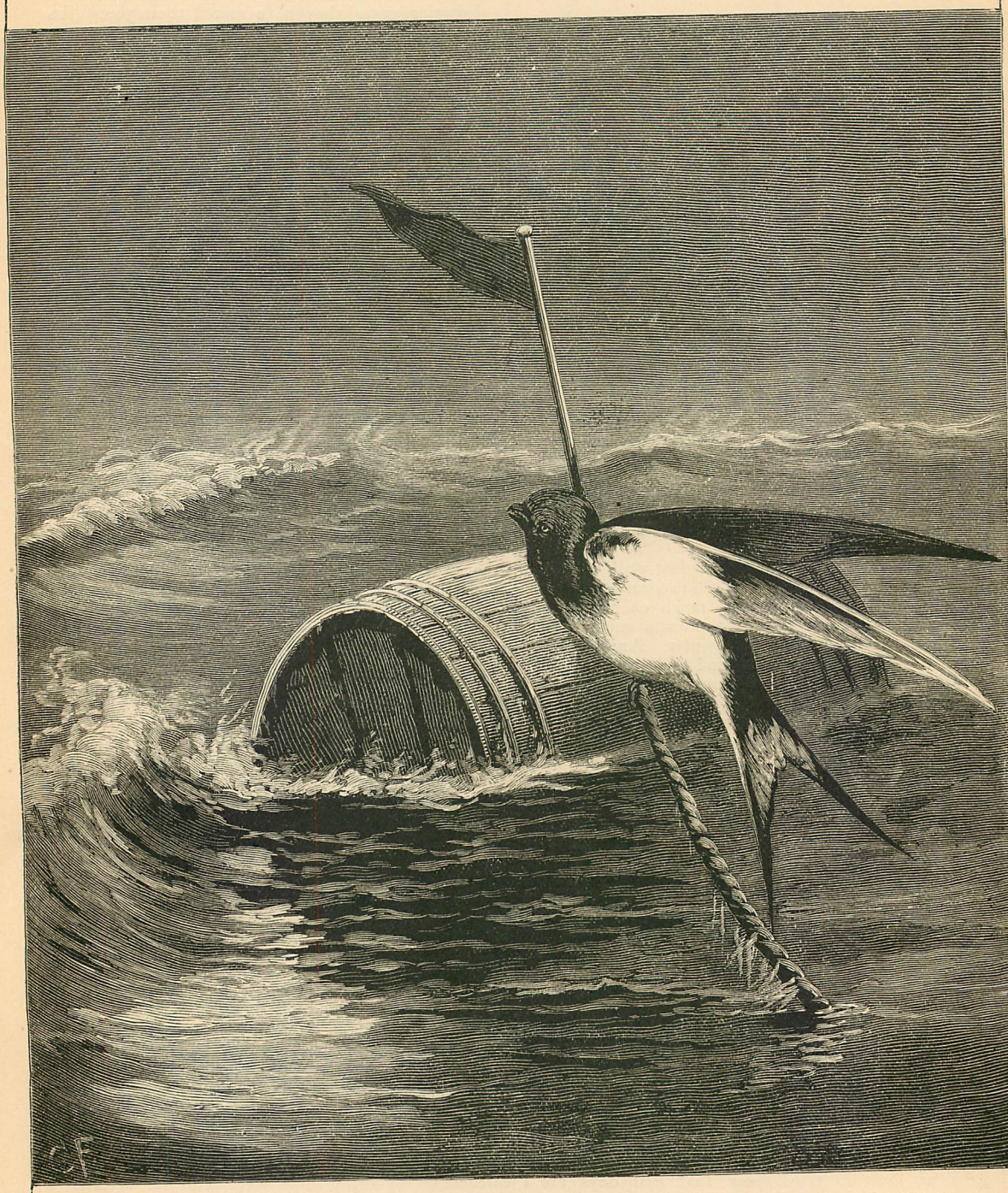
How desolate the sea must seem, how dark the sky, to the lonely little bird! But—who knows?—it may find its friends yet, and in their company reach its destination, while another spring may bring it once more to its English nesting-place.

But now we must turn to the Cuckoo, which, like the swallow, comes to us in spring—about April, migrating again to Africa and India, after a not very long stay with us. We all love to hear the pretty cry, 'Coo, coo!' with which it announces its arrival among us; but we do not at all admire its curious habit of using for its own family the nest and the motherly attention of other birds. It is a shy, restless, unsocial creature, very seldom seen, as it likes to hide itself among trees, and apparently each bird comes and goes from this country all alone. It is a large bird, rather over a foot in length.

The female lays its eggs singly in the nest of some suitable bird, choosing such as feed their own young on insects.

We all know the story of how the young cuckoo ousts its little companions out of their own mother's home, and thus secures to itself all the food and motherly kindness of the poor deceived owner of the nest. It is a strange but true story, the reason of which seems to be that, as the cuckoo remains in England for a very short time, it could not possibly rear its own little ones, and therefore the instinct of handing her eggs over to the care of others was implanted in her breast.

But now we have scarcely space to say a word about the Nightingale, that sweetest of all singing birds, which, like the swallow and the cuckoo, arrives in England towards the end of April. The male birds arrive first, and seem to busy themselves in selecting suitable bushes and shrubs, in which their tiny homes may be placed. It is at this time, and before the hen-birds have arrived, that bird-catchers try to entrap those sweet birds, for at that time they are easily reconciled to captivity, while if taken after nest-building has been begun, they are sure to pine away and die of grief. Nightingales sing at brief intervals through the night. They are



A Rest by the Way.

gentle-tempered birds, and seem to leave this country all at the same time.

The migration of birds is a very interesting subject, and we may well hope that as years go on we may learn more about what now seems in many ways strange and perplexing.

D. B.

"Up aloft you go, and lend them a hand with that maintopsail."

TOM ELVERTON'S OWN WAY.

A Story of the Sea.

'ELVERTON BROTHERS, Leather Merchants.' Such were the words painted in gilt letters on the window-screens of an office in a large building in the city of Leeds. The firm of Elverton Brothers was one of the oldest in the city, and did a brisk trade. When the two brothers retired from business, everybody was of opinion that their nephew, Thomas Elverton, came in for a good thing; and so he did, and nobody knew it better than himself. By dint of close application to business he made it even better than before, and when he was married to pretty Alice Bradley at the parish church, the happy pair drove away in their own carriage to a beautiful house in the suburbs, which was to be their future home.

Time passed on, and children grew up around them, three in number, Maud, Tom, and Elsie.

In his boy, Tom, all the father's hopes were centred, and when at the age of sixteen he left school and came into the business, it was a proud day for Thomas Elverton, senior, who looked forward to the time when his son should become a partner in the firm.

One hot August afternoon, about three months after the future partner had taken possession of a stool in the office, a passer-by who would have taken the trouble to look over the gilt-lettered screen before mentioned, would have seen a dark, curly head resting between two hands, supported by a pair of elbows planted on a desk, and between the elbows a book entitled *Midshipman Easy*.

Around lay invoices and accounts totally unheeded. And this was Tom, the hope of his father, who instead of diligently mastering the dry details of the business, was deep in the sea-tale before him, following the fortunes of the hero with the utmost interest. The other clerks were all busily engaged. Suddenly the door opened with some noise, and Mr. Elverton walked in. Instantly the book was slipped inside the desk, and a gloomy face bent over a column of figures.

That same evening, when the Elverton family were seated round the dinner-table, Tom shocked and astonished them all by announcing that he had made up his mind to become a sailor, because he hated business and everything connected with it, and if his parents refused their consent he would go away without it.

At first they could not believe him to be in earnest, but they soon found that it was no idle threat. Tears and entreaties from his mother, and quiet sensible reasoning from his father, were alike in vain. Tom was determined at all costs to have his own way. To his father especially it was a cruel blow. He had worked and striven to place his son in a good position in the world, and had fondly hoped to leave in him a fitting representative of the old firm, when he himself should have retired from active work.

Passing over the endless arguments that were used to dissuade the lad from his resolve, it was at last decided, with many a bitter pang, to let him have his own way and make the best of it.

With tearful eyes and heavy hearts his mother and sisters prepared and packed his outfit. His father meantime made all the necessary arrangements, and one morning in September, Tom found himself on board the *Galatea*, a fine wooden barque of 800 tons register, going merrily down Channel with a fine breeze, bound from London to Melbourne, Australia.

She had left Gravesend the previous afternoon, where Tom had taken leave of his father, with a choking sensation in his throat, and some misgivings as to the wisdom of the step he had taken.

He soon found he was the only one on board who had never before been to sea, and as the crew were busy in cleaning up decks and making all snug and ship-shape for sea, he was continually getting in the way, and was surprised and shocked at the epithets hurled at him for his awkwardness.

But his real troubles had not begun yet. If he could have foreseen what he would have to go through before setting foot again on his native soil, he would have begged on his knees to be put on shore then and there.

When everything that had no business on deck was stowed away, spare spars lashed and all made ready for sea, the first and second mate picked watches. Tom was put into the starboard or second mate's watch, along with one of the other lads.

The captain of the *Galatea* was a broad-set man, about forty years of age, and he hailed from Aberdeen. The chief mate, a Cornishman, was of herculean build, with a hand and arm a blow from which could fell an ox. The second mate was a Cockney who had been a good deal in American ships, a brutal type of man whose delight it was to ill-use and oppress those beneath him — a type which is happily getting more scarce every year in our merchant service.

The *Galatea* sped down Channel under a cloud of canvas with a northerly wind, a smooth wind in Channel, and Tom had no qualms of sea-sickness yet, nor had he been put to learn any of his duties except the use of a deck-broom. But it was all to come in good time.

Already he began to feel that a sailor's life is not what books represent it to be, and when in his watch below he crawled into his narrow bunk in the half-deck, and by the light of a solitary oil-lamp swinging from a beam, watched the swarms of cockroaches creeping in and out of the seams between the planks of the bulk-head, he devoutly wished that he was safe back at home in his comfortable little bedroom.

At length he fell asleep and dreamt of the dear ones so far away, only to be aroused by the rough cry, as the watch was called, of 'Yo, *ho!* you sleepers, rouse up there! Eight bells!' and he started into a sitting posture with the cramp in his

legs, wondering where on earth he was, and his head came in violent contact with the bottom boards of the bunk above him.

In the 'chops of the Channel' the wind came in from the south-west, gradually increasing to a gale; and now, for the first time, Tom felt all the misery of sea-sickness.

On the evening of the fifth day out, in the second dog-watch, the wind increased in violence, and the order was given, 'All hands reef topsails.' It was the starboard watch below, and Tom was lying in his bunk, hardly able to lift his head, when one of the youngsters from the other watch came into the half-deck with the order.

'Stop in your bunk, old man,' said this youngster kindly to Tom, as he made a gallant effort to rise. 'They will never miss you—will they, Bob?' he continued, turning to the other boy.

'Doesn't matter if they do,' replied Bob, as he hurried into his clothes; 'he is not much account anyway, seeing he has not been aloft yet. Stop where you are and chance it.' So saying, the two lads disappeared on deck.

Tom lay listening to the shouts of the crew as they hauled the topsail gear up, amidst the howling of the gale and the thunder of the seas as they broke upon the deck, together with the straining and creaking of timbers, until a fear that the ship must be going to founder took possession of him. He was so sick and ill that for a moment he thought he would lie still and go down with her, but only for a moment. The ship giving a sudden lurch leeward sent him flying out of his bunk, whilst a sea at the same instant broke over the scuttle and sent a deluge of water down on top of him, at the same time extinguishing the light.

The instinct of self-preservation strong within him, though he was only half dressed and wet to the skin, he groped to the ladder and scrambled on deck. An appalling scene met his eye, but it really was nothing more than a 'dirty night.'

Up to windward mighty billows with white-crested tops came hissing and booming at the gallant barque, making her plunge and stagger, whilst sheets of spray shot across the decks. Aloft on the fore and main topsail yards the dusky figures of the crew battled with the flapping canvas, and the wind shrieked and whistled through the cordage with a truly awful sound. Such was the scene presented to Tom's gaze, as he clung for dear life to the lee side of the scuttle.

Suddenly a strong hand grasped him by the collar, and turning he saw the second mate.

'Come out of that, you lazy young hound,' he roared with an oath; 'up aloft you go, and lend them a hand with that main topsail.'

With a grip like iron, he dragged Tom to windward to the main rigging, and actually lifting the terrified lad on to the rail, he yelled in his ear, 'Up you go, or overboard!'

Blinded by the spray, and as sick as a dog, Tom grasped the rigging and began to ascend, the wind at his back forcing him against the shrouds. Do not let it be thought that he was a coward—on the contrary, he was naturally a plucky lad; but brought up as he had been amid scenes so totally different, and suffering from sea-sickness, he was nervous and frightened.

Sick in heart and body, he struggled up the lower rigging as far as the futtock shrouds, but he could get no further; indeed, it was as much as he could do to hold on where he was.

The topsail reefed, the men came down from aloft, taking no heed of Tom as they passed him. But Bob, coming down some time after the others, stopped when he saw his new ship-mate in the rigging with the words: 'Hullo, old man, I thought you were in your bunk. This is the second mate's doing, I'll be bound; but come on down, you can't fall if you try. Never mind your feet, they will look after themselves. Just keep a grip with your hands; come on, that's it,' and Tom, very grateful for his assistance, did as he was bid, and reached the deck in safety.

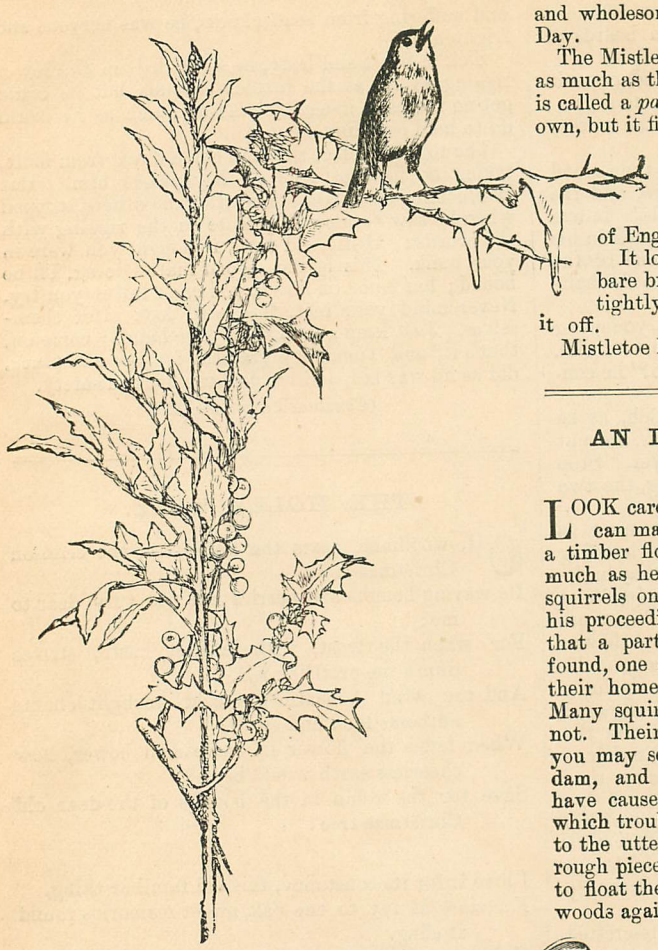
(*Concluded at page* 402.)

THE HOLLY TREE.

O H, woodman, spare the holly-tree, the crimson Christmas-tree,
Its waving boughs and berries red are very dear to me;
For when the frost, with ruthless haste, strikes dumb the prattling rill,
And the wind beneath the cold starlight chants anthems loud and shrill;
When fades the flower in grove and bower, how cheerless earth would be,
Save for the robin in the boughs of the dear old Christmas-tree!

I love it for its constancy, this old familiar thing,
For close as ivy to the oak, sweet memories round it cling.
How often have we seen its boughs, when household hearths grow bright,
When, though the earth is drear without, within oh, all is light!
Oh, then, if merry hearts are dear, and laughing eyes to thee,
'Touch not—touch not a single bough' of the brave old Christmas-tree!

I love its crimson drops, which seem to fall from crowns of thorns,
I love them, too, because they bloom when earth is most forlorn,
Sweet type of Him Who came in love to save a wintry world,
Whose glorious banner we would see in every land unfurled;
Then hallowed by such sacred thoughts if thou wouldst blessèd be,
Oh, woodman, spare the beautiful, the dear old Christmas-tree!



HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

HOLLY is almost as much a part of Christmas as the plum-pudding itself. For the few days before Christmas many hands are busy stripping the holly-bushes of their curled, glossy leaves and their bright, coral-red berries. In the country almost every one can get their own holly and evergreens; but in our big towns, where people have to live in streets, and have not an inch of garden of their own, and no woods or hedgerows within many miles, if they are to have holly, they must buy it. And this leads to a brisk trade amongst many poor folk. Lads and boys, who are too young for other work, or who perhaps have got no work to do, walk often many miles, and come back footsore and weary, with hands chapped and bleeding from the prickles of the holly, and with their red noses making their faces look whiter and bluer than they are. I am sure they deserve a good price for their holly, and I hope they may get it quickly, so that they may have a little extra money for a big fire and a hot and wholesome dinner in their home on Christmas Day.

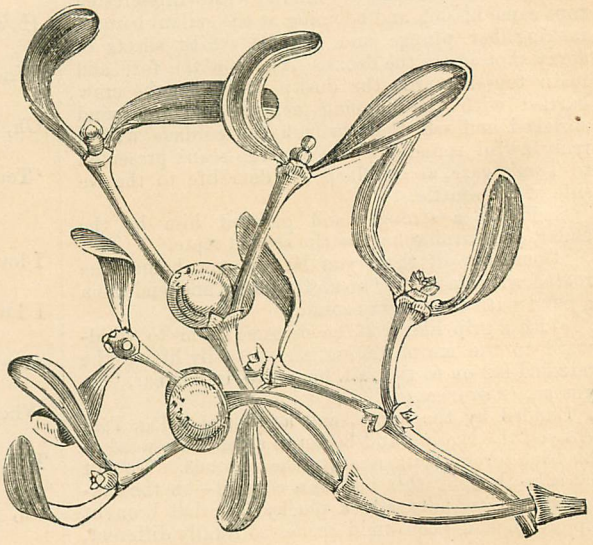
The Mistletoe, which belongs to Christmas almost as much as the holly and the plum-pudding, is what is called a *parasite* plant, that is, it has no root of its own, but it fixes itself on the bough of some other tree. People say that the oak is its favourite, but it seems nowadays to be much more commonly found on apple-trees, or large thorns in some counties of England.

It looks like a bush of green among the great bare branches of the tree, to which it clings so tightly that it takes a very sharp knife to cut it off.

Mistletoe has never been used for decking churches.

AN INCIDENT IN SQUIRREL HISTORY.

LOOK carefully at the picture, and note what you can make of it. It tells its own story. Upon a timber floats a squirrel: he appears to have as much as he can do to steady himself. Two of the squirrels on the tree opposite are regarding him and his proceedings with deep interest. It would seem that a party of squirrels which lived in the tree found, one sad morning, that they were prisoners in their home, the tree being surrounded by water. Many squirrels can swim, but these squirrels could not. Their position was due to the beavers, who, as you may see, are busy at work constructing a new dam, and in the course of their labours they have caused an inundation. It was this inundation which troubled the squirrels, and exercised their wits to the uttermost. At length they decided to use a rough piece of wood passing under their tree as a raft to float them home, and so to get safe back to the woods again. The ingenious plan succeeded.



A Novel Raft.

Passing from the particular incident, let us recall something about squirrels in general. These pretty creatures inhabit the temperate and tropical portions of the whole globe, with the exception of Madagascar and the Australasian region. Naturalists tell us that the number of species does not fall far short of fifty or sixty, and these are most numerous in the Malayan region, which may be regarded as the headquarters of the Squirrel family.

One of the Malayan species, which is commonly grey, assumes a brilliant orange-colour dress during the breeding season, and some of the North American species also undergo changes of colour, one of them having a dark stripe along the sides of the body in

summer, which completely disappears in winter. There is a great difference in the size of the various species, the large Malayan squirrel from India and the Malay region measuring about forty inches or more in total length, while the Indian-palm squirrel does not exceed a weasel in size.

In winter the squirrel in England is greyer than in summer. The farther north or east we go, the grey tint in winter becomes much more marked, while in Japan the colour is nearly black. Drab-coloured squirrels are found in Siberia, and there are also white or pied specimens. In some parts of England the tail is often cream-coloured in autumn. The squirrels shown in the illustration are grey. The grey squirrel of North America is a very active little fellow, continuing his rambles by moonlight, chattering cheerfully. 'He leaps from bough to bough with grace and precision,' writes an eminent naturalist. 'Old logs, stumps, wood-piles, and brush-heaps are favourite places of resort, and by excavating burrows beneath them, he converts them into secure retreats. Nor does the Arctic cold of winter cause him to hibernate; he remains active, running upon the snow and plunging down into it, he tunnels a little distance, and, again appearing, he shakes the snow from his head and body, whisks his tail, and skips along as lightly and with as much apparent pleasure as if he were returning from a bath in some rippling brook during the heat of a summer's afternoon.'

The squirrel is fond of fruit, eggs, and the young of small birds. In feeding, all squirrels sit upon their hind quarters, and hold the food to their mouths with their fore paws. The shells of nuts are pierced with their sharp front teeth, and every fragment is removed before the kernel is consumed. Stores of food are laid up for winter use, hidden in several safe places. Squirrels associate in pairs, and generally frequent the same tree, or clump of trees, from year to year.

The nest or 'drey' in which the young are produced is built either in the fork of a branch, or in some hole in the stem of a tree, and is composed of leaves, moss, and fibres. When placed in a fork it so closely resembles the boughs in colour that its detection from below is difficult.

In England the blind and naked young are born in June, and are usually three or four in number. They remain with their parents till the following spring, and if captured at an early age they become affectionate pets. As a rule, the squirrel is an excellent swimmer. J. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

53.—Arithmograph.

A very great English natural philosopher who lived in the seventeenth century.

1.—5, 10, 3, 2, 9. All round an island.
2.—8, 7, 2, 9. One of the cardinal points.
3.—5, 10, 1, 11. Used as payment.
4.—6, 7, 8, 9. A small lizard, an eft.
5.—2, 4, 9, 1, 11. A glossy woven substance.
6.—8, 3, 2, 9, 7. Leading to poverty and want.
7.—2, 9, 4, 1, 11. A discolouration.
8.—2, 8, 3, 1, 6. A young countryman.
9.—5, 10, 3, 9. An outer garment.
10.—2, 5, 7, 11, 9. Possessed by most flowers.

C. C.

[*Answers at page* 410.]

ANSWERS.

51.—1.
T I M E
I R O N
M O O N
E N N A

2.
M I N T
I D E A
N E A R
T A R E

3.
W R E N
R A R E
E R N E
N E E D

4.
T R E E
R O A R
E A R S
E R S T

5.
L A C E
A D A M
C A L M
E M M A

6.
M A D E
A W A Y
D A M E
E Y E S

7.
A L T A R
L A U R A
T U N I C
A R I S E
R A C E R

8.
D R O N E
R I V E N
O V E R T
N E R V E
E N T E R

52.—*Mark Anthony.*

1. York.	4. Ant.	7. Ark.	10. Many.
2. Nora.	5. Mark!	8. Nay.	11. Ram.
3. Toy.	6. Troy.	9. Tram.	12. Tarn.

ANSWER TO PICTURE PUZZLE.

B lac king	G
Car p et sweep er	R
Fish s l ice	E
Door butt on	N
Clo thumb r ell a	A
Fir e guard	D
Ve r mice ll i	I
H ear th stone	E
Engine d river	R
Is in glass	S

THE SCHOOL-DAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIME MINISTERS.

IX.—THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

'ENGLAND has'—in 1897, the Queen's 'Diamond Year'—'a Prime Minister whose ancestors held the same office, to the great benefit of England, ten generations ago. Is not this a goad? Is not this tie of lineage for him a link binding him to honour and to public virtue?' So wrote Mr. Gladstone seven years ago, and there can be but one answer to his question.

Lord Salisbury—Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne-Cecil, K.G.—is thus the descendant of famous forefathers. He was born at Hatfield on Saint Valentine's Eve, 1830. He is the second son—the eldest surviving—of James Brownlow William, Marquis of Salisbury, and his first wife. This lady was the

daughter and heiress of Bamber Gascoigne, Esq. Her husband, the second Marquis, assumed the name of Gascoigne, and the family name is now Gascoigne-Cecil. Our Marquis was one of five children, three boys and two girls. One of his brothers was older and one younger than himself. The elder, Lord Cranborne as he afterwards became, was a man of high culture, and of an affectionate and gentle disposition. All who knew him loved him. This elder brother was not healthy and strong, as were the others. His father and mother noticed with deep regret how frequently he was ailing and how far from robust he really was. To add to his misfortunes he became quite blind, and when forty years of age he died. He never married, so that the title and estates of the Cecils fell to the share of the brother next in age, our Lord Salisbury. The third brother is Lord Eustace Cecil. The two sisters married, the elder Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., the younger Mr. J. Balfour, a well-known politician, whose sons are important Members of Parliament.

The family of Cecil claims as its founder one 'Robert Sitsill.' It is said that in the reign of the Red-haired King, he fought in the Welsh wars, and in reward for his services received grants of land in Herefordshire.

We know that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, was at the helm of affairs for no less a time than forty years. The afterwards famous Queen was at Hatfield when the news was brought to her of her half-sister Mary's death and her own accession; and it was in the hall of Hatfield Palace that Lord Cecil was appointed Secretary of State to the new Queen. Two hundred and seventy-two years later, the present Prime Minister was born in the same palace. Hatfield, many years ago, belonged to Queen Bess, but it has long since passed into possession of the Cecils.

Robert Cecil received his early education at Eton, but there appears very little to tell about his doings and misdoings there. When he left Eton he went to Christ Church, Oxford, and it was at Christ Church that he took his degree in A.D. 1849, after having been two years in the college. Those who specially distinguished themselves in the 'Pass Examination' had an Honorary Fourth Class conferred upon them, and Lord Robert Cecil received this mark of distinction.

There was one particular Society in which Lord Robert took active interest. It was the 'Oxford Union Debating Society.' Any one who has access to the records of that Society may find out for himself that Lord Robert was something more than a member in name. Many and varied were the subjects which came up for discussion at Oxford. First it was the Drama, then the necessity for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, or the Establishment of the Church. Whatever the subject that exercised the minds of the Society, we find Lord Robert taking his part in the debates.

The business-like side of his character is shown in the fact that he was the Treasurer of the Union. During his years of office he did the duties connected with the Treasurer-ship excellently, and there can be no doubt that his work at the Oxford Union helped to train him, as it has done so many others, to take part in the debates of Parliament and the work of governing a nation.

It is, of course, quite true that old heads cannot be put on young shoulders—indeed, we would not wish to see them there, either for the sake of the aged heads or the youthful shoulders—but it would be a great gain for the country if the boys and girls of to-day would take such a view of life as would inspire them to 'act noble deeds, not dream them all day long;' to 'act, act in the living Present, heart within and God o'erhead.'

It will be of little use to read of the 'lives of great men' if we do not try to render our own lives 'sublime' by doing faithfully the least thing we have to do, and it is to this end that we have here chronicled something of the early days of Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers, whose faithful and whole-hearted services have helped to make the longest reign in English history one of the most glorious which our land and people have ever witnessed.

JAMES CASSIDY.

THE RIVER TYNE.

—o—

THE River Tyne, a northern English river, is formed by the junction of the North Tyne and the South Tyne, a mile north-west of Hexham. The united river then flows east for thirty miles, and enters the sea between Tynemouth and South Shields.

The Tyne is navigable from about eight miles above Newcastle. From that city to the sea it is one continuous harbour. The river has been of late years greatly deepened, the enormous amount of nearly eighty millions of tons of stuff having been dredged from the bed of the river, so that now vessels of large size can be moored in safety. At one time the Tyne could boast of salmon fisheries; but these have given place to ship-building yards. Many important manufactures are carried on on Tyneside, such as locomotive and marine engines, bricks, tiles, and fire-clay goods, all of which, though they add to the wealth of the city, sadly defile the lower course of the stream, and do not by any means add to the beauty of the surroundings.

For many centuries the chief trade of Newcastle has been in coal of the best quality, and one of the principal industries is ship-building, the river Tyne in this respect being only second to the river Clyde.

The Tyne is famous among English rivers for its boat-racing, which is carried on with much vigour. This is a subject always interesting to lads, and English lads will rejoice to know that boat-racing is almost exclusively an Anglo-Saxon sport. Germans of late years have slightly taken it up; but still ninety-five per cent. of the sport is found in Britain and her colonies, as well as in the United States of America. Harry Clasper, who invented out-rigged boats, was a waterman of the Tyne.

K.

Evening on the Tyne.

"Jump overboard, my lad; we will pick you up."

TOM ELVERTON'S OWN WAY.

(*Concluded from page* 395.)

NEXT day the gale moderated, and the day after the weather was beautiful, with a fine fair wind blowing. Lower, topmast, and topgallant stun'sails were set, and the vessel skimmed over the blue waters of the Atlantic towards the Equator.

The fine weather continuing, Tom soon got over his sickness, and learnt to go aloft like a sailor and to make himself useful in a thousand ways. Being naturally a good-natured, obliging lad, he soon became a favourite with all on board, with the exception of the second mate, who, for some reason, disliked the new apprentice from the first day of his joining. As Tom gained in favour with the rest of the ship's company, this dislike deepened, and found vent in numberless petty annoyances which an officer can so easily inflict on his inferiors on board ship. This, of course, made Tom's life anything but pleasant, and one afternoon, during his watch on deck, things came to a crisis.

The second mate ordered him to take a grease-pot aloft and grease the mizzen topmast down. They had crossed the line a day or two previously, and were now about six weeks out. There was no wind, and the sea was as smooth as glass, save for the long undulating swell which is never at rest, and the tropical sun beat fiercely down upon the *Galatea*, blistering the paint-work and making the pitch in the seams of the deck rise up in little bubbles. Tom ascended the rigging, shinned up the topmast backstay, grease-pot in hand, and began his task.

The gaff topsail was set, and as the vessel gently rose and fell, the sail flapped lazily from side to side. Tom had just given the finishing touches to the topmast, when flap came the sail against the grease-pot, spilling part of the contents on the white poop deck below.

The captain was in the cabin, and the chief mate lying in a hammock slung underneath the boat's skids on the main deck, so the coast was clear for the second mate to pay off a grudge on the lad.

Meeting Tom as he leaped from the sheerpole to the deck, he asked, 'What do you mean by slinging that grease on deck?'

'I'm very sorry, sir,' said the lad, trembling; 'it was an accident.'

'Is *that* an accident, you clumsy hound?' said the tyrant, dealing him a swinging blow with the back of his heavy hand across the face, which sent him reeling up against the fife-rail, the blood spurting from his nose.

Mad with rage and pain, Tom seized an iron belaying pin from the rail, and rushing upon his cowardly assailant, he dealt him a blow on the head which stretched him senseless on the ground.

The chief mate, who had not been asleep, but had witnessed the whole affair from his hammock, and the watch on deck were soon on the poop. Stooping over the prostrate man, the chief examined his damaged skull. 'You have pretty nearly done for him, youngster,' he said sternly, looking at Tom. Then turning to the men, 'Hurry up, carry him to his berth, and one of you get some water.'

With a terrible fear at his heart lest he had killed his persecutor, Tom saw the unconscious form carried below, and he felt unutterably thankful when, after a long time, his enemy regained consciousness.

Luckily for Tom, the chief mate told the captain how the whole thing occurred, and he was not punished, except by a severe talking to from the captain.

It was ten days before the second mate appeared on deck, and although on his return to duty he seemed to have forgotten Tom's offence, he was only biding his time for vengeance. Truth to tell, the captain had privately taken him to task for his brutal treatment of the lad, and he dared not openly transgress the strict command he received to 'let him alone.'

On the Sunday fortnight following this exciting episode, as the steward entered the cabin to trim the lamp, he noticed smoke issuing through the grating of the trap hatch underneath the cabin table, which led into the after hold. Lifting the hatch, he discovered to his horror that *the ship was on fire!*

The alarm was given, and means taken to extinguish the flames, which had got a firm grip of the cargo in the after hold before it was discovered. The hose was stretched along and the force-pump manned by part of the crew, while the remainder, mustering all the ship's buckets, formed a line, and drawing water from outside, passed it along to the hatchway. Every man and boy worked with a will, but with no avail. The flames spread with lightning rapidity amongst the general cargo, and in less than an hour drove the half-suffocated men on deck.

At last the order was given to clear away the boats, a report at the same time passing from mouth to mouth, that there were *forty kegs of gunpowder in the fore part of the after hold!*

Immediately a panic ensued, the men rushing wildly for the three boats lying bottom up on the skids, and in their mad excitement, hindering instead of helping each other. Suddenly the tall figure of the chief mate sprang among them, and with his long arms, and fists like sledge-hammers, restored some sort of order and discipline.

Night had now fallen upon the scene. The poop deck was in flames, long fiery tongues were already licking the mizzen-mast, and all the stores and provisions were cut off from the crew, if not already consumed, by the fire in the after-part of the ship. Fortunately it was a fine night. The boats were got into the water without mishap, and the men crowded into them.

As Tom, who worked throughout with a coolness and courage far beyond his years, was lending a hand to shove the last boat clear of the skid, as it was being lowered, he met with an accident which gave the second mate his last chance of revenge. His foot slipped, and he fell from the skid to the deck, spraining his ankle badly. By the time he

recovered from the momentary faintness caused by the excruciating pain, he was *alone on the burning ship!* Hobbling to the bulwark and climbing on to the rail, he saw the jolly-boat just in the act of shoving off. He shouted to them to hold on, but quick as thought the second mate seized an oar and pushed the boat from the vessel's side, shouting, 'Pull, men, for your lives—the fire will be at the powder before we can take him off; better one than a dozen,' and the boat sped away. Making his painful progress across the deck, Tom climbed into the port main rigging, and beheld the other two boats a couple of ships' lengths away. With the energy of despair he shouted again and again with all his might.

Thank God, his shout was answered; one of the boats turned and approached the burning ship. When she was within twenty yards, the voice of the chief mate sang out, 'Jump overboard, my lad; we will pick you up.'

In a moment Tom was in the water, and quickly hauled into the pinnace. It was not a moment too soon. Ere they had put a ship's length between their boat and the vessel, a loud report rent the air, and a mass of burning fragments shot high into the heavens. The gunpowder had exploded!

'Pull for your lives, my lads,' shouted the mate, as the burning shower fell hissing around them, and in a few minutes they rested on their oars at a safe distance.

The *Galatea* was now a rent and shapeless hull, the flames still burning fiercely; and for miles around the sea was lit up with a red glare.

Not a word was spoken by Tom or his companions in misfortune as they saw the once beautiful vessel, now a shattered burning hulk, gradually settle down by the stern, until hissing and seething she made the final plunge, and darkness fell upon the scene. Then a long-drawn sigh escaped from the breast of these homeless mariners.

When morning dawned, the occupants of the pinnace found themselves alone upon the wide sea—alone and without food or water. Not a trace of the other boats was to be seen, and the long-boat contained a supply of water which was to have been divided amongst the three.

Tom never forgot the experiences of the next few days. The terrible suspense, as with aching eyes they swept the horizon for the sight of a sail; the overpowering heat of the sun as its rays beat fiercely down upon them; the agonising thirst which almost drove them mad. At times a feverish sleep would steal over him and carry him back again in dreams to his home, and then a happy smile would play around his parched lips. Again his dream would be of cooling streams and bubbling springs, and as he stooped to drink and slake his burning thirst, they would dry up and disappear, and he would awake to all the horrors around him.

On the afternoon of the third day, a dreadful apathy seemed to have taken possession of most of them, while the bright eyes of one or two were lit up with the light of insanity. Hope had given place to despair, when, suddenly, the mate, leaping to his feet, shouted through his parched lips, 'A sail! a sail!' and fell senseless in the bottom of the boat.

In less than half an hour, a large steamer, bound from the Cape to Plymouth, bore down upon the boat, and took the sufferers on board, treating them with every kindness and attention.

The other two boats were never picked up.

* * * * *

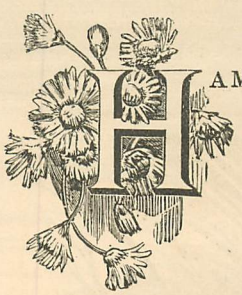
A few weeks after the survivors of the ill-fated *Galatea* were taken on board the steamer, the Elverton family were thrown into a state of consternation by the appearance of Tom, whom they imagined thousands of miles away. He looked pale and ill, and was attired in a shabby suit of blue serge, but when he briefly told the story of the voyage, their joy and gratitude at his safe return knew no bounds.

'Father,' said Tom, that night, as he took his candle to go to his own familiar room, 'I want to tell you how bitterly I have repented going to sea. Not because of the terrible experience I have undergone, but because of the trouble and anxiety I have caused. Will you and mother forgive me, and let me make a fresh start? My own way has proved a hard one; in the future I will be guided by you.'

And bravely Tom kept his word. He settled to work with a steady determination to do his duty, and became his father's right hand in business, for his memorable voyage to sea had taught him the valuable lesson that having one's own way does not always lead to happiness.

A. M. B.

CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.



HAMPSHIRE, or Hants, a county on the south coast of England (and which includes the Isle of Wight) has a surface diversified by the North and South Downs, which contribute not only to the healthfulness but to the beauty of the district. The loftiest point of these downs is Inkpen Beacon, 1011 feet in height, the highest chalk down in England. The south-western portion of the county (almost wholly detached from the principal portion by the Southampton Water) is occupied mainly by the New Forest, 92,000 acres in extent, the property of the Crown. This district seems to have been wooded from the earliest times. Its present name, however, only dates from the year A.D. 1079, when William the Conqueror enlarged its boundaries and cleared away several villages. This ruthless deed, coupled with the savage forest laws, was regarded by the common people as the greatest cruelty, and the violent deaths met here by two of his sons, one of whom was killed by a stag, and the other by an arrow, were looked on as special judgments of Providence.

Christchurch, Hants.

The climate of the whole county of Hants, especially the Isle of Wight, is mild and favourable to vegetation, while the extensive downs afford pasturage for an excellent breed of sheep.

Hampshire has four Parliamentary boroughs, viz., Portsmouth, Southampton, Winchester, and Christchurch. It also has many buildings of historical or architectural interest, such as those at Winchester; Porchester Castle, at the head of Portsmouth Harbour; Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, in which Charles I. was imprisoned shortly before his execution. It was here that he bade farewell to his little son, Prince Henry, and his young daughter, Elizabeth. These two unhappy children did not long survive their unfortunate father—Prince Henry dying of small-pox in early

The Redbreast and Wren.

youth, and the young princess fading away at Carisbrooke.

Besides these, there are Calshot and Hurst Castles, erected in the time of Henry VIII., and now occupied as coastguard stations; also Netley and Beaulieu Abbey and the Priory of St. Denis, all in the neighbourhood of Southampton. The county is also rich in Roman remains of great interest to the antiquarian.

The picture presented here to our young readers is part of the borough of Christchurch—a sweet and rural scene, with the grand minster from which it takes its name. B. M.

THE REDBREAST AND WREN.

EVEN those children who have lived so closely in towns that they have never seen the Redbreast, or Robin Redbreast, yet know him well by name; for they have read the story of the 'Babes in the Wood,' and the mournful ballad of the 'Death and Burial of Cock Robin.'

Although the redbreast remains in England throughout the winter, it feels the cold very much, and is one of the first birds to seek for shelter, so that its appearance among our out-houses is always a sign that cold weather is coming. In cold weather the redbreast seldom perches upon twigs and branches, but crouches in holes, or sits upon the ground.

Robin seems to have strong love for man and his home, and will follow the ploughman over the fields, picking up the worms as they are turned up by the plough-share, or will enter the labourer's house, and share his evening meal. Both bold and shy, the redbreast is a most engaging bird, and seldom fails to win the affection of those to whom he attaches himself. One of his chief dainties is bread and butter, and he has even been known to come and peck it from the table. Mr. Thompson says that in a friend's house, where one or two robins used to hop in and out during winter, the servant was obliged to be very careful in keeping her butter covered up, to save it from their picking and stealing. Robins have been known to hop up to labourers at breakfast-

time, and to eat butter from their hands, or to enter a lantern to feast on the tallow candle.

The redbreast often seems almost to take advantage of man's friendship, and to deposit its nest and eggs under his care. The places which have been chosen for the robin's home are very curious, one of the most strange being the centre of a large cabbage growing in a garden. The robin has been known to make its nest in a workman's tool-basket hanging against the wall, in a fold of a window curtain, upon a shelf in a green-house, in the side of a sawpit, in a knot of timber used in a ship which was being built; the birds not being disturbed by all the sawing or hammering.

The robin has sometimes been called 'the naturalist's weather-glass.' If on a summer evening he perches on the topmost tree, or on the house-roof, and sings cheerily, then, however unsettled or rainy the weather may be, it is an unfailing sign that the next day will be fine. And though the air is dry and warm, yet if robin chirps sadly, and broods in a bush, or low in a hedge, it is as sure a sign of wet weather coming.

The redbreast sings almost throughout the year; even in the winter months a bright, sunny day tempts him to perch on a twig, and pour forth a sweet, though broken melody.

The reason that robins are called 'autumn songsters' is, because in the spring and summer their voices are lost in the general chorus; while in autumn their song is heard in the woods and hedgerows, which are now more silent.

The Wren is as well known as the robin; in ancient rhyme he is called the 'king of all birds,'—his title to royalty resting on his defeat of the eagle in upward flight. The story runs that the birds assembled to choose a king, and they decided that they would crown the bird who soared the highest. Up sprang all the birds into the sky, but highest of all towered the eagle, who, after mounting till his wearied wings could flap no more, proclaimed himself the sovereign of the birds. But, all unperceived, the little wren had been quietly perched between his shoulders; and as soon as the eagle ceased to mount, the wren sprang into the air, and rising on tiny pinion far above the wearied eagle, twittered forth the victory of wit over strength.

The hard name of Troglodyte, which has been given to the wren, means a diver into caves, and is applied to this little bird from its shy and retiring ways, and its custom of hiding its nest in some hollow or crevice. The wren is seldom to be seen in the open country, and does not venture upon very long flight; but keeps to the hedge-rows and brushwood, where it may often be noticed, hopping and skipping like a tiny feathered mouse among the branches. It especially haunts hedges which have ditches at their sides, as it can easily hide itself in the branches, and can also get plenty of food. The voice of the wren is sweet and melodious, and louder than one would expect from the size of the bird.

The wren is a merry little creature, and chants its gay song on the slightest encouragement of weather. Even in winter there needs but the gleam of a few stray sunbeams to set the wren a-singing; and the keen Christmas season is often cheered with its happy notes, as it skips among the branches, and utters its continuous little twitter, which, though not worthy of being called a song, is yet soft and pleasing.

During the winter the wren generally shelters itself from the weather in the same nest which it used during the breeding season; and in very cold seasons, six or seven wrens have sometimes been found all huddled into a heap for the sake of warmth, and presenting to the eye or hand of the spectator nothing but a shapeless mass of soft brown feathers. The eggs of the wren are very small, and are generally from six to eight in number.

The total length of the wren is rather more than four inches.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

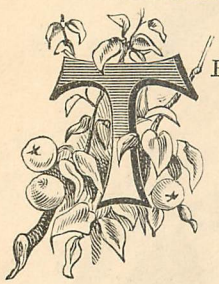
GOOD-BYE, good-bye to summer!
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But robin's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast-knot gay.
Robin, robin redbreast,
O, robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late—
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, robin redbreast,
O, robin dear!
And what will this poor robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor robin go?
Robin, robin redbreast,
O, robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for robin,
His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

ATTACKED BY A SHARK.



—o—

THE extreme ferocity and boldness of the ground shark is well exhibited in the following true story.

While a number of men were bathing on the sea-beach at Newcastle, New South Wales, little more than a year ago, the cry of 'Shark!' was suddenly raised. Every one at once made for the shore, with the exception of one man, who cried out that the shark had seized him, and he seemed to be being dragged under the water. Fortunately he had a brother with him, who promptly turned, and swimming to the spot, found that the shark had seized its victim by the right arm, and was holding on with the utmost tenacity. He at once grasped his unfortunate brother round the body, and the two men fought the shark as well as they were able until the arm was torn off just below the elbow joint. This gave the brothers an opportunity of escaping to the shore, which they reached without further accident. The injured man, not being able to do much for himself, was assisted by his brother, who kept behind him, pushing him forward. On this brave man, Her Majesty the Queen conferred the decoration of the Albert medal of the second class. D. K.

THE STORY OF MALDONATA, THE SPANISH GIRL.

DURING the years when Don Diego de Mendoza was Governor of Paraguay, a direful famine swept over the land, and a murrain fell on the cattle, while a severe drought dried up everything that grew.

It was true that there was plenty of food out of Don Diego's province, but then that food was in the hands of the Indians, and Don Diego was a Spaniard, and the Spanish Government was at war with the Indians. Very proud was this Spanish Governor, and not for the price of a king's ransom would he have had it known by his Indian foes that famine had stricken his land. In order to keep the matter a secret, he forbade any of his people, on pain of death, to go out into the fields in search of relief.

But amongst the Spanish maidens was one (Maldonata) who was of a fearless and unselfish disposition. At home her people were reduced to dreadful extremity; she could not look on calmly at their sufferings and make no effort to relieve them. So, regardless of Don Diego's soldiers, and of the birds and beasts of prey, she determined to visit the land of plenty, and to bring home supplies to her family. On and on she wandered, searching here, there, and everywhere for food. At length night overtook her, and she was uncertain where to turn for shelter, or what to do during the hours of darkness.

Wearied and footsore, she stumbled on the entrance to a cavern, and, creeping into it, she crouched down to sleep. She knew not how long she had slept, when she was aroused from repose by the pacing up and down—before the cave-entrance—of a great female puma.

'Now,' thought the unhappy girl, 'my time has come; I shall be torn in pieces and devoured.'

Slowly and cautiously the animal approached her, and, advancing near enough, began, to her astonishment, gently to lick her hand—as gently as a lap-dog might have done.

The Spanish girl would gladly have left the cavern to the animal, but the puma showed every sign of wishing her to stay.

Early the next morning some puma cubs were born in the cave. Maldonata showed her interest in their well-being, and the puma mother evidently understood her, as she was pleased when they were noticed by the Spanish girl.

'What better thing could I do for the present than stay here?' thought Maldonata, 'as when I am missed the Spanish Governor will send out soldiers to scour the country for me, and should they find me it would be certain death; although, if I remain here, there is still the food question.'

As she so reasoned, the mother puma rose up and sallied out for a walk, as Maldonata imagined. The animal was absent an hour or more; when she came back she was carrying in her mouth a portion of a newly killed animal, which she laid at the feet of the Spanish girl, looking up into her face for signs of approbation. The puma had guessed the needs of her guest, and had done her best to provide for them, and prove herself an hospitable hostess. From that day forward, until the cubs grew up, Maldonata was amply supplied with food.

But there came a day when the mother puma had to decide between her human friend and her young ones. The young ones, grown big and sturdy, wished to see something of the world outside their cave, and her mother-heart could not let them roam abroad without her. Maldonata was, therefore, left alone, and, of course, without provision.

Venturing abroad to search for food one day, shortly after her four-footed friends had left her, she was captured by soldiers, who took her before Don Francis Ruez de Gallen, a Spaniard of coarse and cruel mind.

By his orders she was bound to a tree and left to starvation or wild beasts.

Several days later, the soldiers who had captured her, desirous of learning her fate, visited the spot where she had been bound a prisoner.

'We shall find only a dangling rope,' they said; 'she will have been devoured by wild beasts before now! See, there they are!'

The soldiers, however, were in error. The beast which they saw standing near the tree was none other than the puma. She had found out the

A Puma Sentry.

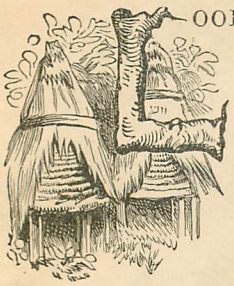
Spanish girl in her suffering and helplessness, and acted as sentry, guarding her from the attacks of the ferocious creatures which would otherwise quickly have made an end of her.

As the soldiers approached the animal retired, leaving the captive girl alone in their presence. The men were astonished when they learnt from Maldonata how her life had been saved by her dumb friend, and, not being quite hardened against merciful feelings, they took her again before her judge, hoping to obtain for her a less rigorous sentence. Nor were they disappointed; for, tyrant as he was, De Gallen was ashamed to avow himself more heartless than a puma, and the maiden was not only pardoned, but restored, by his order, to her sorrowing family.

J. C.

"Home for the Christmas Holidays."

HOME FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.



'LOOK here, Hilda,' cried Rupert Chester to his sister, as he ran upstairs two steps at a time. 'Father is going out shopping, and he says that we may go with him. Oh, isn't it jolly to be at home once more, and done with school, at least for a time?'

'Yes, indeed,' said the girl. 'But what does father want to buy?'

'A Christmas turkey, of course,' said her brother, 'and evergreens to deck the house with, and, oh! twenty other things. Now get on your hat, Hilda, and see that you wrap up warm, for it is terribly cold, and snow is beginning to fall.'

'Oh, how I wish dear mother could have come, too!' said the little girl, softly. Oh, Rupert, don't you think she looks weak and ill? When she put her arms about me and kissed me this morning, I really felt ready to cry.'

'Take care you don't do that,' said the boy. 'Father says she needs cheering up, and he looks to us to help him in keeping her bright. I mean to try my best. I am going to buy her a Christmas present—a white mouse, or something of that kind.'

'Oh, not a mouse!' said the girl; 'it would scare poor mother out of her senses if it ran about her bed. No, Rupert; but nurse says she needs a velvet work-bag, and a new pair of bedroom slippers: these would be good presents, don't you think?'

'All right,' said the boy. 'But see, father is beckoning to us to go to him—I suppose to help to choose the turkey.'

Rupert was right. Mr. Chester wished his little daughter to select a nice plump bird, which was speedily done; and a splendid Norfolk turkey was sent home, with as many evergreens as would dress up the whole house.

Then mother's presents were bought—a pretty work-bag from Rupert, and a pair of blue bedroom slippers from Hilda, after which the children found that they had each a sixpence left over.

'Now what shall we do with our sixpences?' said Rupert. 'I think I should like some Everton toffee. What do you say to that, Hilda?'

'No, I don't care for toffee,' said his sister. 'I think I will give my sixpence to nurse's little nephew who has been so ill; he is coming to spend the day with her. What a treat a whole sixpence would be to the poor little fellow, Rupert!'

'So it would,' said he. 'Well, here goes,' and he handed his sixpence to Hilda. 'You take care of it,' he said; 'perhaps I might lose it, or change my mind, or something.' And Hilda gladly took charge of the precious coin.

Now, boys and girls, I have scarcely space to tell you more, but I assure you that the young Chesters' Christmas party was a very happy one. Dear mother was able to sit up at table, some young cousins were also there, while in the servants' hall there sat a pale-faced but happy little boy, with two silver sixpences in his hand, the very first silver money which he had ever had in his young life.

Boys and girls, I am sure that you will all have a Christmas party this season, and I hope with all my heart that you may enjoy it greatly; but let me tell you that you will enjoy it a great deal more if you have made some poor forlorn child happy with a small present which was quite unexpected; and that little one's bright, happy face will send a thrill of joy to your heart such as perhaps you have never felt before.

K.

THE LITTLE BROWN SPARROW.

A LITTLE brown sparrow, contented and gay,
Went hopping about on a cold wintry day
In search of a dinner, of porridge, or bread;
Or, if not to be had, then potatoes instead:
But never an atom of food could she find,
Save morsels of ice, which were not to her mind.
But what did she see? Only think! the old cat,
So snugly at rest on the kitchen door-mat,
And close by Miss Pussy, a saucer of food,
And, oh, it was tempting, so sweet and so good!

'Well, now,' thought the sparrow, 'it is really vexatious
That the wicked old cat should have food and to spare,
While I am so hungry—I'm really voracious,
And nothing around me but snow everywhere.
I think I'll just venture a little bit nearer,
(The horrid old thing, I feel sure, is asleep),
And really I'd like just to see somewhat clearer
That food in the saucer—I must have a peep.'

So saying, she flew from the left to the right,
And gazed at the saucer with hungry delight,
Till, grown really bold, she advanced with a hop,
Believing the cat to be 'sound as a top.'
(But here let me whisper a secret to you,
Puss heard her quite well, and was watching her too).
That night our brown sparrow had promised to go
With a friend of her own, on account of the snow,
Intending together to rest on a tree;
But she never appeared, so now, where could she be?

A BIT OF GREEK HUMOUR.

WHEN, after Salamis, Xerxes was in full flight for Asia, and the overcrowded vessel (so the story ran) was labouring in the storm, Xerxes, getting frightened, asked the captain whether there was any chance of safety.

'None,' said the captain, 'unless the ship is lightened of some of its passengers.'

Whereupon Xerxes, turning to the Persians, exclaimed: 'Now is the time to show your loyalty to your king, for on you my safety depends.'

And, without a word, the well-trained courtiers made obeisance and leaped into the sea. Thus un-

burdened, the ship arrived at the land, whereupon Xerxes presented the captain with a golden crown for having saved the king's life, and then ordered his head to be cut off for having caused the death of so many noble Persians.

WINTER.

WINTER is here! let us welcome him on,
Remember, old Christmas is near:
And when Christmas with all his gay feasting has gone,
Why, then we've the merry New Year.

Here's health to the rich who will give to the poor,
Let plenty and mercy ne'er part.
And though the winds blow through the white clouds of snow,
No winter shall fall on the heart.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWER.

53.—*Isaac Newton.*

1. Coast.	4. Newt.	7. Stain.	10. Scent.
2. West.	5. Satin.	8. Swain.	
3. Coin.	6. Waste.	9. Coat.	

ANSWERS TO PICTURE PUZZLE.

	Places.	Where they are.
Cape Horn.	Cape Horn.	South America.
W inn e peg.	Winnepeg.	Canada.
B urn t island.	Burntisland.	Scotland.
F rank fort.	Frankfort.	Germany.
Cap e C oast Castle.	Cape Coast Castle.	Africa.
Sun ds wall.	Sundswall.	Sweden.
Rat h drum.	Rathdrum.	Ireland.
Tun bridge Wells.	Tunbridge Wells.	England.
Pond i cherry.	Pondicherry.	India.
Cat tar o.	Cattaro.	Hungary.
Arch angel.	Archangel.	Russia.
Sp ring field.	Springfield.	United States.

CHRISTMAS AND THE COOKS.

—o—

THEN Christmas comes near, with its feasting and jollity, the business of cooking, or of preparing dainties for the table, is an important matter, requiring much time and trouble. Now-a-days, Christmas can hardly be a pleasant season to cooks, especially in large houses, since they have then a great deal of extra work; still, they have the thought to cheer them that they enable other folk, young and old, to partake of Christmas fare without any trouble. All things, too, have their advantages, as well as disadvantages. A perspiring cook said to me one day, while he was very busy, 'Yes, I am hot; but what a blessing it is Christmas comes in December, and not in July.' He might have added, that it is better to be a cook in the present day than to have been one centuries ago. The lives of such persons, during the times of the Saxons and Normans, seem, from what we read, to have been anything but agreeable, especially when the people were rather excited at the great feasts. Nobody thought of the difficulties which the cooks often had to face, and to tease a cook of either sex was quite an allowable bit of fun.

Our illustration shows one of these scenes of the past. It belongs to a period in which it was usual for the country gentleman, or squire, to invite all his tenants and neighbours to the hall at daybreak on Christmas Day. When they had assembled, the black-jacks or wassail-bowls were passed round, filled with a sweet and spiced drink; also loaves, cheese, and other refreshment would be abundant, and one thing conspicuous amongst the good fare was the great sausage, or *hackin*. Woe betide the cook should she have failed to have this ready early in the morning! A couple of young men were chosen who sought out the careless cook, and, each seizing an arm, dragged her round the market-place or village green, as a punishment for her laziness. It was a common thing then for people who were inquisitive, or meddlesome, to visit the kitchen department of a house, when the Christmas preparations were going on, perhaps to be greeted with sharp words by the cook and her attendants; or, they might even be sent off with some hot water, if not something more unpleasant, flung at them. One excuse which folk would make for entering the kitchen was, that they hoped to have an early taste of one of the shred, *minched* or mince pies, which they mostly had ready before Christmas, and which were frequently made into the shape of a cradle.

Another attraction would be the mistletoe, which by old custom was not hung up in the hall, but in the kitchen, near where the Christmas cookery was progressing. Young people came to be kissed under the mysterious shrub, and each pulled a berry off the mistletoe when this was done.

Again, the old-style cook had quite a number of attendants, apt to be both troublesome and quarrelsome. Some of them acted as turnspits, swinging joints round and round before the fire; others had to attend to the huge pies, placed in the ovens formed of a hollow in the ground, about which the cinders were heaped, lest they should be burnt. It is hinted that part of the work of the cook's boy was that of licking dishes and trenchers clean, to save the trouble of washing. Often, also, they had the job of running out to seek along the fields and banks for various wild plants, with which our ancestors used to flavour their soups, salads, and pies—for they had not those condiments which we now get so cheaply from foreign countries. It is no wonder, all things considered, that cooks sometimes had to bear very hard words when their dishes turned out badly; we read even of their being kicked, or having articles thrown at their heads.

J. R. S. C.

A Careless Cook dragged round the Market-place.

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